

IS GOD GOOD

L.W. KEPLINGER

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IS GOD GOOD
OR
THE MODERN JOB

BY
L. W. KEPLINGER



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PREFATORY

The why-, whence-, how-, and whither-asking tendency, and others like it, is not less imperative in man than is the nest-building instinct in the bird which never has seen, and which — thanks or the reverse to some pleasure-seeking hunter — may never see, egg. Instinct sees farther than the bird, and it may see farther than man. Be that as it may, if an urge which is of our very essence impels some of us to what others may deem an intellectual golf field, thither shall we go. If what follows has no other, let that be its apology. At the same time, however ill-phrased in form or error-marred as to fact, its every sentence comes as response to an imperative which is cosmic in character.

Save and except such as front the general eye, the writer has not been favored with vision. So far as a somewhat limited leisure would permit, he has merely pulled on strings which every hand holds. He has, however, been thinking, and his thought shall now have utterance — let hear who will. Though views entertained with varying degrees of confidence, and possibly not altogether consistent, are advanced in positive form, no oracle assumes to speak here. Not having himself attained knowledge, he would not presume to instruct others — although such procedure would not be without precedent. Though incited,

PREFATORY

possibly, inquiry is not invited. That which follows was written, primarily at least, as an aid to accurate thinking upon a situation with which the writer found himself about to be confronted, rather than with a view to publication.

Ideas are here presented which may suggest lines of thought which others with more leisure may follow with interest if not profit. As the presence of more or less obiter might indicate, instead of effort to conform discourse to text, the leading topic was permitted to suggest the text for the entire discussion.

The reader will here find an attempt to deal face to face, and without book between, with some of the diversified features of the situation which now fronts, or that supposedly may threaten later. The time for illusions has passed with me. What truth is, that would I know; and as truth shows to me, that will I declare.

Lack of leisure may explain the lack of unity and system, and some, though not all, of the repetitions here observable. Having been duly and fully advised, I am aware that, largely at least, the matters now presented will not be of general interest. Nature has her committees; she has her committee of the whole and she has her special committees. A glance at this preface may advise the reader whether what further appears belongs to the committee of which he is a member. Be this as it may, what follows will be understood and appreciated by those for whom it was intended.

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IS GOD GOOD

I

THE SURFACE VIEW

We are here. Whether the fact be liability or asset is a question which for ourselves at least, is one of the utmost conceivable moment. Though most of us are unaware of the fact, the character of the universal and the nature of its relation thereto are what chiefly concern each and every particular. Whatever may be its precise form, whether personal or otherwise, the supreme word of our caption query represents the universal. We are the particular; hence the query, "Is God good?"

You enter a plea to the jurisdiction and say, "Here is not legitimate subject for inquiry"; but you are wrong. Wherever nature plants a query, nature invites an effort to answer. Utmost effort to advance and that alone marks the hither bound of any reserved territory there may be. The gods have not, others shall not, place other limits. We may well count no height too holy or too lofty for our feet where they have power to tread. And this privilege shall now be exercised. Though it sometimes may prevent, the fate of Icarus should not always deter. It shall not now.

Those who must advance where angels tread with caution may be of different character from some

who do, as well as some who do not, make the attempt.

Fields are of high emprise wherein the knight who enters must bear no thought other than of resolute endeavor. Life is that field: we are such knights.

Though problems are insoluble, they may be discussed and considered. And there is abundant precedent for such procedure. The impulse to do so is normal. Every normal impulse is cosmic and not individual. Every cosmic impulse will somewhere have cosmic result, either in the end attained, or as a by-product of the effort. Divine and imperious is the command which bids the attempting of the impossible.

No aim has ever yet missed. The arrow from our bow goes in God's hand. It strikes His target or our own; and if ours, then His also. The Supreme Word here and elsewhere in this discussion is not used in its religionist sense. We ourselves and the integer unit whereof we are, extend within the occult domain of a realm of mystery all fathomless. All the virtues and essences of the deity of popular thought are of the essence of the integer fact. The word as here used means all this — all this and more. All fact, even the most simple, shades off by imperceptible degrees beyond our vision's range. The aid of critics will not be required to apprise us of the fact that here is intrusion within a field where knowledge, because of its lofty elevation, has not been attained unto. Nothing is of consequence save as it relates to and affects ourselves; but by reason of the solidarity of nature, all that is does relate to and affect us. Whatever concerns any, concerns me also.

Sentimental considerations alone forbid all question as to the existence or character of God being considered as academic only. What He does only concerns. True, if good, what He does will be good; but unless what He does be good, He is not good. Save and except as they behave and perform, arch-angels and gods of whatsoever degree are of no consequence and might as well be, and in fact, are, non-existent. The goodness there is in nature is not strengthened in its basis by being first ascribed to God, and then restored to nature as a necessary inference from the character so ascribed. Nature herself well may provide and does provide each influence that nature feels. Our initial question therefore resolves into "Is nature good?"

Or course, if nature consisted of earth, air, rocks, and seas only, the question could not arise. The question shall be considered as if nature were endowed with personality. The term nature, as here used, is not limited to the fraction which masquerades before the outward eye of fleshly sense. Both microscope and telescope look toward infinity, but not these alone. And these least of all.

It is not the purpose here to act the part of the special pleader who seeks to underprop a verdict already determined upon. And there will be no preaching (save as facts may preach, for sermons are in stones and some there are who may be reached in no other way). The world needs vision rather than exhortation or condemnation. The evil doer knows not what he does. He sees but the surface of the fact. Had they known him to be a god of any degree, the Nazarene's every crucifier would have been

a worshiper instead. With eyes still veiled, Saul of Tarsus would willingly have been among his crucifiers. And Saul was a righteous man.

To what end are the utmost energies of man, His supposed chief handiwork, devoted this very hour? On winged wings war now patrols the upper air, or lurks in ambush there beneath the sea, though sea upheave in rage with rhythmic stroke, or rest becalmed, with lightnings responsive to his finger touch, with air, earth, and sea obedient, with power whose thunders are more dreadful and whose destructions are more terrible than the lightning's, for his allies, what is man doing today?

We are told that on the evening and morning of the sixth day, "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good." Did his eye who tongued this affirmation of nature's good character foresee the present war, or discern the germs whereof it is the outgrowth? And may we not judge the tree by its fruits?

Nor is the outlook more favorable from the individual standpoint. Nature obtrudes herself upon our attention as air, earth, and sea. And there is air. A terror startling cry is heard — a whirling columned cloud descends — the demon of the sky is loosed — a madman of titanic power, He sweeps the cowering earth. From out the whirlwind once His voice gave kindly answer forth to my implore; but now, thence death and terror speak, and they alone.

And when the pitiless king of the icy North speeds swift toward the South, on the wings of his wintry winds upborne, though his eye may see in his widening path the shivering forms of the South's shorn

lambs, yet he pauses not, this icy king of the frozen North, nor slightest swerves; his untempered winds, they still come on. Oh! who has not heard the woe of the world in the wail of the winds that so pitiless sweep from the frozen seas of the icy North over the unsheltered lambs of the father South?

And there is the sea — one vast, wide sepulcher, and many a vessel fair that went forth, returnless, from trusting shores, lies buried there — went, lured by the sea's fair face, deceitful more than fair. In-satiate still, the sea upward breathes her myrmidons, up to the arms of her ally, the air. Thence inland borne, they there descend in devastating flood.

And there the earth, resentful of the intruder's step and emulous of like havoc wrought by the sea, opens wide her gaping jaws, which closed again man's cities fair, his dearest hopes, and man's horror-permeated self, which were, are not.

And there earth's mountains are, lofty though far, twin brothers to the sea — to air, to earth, and sea. Sublimity sits there enthroned, and there, with sadness tinged, lone silence broods. They know full well their brother's lack of care for weal of man — they know and grieve, silent and far.

Power greater than his own bodes only ill to man; and where it but appears, he feels instinctively the presence of a foe. Those dread exemplars of His power — the darting terrors of the vengeful sky, the maddened sea's onrushing wall of watery flood, the frenzied column of the whirling air, and the weird tremors of the quaking earth — pause not, nor slightest swerve to save me from harm. The worm that creeps unharmed beneath my pitying feet, the

stone insensate, and my pleading self, share equally their favor and their wrath.

All individuals seem alike to nature. She cares no more for the man than for the microbe. Unless there is more for both than yet appears, unless death's touch bestows and not withdraws, the up-growth of man above microbe to an awareness of fact, if it is as it appears, was most calamitous. Here ignorance indeed were bliss.

"But," you say, "nature is not all unfriendly." True, her hand, indifferent, bestows both weal and woe alike. She is strictly neutral — she is without heart, and where no heart is, there is no good. In this war in which we appear not as volunteers, "Whoso is not for us is against us."

Another's agony and grave peril was the dear price of my admission here; and being here, I find myself with vision dim, impelled along a snare-laid path on this side terror lined, on that, with death. Though face to face, they see each other not, but only me. They know no foe, but stand eternal there. Their wantonness alone gives safety to my gauntlet path.

My world was first cohabited with hostile forms whose power excelled my own. For aught I see, their right to stay was equal to my own. Not man alone, but all that feeling has, makes plaint. These now destroyed, I find myself environed close about with living forms, by smallness hid yet more insatiate still, and yet more dread. Their whereabouts no microscope reveals. No parry wards the pestilence, and death their slightest touch assures. Each prize whose glitter nature's hand makes lure, deceitful

proves. Through devious ways, and perilous, the show allures to vain pursuit, or if not, the hand that grasps has wizard power — the mask removed — a fact revealed — the glitter was not gold. The fruit-age nature's hand makes fair, and shy as fair, proves dust and ashes to the taste. My very joys prove doors which inward swing on treacherous hinge before deluging grief. I hear the anguished cry of those I love. My own too short, I see no other arms outreached to save. Though love heals wounds, love opens wide the door to sorest wounds as well. Nor fierce, nor strong, myself I dwell, a world by strength and fierceness owned.

To what repast point cuspid tooth, or beak and claw with hunger joined? It has been said man cannot serve two lords. How shall one Lord at once give ear to hares which flee and wolves which them pursue? How can the tender lambs of earth with confidence put up their cry to one already pledged to hear and heed the fierce down-swooping eagle's hunger cry?

And this question the present discussion must answer. It cannot be ignored. Feeling is feeling. By what warrant shall we presume to put our feeling on any different footing before the gods than any other feeling? Life's myriad forms of lower rank, which have infringed no law of heaven, share with ourselves life's ills and pains. Before man was, the wolf devoured the hare. Suffering was old on earth before the sinner came. They even sometimes excel in the virtues wherein we most do pride ourselves. Their loyalty to friends oft shames our own. And stricken sore, of grief alone they sometimes die.

They brief exist, footsteps of conscious suffering whereon we hope to attain a benefit wherein they have no share. Look at the vast army of poor dumb brutes that this country has sent to perish on Europe's battlefields. The piteous moaning protest of those poor horses lying there, necessarily incident as it was to the capture of the enemy's battery on yonder hill, has been sounding in the ear of the writer for half a century. That was not their fight. But wherein is this our fight? — These lines evidence a sympathy somewhere for those poor horses which lie moaning there on our account, as we do here on account of god or Gods, but where is there visible sign of like sympathy for us?

And where is there basis then for our fond hope for future recompense? May not the gods, for ends exclusively their own, ordain alike the sufferings of us all, and lure us with a baseless hope to still pursue a paltry game whose prizes, even though attained, all end with death?

And these, too, have feeling — these also have life. Though he speak with tongues, or hold converse with angels, or give his body to be burned, there is something lacking in the man, or with the gods, or with the God, who views with unconcern the beetle which lies all helpless there upon its back, with ineffectual arms outreached to the vast infinite which fronts us all. Verily we are all near of kin; nearer than we think. We, too, have outreached like ineffectual arms to that same vast, unhearing infinite. Verily, the finger touch of sorrow makes the whole wide world of kin.

When from his parted lips earth's dust first felt

the quickening flame, the gaping mouth of hell also breathed forth, from fatal nearness breathed. Thenceforth one common breath bears death and life, indissolubly wed, about the globe, and all life's forms of breathing clay are joined in one vast brotherhood of woe. The brotherhood of man stops at the half-way house. The demand that death be not the terminus is not less imperative, for one form of life than for all. Life is not less dear to its lower forms than to ourselves. Their love of, and their right to life has precisely the same footing as our own. Why should it not have the same outing?

That there should be any distinction is a proposition which has the sanction neither of philosophy, reason, sound morals, nor common decency. The strength of the chain is found in its weakest link. The God and the nature that can stand uncondemned from my standpoint, must stand uncondemned from the standpoint of that poor beetle there, as well. The instinct that demands justice is a cosmic energy. Justice is not blind. It is the eye all seeing. No activity that may affect aught that has feeling is beyond the reach of her imperative.

And think you that man alone knows soul sorrow? Let Whitman's "Sea Drift" poem tell the grief of the bird for the loss of its mate, of its mate that returned not that same afternoon nor yet on the next, nor ever again. Hear him tell the lament, the everywhere searching, the peering, imploring lament, lament sick and sorrowing that lasted the whole summer long. And a long, long grief is a summer-long grief in the life of winged mourners like that. Let my lady know the dear price — not the coins that

passed over the counter, not these were what priced her adorning, not these — oh, not these were the price. And will my lady who wears that bird's mate in her hat — will my lady who herself has well known precisely like grief — or yet may — will she read that poem, Walt Whitman's "Sea Drift?" Wordsworth's lines which teach

" Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels "

outvalue any other two lines, if not all else, that Wordsworth ever wrote.

If in some desert wild where it could do no harm to man, armed with power to slay, I changed to meet Blake's tiger in my path — Blake's

" Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,"

why should I not bid it go its way in peace? If inspired by pride I did not so, on my return shame well might seal my lips.

All who have sorrow known, or suffered pain, creep ye or walk or soar on seraph wing above, or writhe in tophet flame below, I claim ye kindred all, with yours my voice ascends, one universal cry: "Where art Thou, Lord, and why, oh, why dost Thou forsake us so? "

Though mute their lips, all forms of sentient life alike protest, alike implore. On every side yon great, unwearying sun sends forth his amplitude of broadening rays which swift and far explore the ether vast, and planets there innumerable give back the milder echo of his kingly light. So from this earth unceasingly ascends her supplicating cry in widening waves

of lessening power, till lost in vacancy: "Where are Thou, Lord, and where thy dwelling place?" From these vast depths shall not thy closed gates somewhere give faint echo back to cheer the hearts of weary ones who list with straining ear for kindlier response? We anxious wait beneath menacing skies whose gathering gloom forebodes still mightier storms. Bewildered, lost in labyrinthine paths which turn upon themselves, and nowhere lead, we seek no more, but ask the way.

Earth's joys go mated evermore with grief. Even love itself is oft the herald of oncoming grief. So even with that holiest love of all — the love a mother bears. The fiends of hell might well look gleeful on to see the urn descend which earthward bears that sacred flame. They know full well what anguish waits when love, full rivaling His own, goes forth equipped with puny, ineffectual arm, to dwell in a world replete with suffering, yet powerless to shield. And why shall grief which mortals feel for other's woe — a grief divine though sensed by mortal soul — which gladdens fiends, leave only gods unmoved?

O Lord, if lips unwise unfitly voice the anguished cry of mortal soul, then be the voice ignored and be the grief divine which mortals feel for other's woe, be that my cry. Though deaf to all sounds else, that cry, O Lord, attend.

O that His grace were level with our need. O that man's power were level with his grief. Then, now, and here, where worm with God high parley holds, Time's whole vast weight of woe were high upheld before His face — before His face whose hand leaves open the gate whence comes Time's flood of woe.

The tiny sphere's concave, which bounds our utmost farthest ken, at every point stops with a gesture pointing hint of realms beyond, illimitably vast. And what of those wide realms which lie without? Are they indeed unsouled? Is nature's soul evolving power, unlike her amplitude of time and space, a weak, most pitiable affair, whose measure is the stature of a man? Shall those wide realms, replete with beauty and with splendor crowned, nowhere awake delight? Unto what end doth the universe exist — unto what end those spacious wide domains which lie beyond, uncognized by soul? And what of mysteries which nearer lie and are closely veiled from mortal view? Are they nowhere discerned, nowhere more understood than by ourselves? Has not the vast dual phased extension, known now as time and now as space, somewhere domain invisible to earth-born souls wherein dwell other souls in different form?

And what of other soul, or souls, if such there be? Dwell they like us as isolated isles, without connecting link or bridge between, which may hereward bring or thereward bear our mutual heralds forth? Are these dense walls which enclose us alike impervious to their view? Or dwell we here as orphan souls within an orphan world? Can it be true one universe holds uncorrelated souls — holds suffering cry with no related ear? It has the cry we know, but where, oh where, the ear, and whose the hand that placed the cry so near, the ear so far — the cry so near.

O hear ye other soul, or souls, who hear because above. We crave your fellowship. Though seemingly we walk alone, leave not earth's suffering souls unfriended and alone, surrounded by these unfeeling

and stupendous powers. Hear ye! Oh, hear our cry. Though we be left alone, give Thou, O Lord, give aid to them, give aid to those we love.

In Eden once I heard the call; I was afraid and hid away, but now I answer back. Though conscious of my guilt, that dreadful voice no more shall awe me, crouching and concealed.

And now the courage of despair shall loose my tongue, and stand me where his wrath omnipotent may hurl me to the void whence nor my will nor fault e'er called me forth; and for this once, before superior power, shall mortal lips, unswerved by hope or fear, speak forth the facts as they appear to mortal sight, and thoughts which thirst for utterance shall now parade their stern, uncringing forms before high heaven.

Lengthened ages of entreaty have upward voiced my yearning cry. Silence alone has answered back. Thou still art far away. Earth's world-wide woe shall now speak forth in different tone. A chord untouched before in such discourse shall now be heard. On equal terms, now full erect, the worm shall hold stern parley with God, shall high uphold before His face

“ That weight of care
That crushes into deep despair
One-half the human race,”

and demand answer. And demand answer; for though of the less woeful half myself, my every heart-throb's outward thrust sounds to its lowest depth their grief, a grief left voiceless by its hurt, and makes their despair my very own. To thy imperious

call I now make answer back: "Here, Lord, am I, I stand uncovered here, but where, oh where art thou?"

Illimitable years have heard my cry. Flung by an unseen hand upon this smouldering star we tread, man briefly dwells in a tomb whose walls give back his why-, his whence-, and whither-call. Himself a breathing cry, he wears his life away in fruitless quest to find the author of his presence there. He prostrate fell, then slowly rose, then slowly rose, while eons came and went. He rose, but rose not all erect. He paused on bended knee and pauses still, a worshiper of gods who answer not, and never yet gave sign. Myriad toned his cry is heard—"Where art Thou, Lord, and why, oh why dost Thou forsake us so?" The earth Thou gavest me without a shrine now reels 'neath weight of mosques and temples fair and vast cathedrals splendor domed, and there, with solemn chant from myriad tongues, my cry assails the far away responseless sky, and each high spire and far resounding bell doth solemnly attest my search for Thee.

See Stonehenge there, its each huge monolith a godward cry from earth's bewildered sons. The feeble creatures of Thy mighty power, as best Thou gavest them to know, sought here with labor infinite to worship Thee, and to appease Thy wrath. Their toil-worn hands upreared these massive stones, and here their cry still evermore ascends. But where are they? Like the leaves, within whose awe-inspiring shade their futile prayers arose, they all are gone. They could not stand before thy stronger sons, their fiercer foes. And shall the gods alone unmoved be-

hold these silent tongues of stone, forever voicing to the brazen sky the cry for help of those who perished long ago?

Thou gavest me the earth. I now have read its story in the rocks, and I have learned that through the long caravan of eons past, which went slow creeping by before I came, the law of strongest beak and sharpest claw was here supreme. The one vast rock which walls about earth's central fires at every point gives ever forth the suffering cry of ones that never sinned. This living world I find one mighty sepulcher where no foot falls but desecrates innumerable graves by violence filled. All centuries that were did slowly mould me as I was when I was first awaked to hear Thee name me man. I could not change earth's long fixed orb, or scape heredity's inexorable law, and now, as then, the fittest to survive, survives, and not the worthiest or best. False Jacobs are the favorites of fate, and Esau found no favor in thy sight.

The crimson stream which bears all sentient forms down through the channelled grooves of time, prolongs its steady flow within my throbbing veins. With vein to vein, the stream ascending leads to its far fount in realms of mystery! Within that fount a leprous serpent laves whose taint extends where'er its waters flow. Myself the fertile shore washed by its flood, whereon are lavishly bestowed the seeds of my remorse and all life's other woes.

Placed by Thy hand on this vexed whirling sphere, I still am here, but where, oh, where art Thou? Behold my evil plight. Unburden me of all these eons past which bend me down. We know an earthly parent's love; give Thou, O Lord, not less. Be

patient with the poor weak creatures Thou hast made, nor be Thou wroth when they in all sad earnestness bow down to other gods whom their imperfect sight mistakes for Thee. View not with vengeful eye Thy martyred saints' uncovered bones. The scales Thy special favor loosed from eyes of Saul do yet eclipse the general eye; and Saul and Paul, alike with Stephen stoned, sought earnestly to do Thy will. And those who slew the Christ, why should the smoke of their torment eternally ascend? For verily they knew not what they did. Though it arise from the wide, unhappy earth, or from thy vaster realms of endless woe, hear Thou, oh hear my cry.

Man falters not to die for men. Love greater still, that he may smooth the way for other souls, he often is content to live — to live impaled. Art Thou less merciful than man? Man not unmoved beholds the meanest worm that writhes in pain, crushed by his careless foot. What then must be the anguish of a God who at one glance sees all earth's misery? And what can be the merit of a God who at one glance sees all earth's misery and hell's unutterable woe — if such there be. But for the love we others bear, how few of thoughtful minds were eager for delay. I deem it love, not fear, that bids us stay. Weary with strife and worn with toil, assailed untiringly by every form of ill, in body sick and sore, and oftentimes afflicted with wounds still harder to be borne, and ghosts by others unsuspected, which show to one alone who sadly sees but makes no sign, it oft repenteth man that he was ever waked within this orphan world. He turns toward Mother Earth's reposeful arms with the sad hope that death may prove the power it seems,

and blot him from all God-ruled realms. In vain such hope! Life proves a scorpion's claw which tighter clings and deeper stings the mad off-flinging hand.

If as a person He be viewed, shall He not then be so adjudged? If as ourselves, but full equipped with power omnipotent, He purposes and plans and executes, then whence earth's woe? And if the evil came unplanned, then why not also the good as well? If ever he planned good, as we know plan, then sin was planned, and feeble, tottering limbs, upbearing blinded eyes, unpitying were urged along a snare-laid path, and fires of hell had their first kindling here. But wherefore either planned? What need of plan for good or ill hath power omnipotent, who wishes what he plans, whose every wish must be at once irrevocable deed? If this strange life imposed thus furtively be not with some far deeper meaning fraught; if for ourselves it meaneth not far more than yet appears, then which is debtor, gods or men, or whose the greater sacrifice? Whose also is the nobler part, theirs who for another beareth ill, or theirs who willingly receive a weal which springs but from the woes of our poor selves? Why still ignore the staring facts, or shield our pleasing fancies with an oblique glance? And why repress the thoughts that will arise? Why rather not let reason have full sway whatever idol be dethroned? Is truth a fearful thing, or of such tenderness that reason must be tethered from its touch? Can love or hope be slain by reason's power that it must be restrained by barricade? Is not each barrier placed in reason's way a doubt confessed which proves faith's self-distrust?

Although we dare not follow there, may not the intrepid soul observe where reason leads?

Whate'er its pain, a world that writhes impaled may imagine a misery still more complete; what then, O God, shall be the certain sign whereby our clouded sense may know if Thou, indeed, art merciful, and wise, and just? Is there *no* measure of extreme ill which even a creator God cannot ignore and yet be uncondemned? If, in spite of all we see about, He loving be and good, then well may we felicitate, for what would we see were He otherwise, or at least indifferent? But who does not know instinctively that such questioning is unwarranted? And yet, if deity be considered as a person, why not?

This humble earth, this footstool self-confessed, despite its constant prostrate attitude before His throne, rays equal splendor back of glory all her own. Though suffering was old upon the earth before I came, yet where was mercy then; and to this hour where was there sign of thought to lessen pain save in some human breast?

Consider the case of the fleeing hare and the pursuing wolf.—Every detail of this tragedy is nature's own work. Can wolves eat grass? If the wolf does not overtake the hare, the wolf dies of hunger. If the wolf does overtake, the hare dies by violence. Both cannot live if the wolf be the fleeter. A sentient, living being unwillingly parts with all to another, and receives nothing in return. If nature can stand uncondemned in the face of one such instance, she can stand uncondemned in the face of any number. If she can stand uncondemned in a case where the wrongdoer and the victim are low in the scale of

being, she can stand uncondemned where they are higher and still higher, and where they are highest. And then, is nature good?

Goodness is not absolute. Goodness is a quality dependent upon a relationship between two or more, with respect to whom the requisite relationship exists. It could have no place in a universe destitute of the psychic element — if such be conceivable. Before the supposed creation it could not be. The same was true on the evening of the fourth day. On the evening of the sixth day everything that He had made was good — was very good from the standpoint of the fleeter-footed wolf, but not so from that of the about-to-be-overtaken hare. And many, if not most, find the standpoint of the hare to have been their own. And then, is nature good?

The character of the act does not depend upon whom the author may be. If instead of wolf and hare we substitute Nathan and Harris. Nathan is guilty of highway robbery, effected by murder. If instead of Nathan we substitute nature, wherein is the offense less heinous? But, you say, God might be exonerated where man would stand condemned. But see where that would lead. That same reasoning would exonerate God, though instead of one poor hare being instantly killed, all that has feeling were doomed to eternal torment. It is impossible not to feel that unless there be more to this tragedy than we see, here is most atrocious wrong. Unless the hare also be the beneficiary of the wolf's crime, God is not good. On fertile soil the hand of nature strews broadcast the seeds of war.

And there is war. Hark now! War's horrid din

—most woeful sound heard beneath the sun. And there behold war's horrid front, where for a trifling quarrel which citizens would peaceably adjust enraged nations rush to suicide, and one brief hour fills half a world with woe. Creation travaileth with groanings and with tears till now to bring forth to-day's full statured man, who here with reddened hand flings chaosward again the fruitage of interminable years. Nature's hitherto highest product has subdued air and sea, and made zero of time and space, and seized the lightning from the sky to turn the wheels that track his earth. The destruction of his fellow is the chief use he now makes of these attainments. If further conquests of nature gave man power to hurl Jungfrau into distant sea tomorrow, London and Berlin would be annihilated instead. Then why should the earth, in her account with gods, place on the credit side her Edisons and Zeppelins? Until man is wiser grown and Moloch banished from the realm, nature were more kind to keep the secrets of her yet vaster powers under lock and key.

Since first man was, the passing years have slowly made of man a sharer of His sovereign power. And shall we now make plaint that the gift too slowly comes? For who dares claim His speedier gift of power were benefit to man? The sky gave the earth power to loose the murderous thunder forth. From many a field of causeless strife the earth answers now with voice more clamorous than the sky's, and deadlier far.

And where is guaranty if power were now vouchsafed to lift the mountains from man's path, that Teneriffe's upheaval were not forthwith the deadlier

missives of unrighteous war against His weaker and less knowing sons? That instrumentalities of such potency for disaster should be left within the reach of the children that we are, may well be placed as an item on the debit side of the account.

But, you say, "War is man's own work." Demurrer lies to this plea. Man is nature's alias. I myself am that whereof the character is in question. I am no volunteer — I did not select or fabricate the material that goes into my makeup, and then prompts or permits such foolish action. Where was I when He laid the foundation of the earth? Sure enough, where was I? And by what test shall the question at issue be determined? And from what standpoint? Certainly not from that of the exceptional few, but even these hold by uncertain tenure. They find that naught is gold that glitters. The prizes nature makes attractive leave soul thirst still unassuaged. We scorn empires within our grasp, but crave the inch that lies beyond our tether's reach. Hedged in with mystery and doomed to breathe its stifling air, the thirst to know, which lost me heaven once, attends me still. Part of my very self by His own hand enwrought, that thirst unquenched in time would make a hell of heaven and drive me thence again.

But consider the question from the standpoint of the vast multitude less favored. If the attainment of ends which the universal voice of mankind sanctions as laudable, or if the satisfaction of desires which nature herself has made of the very essence of all forms of sentient life, be the test, then is nature good? The honor of the gods is here at stake. Each humblest hamlet holds brave souls of lives obscure, who with-

out the world's applause or visible sign of any god's approval, who with no seeming vantage to themselves, bear heavy burdens to the end for others' weal, and murmur not. If the whole vast universal scheme be not throughout a stranger to all we know as merit, verily, these, too, must have benefit commensurate.

Suppose the universe as now, except lifeless. Each minutest event like the eclipse is calculable for centuries beforehand with mathematical certainty. Nature has her definite program for each successive day. Now let life's varied sentient forms be obtruded, and take man as the general name for each. A most unique situation is now presented. The conspicuous feature is found in the fact that here are two conflicting programs.—Nature has far distant aims, while man's aims are within handreach. Nature makes those aims attractive to man, but she intends they shall not be attained, and for the most part they never are attained. Man's efforts which are not successful, quite as much as those which are, serve nature's purpose. So far as the most rigid analysis can disclose, nature contemplates with the utmost indifference man's most heart-rending anxieties, disappointments and griefs. Nature's utmost ingenuity seems to have been exercised to make man the special habitat for pain, sorrow, and disappointment; and she sees to it that no apartment there, from attic down, shall stay unoccupied. The capacity for sensing pain and bitterest disappointment are of man's very essence. Nature imposes life and makes life sweet, but life ends largely before fairly begun. And nature implants desires for that which is far dearer than life, the tenure of whose holding is

not less precarious. Nature makes the most merciless destruction of life here the price of life's continuance there. Look at the vast multitudes for whom life means utter misery, disappointment, and failure. Look at the vast volume of world woe which falls most heavily upon those least, or not at all, responsible therefor. With hand profuse, nature strews heart-wide wants which shortly prove heart-deep woes. You say the dark features of the picture are too strongly drawn.—Not for the purposes of this discussion. Not the magnitude but the nature of the act determines the character of the author. The nation's utmost might resents and redresses wrong done its meanest citizen. Wherever capacity for feeling is, there possibility for wrong is.

With capacity for feeling an alien, the king can do no wrong, but with that capacity a citizen and dweller of the realm, there is mutuality of obligation and the possibility of wrong-doing from both directions. The weakest link measures the strength of the longest chain, and from the standpoint of the least favored links in nature's chain of sentient forms, which link you or I might well have been, nature is the highest conceivable example of injustice and wrong. If in all this wide universe, anywhere or anywhen, life's meanest feeling form, with lips mute through weakness, has suffered or yet shall suffer unjustly, it shall now have advocate and its protest shall now and here be recorded.

If the world's stupendous woes and wrongs be not mere segments whose supplemental and redeeming arcs are veiled from vision such as ours, the universe is not good. Nay, if the slightest injustice done to

aught that feeling has, be as it seems, and stay forever unredressed, this universe is one vast infinite and eternal crime. Redress for wrong which does not benefit the victim, leaves wrong still unredressed; and with any slightest wrong forever unredressed, nature is an atrocious and most execrable fact. Because of his limitation, man must inevitably be both good and bad, but not so with omnipotence.

And why? (for this why instinct is regal in character, and for this once it shall accord no sanctuary privileges) — why should woe elsewhere be the price of weal for any god? Are not other means for the attainment of their pleasure within reach of their omnipotent hand? True, nature's plan may also be best for the group, but unless he stays with the group, what is that to the individual? What was it to the victim of the African slave trade, manacled in the hold of the slaver's ship to prevent his wild leap to the wide freedom of the wave, that the conditions of his race in this country today were to be more favorable than were his own in the wilds of Africa before his capture?

But though they can take care of themselves, we would not deal unjustly with the gods. To be at all, they must be in *some* way. They can but will as their own nature permits or inclines. They can not be superior to themselves. Even the gods cannot be one way and do another. One and the same pitiless logic unceremoniously crowds, huddles, and hustles man, gods, and God under the shadow of stern fate's imperious wand. But as we go thus driven, the querying suspicion flits through the mind — who or what is this logic, this Reason who thus assumes such lofty

prerogative, and where are his credentials? — And of this later. But this may be said now: close under-scrutiny will show every major premise to be based upon intuition, and *all* intuition must be attended before a conclusion can be reached.

And yet, the conclusion seems, nay *is* irresistible; if the attainment of individual aims be the test, nature is not good. And if death closes the individual incident, then the attainment of individual aims *is* the test.

Take a case like this; the trusted leader of his country in time of crisis, finds that by giving his life he can save his country, but the circumstances are such that by reason of their ignorance of the facts he knows his name will be held in utter execration for all time by his country, by his wife, his sons, and his daughters as having been a traitor instead, and knowing all this, he makes the sacrifice. If death ends all for him, is nature good? Who is there who would not scorn the proposal of an eternity of bliss for himself at such dear cost to another? And do the gods accept bliss at such cost? And such sacrifices have been.

In time, the haunting memory of the shame would make, even for man, a hell of heaven itself, if won at such price. And if one instance like this were her only blemish, would nature be good?

To summarize, in varying degrees from the slightly perceptible to its most appalling forms, the undesirable and consciousness are inseparable. And not only so, but as if with inspired cunning, the only door of escape is made to seem the most dreadful of all. That the tenets of current theology should prove

verity would indeed justify the instinctive death dread. The fragment sampled this side of the grave might well bid us dread the full measure integer.

True this picture presents the dark side. Life is not all failure. But by reason of the solidarity of life's affairs the cloud most luminous has its dark lining of scarcely less amplitude. Their griefs who merit more, the griefs of those most near who lose, means grief not less for those who win. Special favor shown shall neither win praise, bribe silence, nor entitle to gratitude. That those must lose that these may win, bars joy if love be there.

I thank no god for profit at such price. Wolf overtakes hare wherever weal for one means woe elsewhere. The loser was my brother, and the ear of my heart shall not be deaf to the voice of his disappointment.

Verily, there is more than we know, or nature is not good. And certainly there is more than we know positively, and the answer to our caption query must depend upon the character of the unknown. Then why shall it not be interrogated?

II

DOES DEATH END ALL?

Briefly stated, this then is the case against nature. Nature makes thirst insatiable of the very essence of all soul. The individual hold on the life which nature has made most desirable of all, is at best evanescent. The vast, which is less though still desirable, is for the most part never attained or, if attained, is held by uncertain tenure, and though retained to life's end, soul-thirst stays still unassuaged.

As with nature's energy, so with the soul-thirst which is energy's antecedent. One form is transmuted into another, but the fact endures. Caring not a whit for their attainment, nature has made individual aims attractive merely that she may give direction to individual effort. But though nature does thereby attain some end exclusively her own, wherein is nature's scheme justifiable from the individual standpoint? The conclusion seems irresistible.— Unless I am to continue as a part of nature, what is it to me whether or not nature's ends are attained?

If the limit of our vision is the limit of fact — unless the overtaken hare be itself in some way the beneficiary of the tragedy which preceded the wolf's repast in the case supposed, nature is not good. And what is the answer? For there is an answer. The

soul element in the pessimist worm asserts itself, and the worm turns and protests against a negative answer. The best thought of the world has been, is, and seems likely to continue to be, to the contrary. Where then does the error come in — for error there must be, either in the conclusion, or in the dissent.

Of all sources of error, the partial truth is at once the most insidious and the most prolific. Limitation of vision means lack of vision. Our vision is limited, and we know not to what extent. For us, some, and for aught we know, the chief portion of every fact is veiled from view. Nay, with certainty we know the chief part of all fact stays all unsensed by us.

The conclusion in the question is based upon fraction, not upon integer — a fraction with numerator infinitesimal and denominator infinite. And this may well cause error in the conclusion. It may be that the veil stays not the vague, though sure, vision of some deeper sense, and this may account for the universal dissent.

But if death's touch closes life's incident, an affirmative answer to our caption query might well subject the faith of the ordinarily constituted person to a severe strain. True, the Hebrews seem for generations to have believed God to be good, without having an equally positive belief in the continuance of life. This fact certainly constitutes a remarkable phenomenon in the history of the psychic world.

You may reject my philosophy and I may reject yours, but neither can ignore the other's facts. The character imputed and the conduct accredited by the Hebrews to the deity may not accord with the higher ideals of a later age, but their faith in God and in

His goodness was a fact. The persistence of that faith, uninfluenced as it was by any reference to the future, may well be regarded as the credential which conclusively attests the regal character of the intuition which constitutes its sole basis. An element of such potency, with influence so profound and far-reaching, may not be ignored. Here was, and here is Reality. Here is a form of energy, cosmic in character, whose activity is absolute and unconditioned. And so with all intuition.

Observed fact constitutes the basis for science as well as for philosophy. Without regard to any foundation it may have, this faith was and is a fact. There may be no reason for its existence, but the fact is there nevertheless. It affects results throughout the social fabric, and is on even footing with any other fact. And that is the sole and only test as to the existence of a fact.

All ages have sought to reconcile the goodness of God with the strong showing of surface fact to the contrary. Most conspicuous of these is the Book of Job. The encomiums of all succeeding generations attest the genius manifested in that masterpiece of literature; excepting, however, the last chapter, which seems to be the touch of some profane hand outreached to stay the supposedly tottering car that bore the sacred Ark. Otherwise, there was fatal flaw in the credentials which gave Job place among the prophets. The awe-inspiring sublimity and grandeur of the preceding chapters never had cadence like that from the same author. Solace for soul-thirst is not to be found in the well-filled swine trough which, but that Job was a Jew, would have been included in

the reparation list that the last chapter presents. And there is this further objection to that last chapter.— Even though amply adequate, such reparation is not in accord with the facts of actual life. As a general rule, earthly good once lost, stays lost, to righteous and to unrighteous alike. Our eyes have seen not only the seed of the righteous, but the righteous himself begging bread. The cry of the righteous, like that of the unrighteous, often goes unheard. That last agonizing appeal of the Nazarene, not to be forsaken, though heard by his mother then, and by all ears since, was not, so far as record shows, heard elsewhere. Unless there is life for such as he beyond the grave, God is not good. That the goodness of God demands reparation for life's ills was recognized in Job. Although the one limitation upon Satan's power seems to hint the contrary, once and but once, the poet distinctly casts a hastily withdrawn glance where basis for the desired conclusion might be found. "If a man die, shall he live again?" In view of the traditional intimacy which must have existed between Palestine and Egypt, it seems surprising that Job's instantaneous glance was not more prolonged. Had he not heard of "The Book of the Dead?" A belief in the soul's immortality seems not to have been among the jewels which the children of Israel took as borrowed spoil on the eve of their departure from Egypt.

The Book of Job and all subsequent efforts leave the problem still unsolved. True, in a way, the prosaic ending of the poem restores what had been lost, though, as in real life, griefs were there which could never be plucked out by the roots. But if

death ends all, where was, or where could have been the benefit of, or justification for, the intermediate suffering? That was not necessary to give Job faith in God; he already had that. The blessings of those ready to perish were upon him and he was conceded by God Himself to have been righteous before his afflictions came. A character like that, though earth-born, outstatures a deity who could suppose a well-stocked ranch the appropriate and adequate compensation for such virtue as was there.

But what have compensations, or for that matter, what have punishments to do with the question? They are merely the means whereby those who are not good are induced to behave as if they were. To be sure, 'twere better so than not at all. If wise, policy alone would cause the worst to act precisely as if he were best. However, if virtue had no other basis, there would be no virtue. But life's right to continue looks not for its footing to opportunities either for reward or punishment. Its right to continue is of the essence of life's fact. And even though Job's afflictions had never come, if death's touch means the extinction of forms of energy of the quality manifested by him, nature is not good.

Just when the Hebrew eye was again turned in that direction, does not appear. Be that as it may, we have here a fact worthy of all possible consideration. Of all energies, ideas are the most prolific, if not the sole source, and of all ideas, that of the soul's immortality is most worthy of attention. Like a wizard wand, its slightest touch gives vastness there. Thenceforth soul and sublimity are one. No other influence has so profoundly influenced character and

conduct. The authoritative announcement within a world of cemetery, of so audacious a fact might well have marked the first year of a new era.— If revelations were made, a fact of such moment might well be supposed to have been conspicuous before the eye of the revealer. When the last chapter of Job was written, if personized, that fact was there clamorous for mention, and must have stood aghast at what was mentioned instead. Just when or how the Lord's chosen acquired this belief does not appear. The old prophets did not bring it. The Nazarene found it already here.— Let the fact be noted; the world is not indebted to external authority or a voice from without for the advent of the belief in the immortality of the soul. Sifted in a hair sieve, the Old Testament does not show the idea. I know it is claimed otherwise, but in what is supposed to be Divine Revelation, what is not expressly said, stays unsaid. The voice of revelation speaking from without did not bring, and the silencing of that voice could not remove or weaken, the foundation of that belief. And may it not be said that with the ear of the soul turned within rather than without there may be other revealing of not less moment?

The issue presented by our caption query is cosmic in character. Its determination demands a consideration of all fact. The first fact which most conspicuously confronts, is that all forms of life believe life to be good. World intuition declares nature to be good. While the mere fact of life's continuance would not determine the issue, it would at least leave possible what would otherwise seem improbable.

The question then as to life's continuance becomes

material. Now what do we absolutely know about this ubiquitous terror brandishing death? And here let one fact be noted to death's credit. At worst, death only brings surcease of life's ills. It does not threaten to swell life's evanescent griefs to the dimensions of eternal woe for any single soul. The voice of revelation, speaking within, made known the fact of the immortality of the soul, and then by way of postscript, as it were, a voice claiming to be that of revelation, speaking from without, promptly adds (so we are told), an immortality of torment for many if not for most. In any event, the voice of external authority is the sole basis for the belief of today in the eternal damnation of soul.

As compared with the author of such a postscript, death stands aureoled with celestial light. Better oblivion for all than such fate for any, even one. The intuition which gave the one, denies the other. Only the positive declaration of a supposed deity would be adequate to the task of imposing such a belief upon a normally constituted mind. Those who in matters of faith stand ready on external authority to believe black to be white, may well scrutinize credentials.

But the hope that springs eternal in the breast, as well as an affirmative answer to our caption query, demand something more than utter extinction.

Now what are death's facts? Here on the field of strife are two lifeless forms — victims of war's idiocy. If ever fact was, here fact is — stern, brutal, and indisputable. No psychic element is present. Microscope, retort, and crucible, supposedly at least, will show all there is here. Call this Fact A. But no,

one of these forms moves! He stands erect, and functions as a living soul. His inner vision senses a fact which is wholly absent from the body of his comrade lying there. Here is another fact which has every essential feature and characteristic of that which constitutes a fact. Call this Fact B. But now death's messenger comes on swift though leaden wings, and both lie there forever stilled. Microscope, retort, and crucible will report all that was present of Fact A in both forms, with nothing to be accounted for, but what has become of Fact B? Death did not make Fact B invisible. It never was visible. Our eyes could never see the unifying, controlling, and coordinating factor which determines the corporate action which is the characteristic of life's breathing forms. We see certain movements of that whereof microscope, retort, and crucible take cognizance, and we ascribe those movements to a factor which never shows to outward eye. As with other apparitions, we see the materialization, but we do not see that which does the materializing.

Death did not make Fact B invisible — it only separated the materialized visible form from the invisible materializing factor. But as the separation made by death's touch did not make Fact A non-existent, why should we suppose it made Fact B non-existent? Why suppose death has greater power over one fact than over another? Why not say it left both facts where it found them? It found all that was Fact A visible and existing, and so left it. It found all that was Fact B invisible and existing, and so left it.

The whole matter may be thus stated. One form

of reality is cognizable by vision such as ours. Another, radically different, is not. Under certain conditions the reality which is invisible has power to cause such movements and behavior in the form of reality which is visible as to indicate its presence. Death's touch destroys these conditions. And this is the very utmost that the evidence shows. A fact is one thing. That the conditions under that fact may manifest its presence to a vision such as ours is something very different. The idea that death's power extends beyond the conditions and destroys the fact also, is one which belongs to an exceedingly primitive age.

Then consider the phenomena of multiplex personality, which seems to be authenticated beyond doubt. Assume when the soldier thought to be dead in the case supposed came to life, he had been found to all appearances to be some radically different person in character and capacity. Would the prior occupant then be non-existent? Again, suppose, after an interval of months, or even years, the original occupant should resume the scepter — where would he have been during the interregnum of ouster?

Or suppose the apparently lifeless form had been destroyed, would both rightful claimant and pretender have thereby become non-existent, or would their opportunities for reappearance in form visible to us have been merely lessened, or lost entirely? Verily, we must know more about the materializing factor and more about the supposedly non-psychic forms wherein we briefly dwell, and the connection between them, before we can be justified in the conclusion that death's touch upon the non-psychic form

means the extinction of the psychic fact. It is not for limited vision to declare, and it is not warranted to suspect that disappearance of fact means extinction of factor.

III

THE VOICE OF SCIENCE

Though it deals exclusively with what we are accustomed to regard as non-psychic reality, the science of today stands conspicuous in opposition to this claim which death makes. The realm of science stretches wide and far. Therein clearly marked lines of latitude and longitude extend throughout, and we may rest assured those lines extend on and still on through the psychic realm as well, and without swerve. Change, change, eternal change of form but never extinction of fact, such is nature's law as exhibited to every eye of science, and science has myriad eyes, with sense exceeding fine.

Always and everywhere, non-extinction is nature's imperious command. Each meanest mote of matter's dust doth hide a king, divinity doth hedge. He may his vesture's fashion change, or may put on the Gyges ring: he ne'er shall abdicate.

Though worlds may crash, and matter wreck, or seethe in flame with fervent heat, and seeming chaos come again, without a tremor, still enthroned, his royal plumage all unscathed, his power nor jot nor tittle bates.

When comes the time, as come it shall, when seemingly this solid earth, yon flaming sun, and all that his wide eye beholds, in sheer vacuity dissolves like

dream one dreams of having dreamed, or airy dream of fairy elves, when gleaming banners of the day wake elves own selves to nothingness, his crown serene he still shall wear, shall still his royal sceptre wield.

Whether reality be named matter or soul, reality is eternal.

Any fact shows every fact in variant form. We are not environed with void: Void is reified negation, unthinkable and impossible in fact. When fancy would paint she must go to fact for her colors, but void is absence of fact and not color. Some other reality is the only boundary of any reality. Reality was not reduced to the extremity of having had to be created. Existence is normal. Force were required to put us out, not to bring or keep us in. The only way to get completely out of anywhere is to get completely in some other where. The universe has many doors within. It was neither outside door, nor exterior surface. Death is an inside door. Always and everywhere transmutation but never extinction of energy is nature's law. And we are forms of energy.

From every province and precinct of her wide domain nature so declares. Nature's analogies mean more than mere analogy. The conservation of energy, that sublime discovery of natural science, was but the belated confirmation of the soul's earlier instinctive assertion of its own eternal nature. Science, viewing without, saw — soul, feeling within, knew. Though soul dwells where every foot-fall desecrates a grave, soul knew and science saw, then spoke — spake wiser than she knew. Whoever utters truth speaks wiser than he knows. Unless more can be

found in what I say than I myself can see, my saying is not true. Each fact is the major premise from which all fact is the necessary inference. Each segment assures the circle which is the sole integer fact. Nature has no segment without the full circle, no fraction without its integer. But segment ourselves, our dwarfed vision sees but the segment, but the full circle is there. Every truth uttered, probed to the farthest depth, leaves naught beyond. Each foot-print probed reveals the center of the world beneath. Each foot-print probed, either here or in the realms of shade, reveals the center of the universe beneath. The science finger which pointed the conservation of energy to an attentive world, unconsciously touched the core of the universe.

In the psychical, as in the nonpsychical world, nature abhors vacancy. Naught that is ever goes to nothingness, or ever came therefrom. And why should it be thought a thing incredible that there should be forms of reality invisible to vision so limited as ours? The range of our vision is extremely limited, and the transformations of energy's forms infinite. It would be strange indeed if some of these changes did not mean invisibility for beings so limited as we know ourselves to be. Are we to suppose minuteness and distance the only veil which nature has at her command?

If nature were only rock, sea, earth, and air, goodness would have no place. Save as nature is for sentient soul, nature is without significance. All that goes unsensed is utter waste. Limitless as space itself, is the range of the scale which registers the varying length and frequency of ether vibrations.

To an infinitesimal extent only that scale registers those whereof this limited sense of ours takes cognizance.

But what of the universe-filling tremors we leave unsensed? Does it accord with nature's analogies that she should everywhere throughout her wide domain place tongue to there proclaim her wonders and her glories, but with no ear attuned to hear? Though direct perception does not declare nature in her entirety to be eternal, we cannot conceive otherwise. If we may deny at one point, we may in succession deny as to each point and deny as to all. The circle is the symbol of the eternal. Nature has no segment without its full circle, no fraction without its integer. Our vision, dwarfed, sees the segment only, but the full circle is there. What may be affirmed of the circle may be affirmed as to each minutest segment. I am that segment. I am of that which is all eternal. I shall endure.

Again, reality wherever found is absolutely indestructible. It is the only ultimate atom. There is nowhere any line or plane of cleavage. The great law of the persistence of matter and the conservation of energy, established as it is on an impregnable basis by physical science as well as the necessary laws of thought, is but the limited statement of a more universal fact applicable to all nature. Beginning and ending, as applied to reality itself rather than to this or that form of reality, is unthinkable. The common argument against the continuance of soul life beyond the grave, based upon the universality of what we call death, has no foundation in fact. The true self, that which knows, feels, wills, and acts, is a

part of reality, and all reality is eternal. To eternally endure is of the essence of all reality. Though every flower should fade, and all things fair should perish from the earth, the fount whence flows all loveliness eternally abides. The integrity of this all-comprehensive unit cannot be impaired. Death cannot mar the universe whose deathless life I share. From the wide shoreless sea he still must sail, the pirate death shall bear no prize away. When from life's shore soul drifts as boat away on seeming void's wide sea, soul's truer eye shall see, and soul shall know, that boat was shore and seeming shore was void. It may not be in the way we wish; personality may not survive, but if not, then in some better way we shall assuredly endure. But be that as it may, the only road from individuality leads to universality, not void.

Siva, the destroyer in the Brahmic trinity, is a sheer abstraction, a negation reified which has no existence save in the mind. Wherever Siva is manifest, Brahma, the creator, and Vishnu, the preserver, are also actively present. When Siva strikes to destroy, Brahma restores another its full equivalent. The same stroke which destroys, restores also. The giving and the taking are but the two hemispheres of one and the same indivisible fact. Let those who tremble before Siva, the fraction, view the entire fact, and fear not. Let them know that not death, as ordinarily regarded, but immortality is nature's most conspicuous and universal fact. I know there are those who believe consciousness to be the product of the physical organism, and that the dissolution of the latter involves the destruction of the former; but

not so.— That which knows, feels, wills, and does, is the regal element in the combination, prior in time, superior in power, cause and not consequence.

We are not left to speculation here. Through consciousness we know the relation between the two. When I move my finger mental action not only accompanies, but, as initial factor, it precedes the physical act. The action which most concerns us originates in that part of reality whereof we take cognizance through consciousness only. We therefore look in that direction for reality's most fundamental form, and looking we see that which feels, knows, wills, and does, and that alone. Before wings were, there was the attempt, and before the attempt, there was the desire to fly; and whoso would destroy that which knows, feels, wills, and does, must destroy more than the physical organism through which soul functions and has experience on the physical plane.

Where the eye of materialism once saw interstellar void, it now sees ether mass dense as adamant, though pliable as thought. This now constitutes its universe. The tiny dusts we call planets and suns are a negligible quantity. Where it once saw naught, it now sees all. It may yet see all where it now sees naught.

But omnipresence is not the only attribute of the deity which is shared by any and all reality. The question now before us is whether the invisible factor which constitutes the animating coordinating agency of reality's living forms is lasting, or evanescent. We cannot positively know the universe to be eternal, but we cannot conceive otherwise. Either the uni-

verse is eternal or the word has no place in our vocabulary.

Next after the universe itself, in living forms we have reality's most strongly accented feature. If we may deny eternal persistence to that, we may in succession deny it to every reality, to all reality, and to the universe itself.

IV

THE OCCULT

What evidence has the occult to offer? More people see ghosts because they believe than believe because they have seen. However, in all ages people who are as credible as any that can be found have seen ghosts. The list is not confined to the ignorant and superstitious.

“Do I believe in ghosts? — Well, speaking generally, I may say yes, but I do not believe in the one you are telling about, or in any particular ghost.” (This is from Sir Isaac Newton.)

There seems to be an unwritten law to the effect that, like Didymus of old, each must see for himself. Hearsay testimony leaves lurking doubt. The ghost that would be thought to be genuine should show itself to at least two, of whom I should prefer myself to be one. Nevertheless, from that undiscovered country, myriad and fluent voices advise, though they may not inform. In every neighborhood they may be heard. We have a wealth of output, but with a dearth of result. In striking contrast with the showing made in the field of scientific research, each successive year shows no advance in the field of spiritualism. In fact spiritualism is almost as resultless as philosophy. There is something wrong here. And here this may be said, speaking generally, passivity

seems to be the condition upon which occult communications depend. Passivity is temporary abdication of selfhood. Every such abdication is a form of soul suicide. Generally, though by no means always, suicide is a crime. Truth is not likely to appear through a crime-opened door.

And yet, occultism presents one fact of profound significance. At the seance, an intelligence not of the conscious self of any who are present, there manifests, there recalls that which long since was, but no longer is, of the conscious self. This fact hints the possibility that all that was of the conscious self may ever remain of the true self. Yes, and there well may be vast realms of the true self wherein conscious self is as yet an utter stranger. This seems assured; the line which diameters the conscious self cannot perform the like service for the true self.

And what do we absolutely know of intelligences other than such as are clothed in living flesh? — It is now too late to expect a verdict of “not proven” as to the fact of occult phenomena. Reports of London and other psychic research societies and statements by those whose veracity, and what is far rarer, those whose capacity for critical observation and accurate report is unquestioned, forbid. In the seance room intelligences not of the conscious self of any present have the power of impersonating deceased friends to a degree the most consummate masters of the art may well envy, and, although this statement is made with less confidence, they sometimes show a knowledge of facts known to no embodied soul.

At the same time, it is apparent that such intelli-

gences are not the persons they claim to be, or if so, they have so deteriorated in character or capacity, or in both, as to render a continuation of the acquaintance undesirable.

Among reasons for this conclusion are the following: Questions to persons still living, placed in the hands of the medium, are quite as likely to receive a response from the party questioned as when addressed to the departed, also the answers received are no less likely to be in proper character. Again, communications received are quite as likely, nay are more likely, to relate to the most trivial matters. The fact that moments so rare and so precious should be squandered by those who were serious and sensible when we knew them, is one of the profoundest significance. Again, the information received is about as likely to be false as true. True, living people lie, but with rare exceptions they do so only under stress of rational motive; but the misstatements of our supposed friends over there seem to be without any conceivable motive. If lying we must have, let us have no senseless lying. Also, information surprisingly accurate and not easily explainable on any other than the spiritualist theory is often, if not usually, intermingled with information glaringly incorrect about matters of precisely like character, and alike within the personal knowledge of the supposed communicant. There is something wrong here.

Another consideration strongly tends to show either that these intelligences are pretenders, or that they have deteriorated. We are told that the excellence of the work required on the paper money issued by the government is the surest safeguard against

counterfeiting. Now, as is well known, it is the spirits of persons of some considerable distinction which not infrequently are most in evidence in the seance room. On such occasions an exhibition up to the high level displayed by the spirit when in the flesh would seem to be the proper identification. But such evidence is rarely forthcoming, and never forthcoming when the intelligence when in the flesh was one of the highest order.

Inventions and discoveries of incalculable value to man there have been from time to time. Men of genius have contributed poetry, and painting, and music. Earth-born and earth-begotten saviors of mankind have given utterances to thoughts which forever live and inspire men to deeds of high emprise and loftiest endeavor. The grave has closed over these inventors and discoverers, these men of genius and these lofty spiritual teachers. But they abide not there. For a time, at least, so we are told, they have power to return, and we are told they do return. At the seance room, admission twenty-five cents, philosophers, prophets, and seers are in waiting, ready as it were, to appear at the tap of a bell to amaze and befuddle the sphere they once inspired.

But there are supposed to be more exalted entities who never ray forth either light or darkness in the seance chamber, and whose zeal for humanity is only equalled by their power to render such zeal effectual. No Jacob's ladder or mediumistic Aura, or seance room paraphernalia, is required to bring them within ministering range of the recipients of their benefaction. They and their select coterie of favored few dwell in the dual sphere of earth and heaven together

on terms of easy familiarity. The free interchange of thought among all dwellers there has been continuous since time began. And with what result? What has the world to show as the outcome of all these seance interviews, or this eternity of easy communication between the favored few and these most resourceful masters? I would not cavil at the shyness of the masters; I do not ask the foolery of the seance room as evidence of their existence. But whoever would be recognized as a god or as higher than mortal, though he need work no wonders, must in some way show more than mortal virtue and power. That miracles should be deemed evidence of divinity is amazing. The faith is hard pressed which takes refuge behind its miracles.

Our erring finite selves might well ascribe divinity to a mortal, but think you if I met a god undisguised, he would need to present proofs of his divinity? Let the superior beings omit miracles and show me themselves, or if the low stage of my advancement forbids me that rare privilege, let them through the limited few, their earth dwelling associates of loftier spiritual attainment than myself, show me their thought, and trust me to detect the divinity. Place me Altair among candles, and will I not take notice? Trust me to distinguish between tallow flame and starfire. Inspiration is its own credential. Let it but speak, and the mad world will sanely pause to heed the unaccustomed note.

If God is, or masters are, or if there be phenomena which cannot be subjected to ordinary scientific tests, all these are facts which true science must notice. Facts which posture and parade before my face shall

be viewed with no oblique glance. They shall be viewed as they appear to be. But they shall be judged. Let the spirits be tried, though they be of high or low degree; yea, even though they claim to be the highest of all. Divinity is in human reason also, and it most assuredly shall assert and exercise its high prerogative. Let them be tried in the forum of human reason in the light of observed facts. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And applying this test, whenever yet from such source, or from any un-embodied intelligence, came any valuable discovery or invention, any line that will live in literature, any painting that would be admitted in any gallery, or any lofty utterance to add impetus in man's struggle from mire to stars? Whenever yet, save in times so remote or in places so inaccessible as to render either verification or refutation impossible, did any invisible helper aid man, or contribute either to his material, moral, intellectual, or spiritual advancement? Give me the time, place, and circumstance, with name and address or witnesses, or reserve the narrative for those who already believe. The foremost law governing the exhibition of occult phenomena seems to be that the most convincing evidence should be wasted on those who have no need to be convinced. At the same time, if such fact were established, there would be no occasion for surprise. The mere desirability of an alleged fact, or its power to satisfy, is not proof of its existence. All faiths do that. Internal evidence comes forward impartially to the support of all faiths, whether true or false.

I know occult phenomena do not in many cases

admit of scientific tests, but there is the stronger reason why such tests should be applied when and so far as applicable. For instance, you tell me you perceive, and you present beautiful pictures, showing the aura which radiates from all persons. Very well, with seer and scavenger close veiled before my eyes, before my *eyes*, mark you, tell me which is seer and which scavenger; then I will be interested in your pictures. You refuse? Then our interview is ended. To all claims of occult power a hardheaded, sensible age will make answer, "Show me, or keep silent." Do not tell me unless you wish me to believe; and if you really and truly wish me to believe, show me. My faith is faith. It does not try to edge over into a basis of the verifiable, physically miraculous or otherwise, recent or remote. That a reputed possessor of such power should shun rather than challenge appropriate tests, is more than suspicious. Prove for me the part which admits of proof, and I will be strongly inclined to accept the part which does not. And you need waste no time to show me the entire and beautiful reasonableness of your proposition. Show me it is true, and I will know it is reasonable, and I will know it is beautiful. That it appear otherwise will be the fault of my vision and not the fault of the fact. The world has been sufficiently afflicted with seemingly reasonable propositions that were not true. First present your evidence, then make your argument. Your illogical method of procedure is ominous. It augurs ill for the conclusion you have reached. You begin at the wrong end!

I could never quite endorse Tyndal's prayer test,

but to apply that test to the absent treatment now in vogue for a money consideration it seems to me would be glaringly appropriate.

Among the noseless Thibetans, persons enjoying the rare privilege and exercising the exceptional powers referred to were quite common so long as critical eyes were excluded from Thibet.

That disembodied spirits take an interest in our welfare, that they have the power to confer and co-operate together to render such interest effectual, is entirely probable; but if they do so, why should not the more sensible among them come to the front and protect the common credit by taking charge and proceeding in a practical, common sense, businesslike way such as might be expected from flesh and blood people were conditions reversed? By far the greater part of those who have been members of psychic and research societies are now "over there," and they seem to have no difficulty in communicating. Why do they not organize as an auxiliary branch, appoint committees, and confer with the society here in a systematic way? Communication seems to be easy among themselves, and between them and us — how easy, Sir Oliver's narrative will show. And with facilities so ample, why do we know so little of the "summerland"? A single Stanley penetrated the heart of another Dark Continent, and within a fortnight the whole wide world knew the precise nature of its every throb. A thousand Stanleys, and vast numbers more, dwell in the summerland, but what do we know of the summerland of which we have been hearing mention for half a century?

Why should we not by this time know the summer-

land to its minutest detail? We are favored with tests which seem unexplainable save on their hypothesis, but why are these tests all but uniformly of their choosing? Why are we not told the contents of that sealed envelope that was left by William James? The world knows about that — it has become *our* selected test. Is it really desired that we should know? To tell the contents of that envelope would do more to convince than half a century of the usual phenomena — Sir Oliver's not excepted. Sir Oliver's son is of exceptional intelligence. He knows the intense anxiety of his father to know, and to have the world know. He finds no difficulty in communicating. He may naturally expect to have easy access to his father's former associates. They all know our anxiety to have positive and satisfactory evidence. And yet they do not explain. May we not at least expect to be told why we have no explanation? The evidence presumed to be within the knowledge of the witness, but withheld, and the fact of such withholding, not less than that which is given, constitutes the basis for an intelligent conclusion.

Suppose before the son's death Sir Oliver in a dream had had an interview with his son, who would have been the seeming son? We do not believe those who talked direct to Swedenborg were the persons they purported to be; why should we think those who talked to Sir Oliver through a medium any more trustworthy?

Sir Oliver is no stranger. The world knows him by heart. Though we may and do fully believe his statements and share his deep sorrow, we may well question his conclusions. The volume of occult evi-

dence presents a mystery as yet unexplained. We do not know who or what we ourselves are. The true explanation may well be far different but not less wonderful than the one generally presented.

But spiritualism has not been fruitless of beneficial results. It has compelled humility in circles where humility was sorely needed. Again, the bare fact that intelligence may function through forms of reality whereof fleshly sense takes no cognizance is one of transcendent consequence by reason of the breach it makes in the armor of materialism. To the scientific investigator its phenomena presents a matter of the profoundest interest, but I am unable to see wherein, save as suggested, it is likely to be of profit.

You may ask, if these occult intelligences, whose existence you concede, be not what they profess, then who and what are they? I answer frankly, I do not know. I suspect, however, "the other fellow" of our ordinary dreams if questioned closely might throw some light upon the question. By every conceivable test the other party in the dream is not less separate from ourselves than are the flesh and blood apparitions we see about us. The beginning of his lengthened sentences and sometimes extended discourse gives no hint of its ofttimes most unexpected yet intelligent conclusion. What becomes of the dream man? Does disappearance of fact from our limited vision mean discontinuance of factor?

Dream man, seance room entity, and ourselves, neither is more inexplicable than the other. In each instance the seemingly not self manifests intelligently to the conscious self. The difference in manifestation is in degree only. Whether the seeming separate

entity shows to the eye, or speaks to the ear of flesh or to the ear of the dreamer's soul, the essential fact is the same.

Dream man, apparition of the seance room or elsewhere, if either be, and these we see about us, and all this vast material show which now so bravely parades about the earth and the vault above us, are but the ephemeral surface features of the underlying reality's vast sea wherein we conscious bubbles briefly float, bewildered at our presence there. The true reality is that vast sea; we belong to it, not it to us. Out of that sea's depths are the issues of life, and what we know as death. All this evanescent show, all these bubbles shall pass away. But seas are not made of bubbles, though bubbles are of the sea. We are these bubbles, but we also are that sea. We shall endure.

The dream man and his world, evanescent as they seem and as they doubtless are, may have an objective reality nevertheless. If so, the difference between these entities of the dream world, fragile and brief as the wraith of smoke which leaps from the rifle's mouth on the mountain side, and those more highly developed in the seance room, or the still more durable apparitions such as are about us, would be a difference in degree only and not in kind. Apparitions are apparitions whether they endure for seventy years or the seventieth part of a second.

As an audacious theory, concede the dream man the objective reality he seems to have, and the analogies of nature assure the rest. A little further development, a little more permanence and power, and a little more of reality's grosser form, and you have

the spirit actor of the seance room; then still further development, with still more permanence and power, and yet a little more of reality in its grosser form, and you have man as we see him. And why not? Where only part is known, who shall say how much is hid? By this theory reality is assigned to the dream rather than denied to the dreamer. That "we are of such stuff as dreams are made on" may be true in a different sense than was intended by Prospero. The invisible slate writer and the secretary who writes down your proceedings have points in common more numerous than the differences between them. It is not to be supposed nature has radically different methods for the origination of entities which are so much alike. Tell me the genesis of the one, and I will tell you the genesis of the other. Some claim these disembodied entities are our subconscious selves. But if so, may we not be the subconscious self of some other entity? We hear of obsessions. But are we sure we are not ourselves obsessors? Nothing is so like one intelligent entity as another intelligent entity. Learn about one and know about all. But, of course, this is conjecture.

I may here notice the attitude of science toward occult phenomena. Science is too much inclined to ignore or deny the existence of what it cannot explain. Bigotry is bigotry whether it is exhibited by scientist or theologian. Facts which are unexplainable articulate with, and are none the less vitally related to, other facts, all of which facts constitute reality, and it is reality in its entirety that concerns us. The more unexplainable a fact, the greater the duty of science to recognize it.

With respect to occult phenomena, the facts seem to suggest an interstitial all-permeating atmosphere subtler than ether, whereof the mental is a conspicuous, if not sole, element, which constitutes a preservatory and common storehouse for all individual memory and consciousness, wherein intelligences, having access to this common storehouse, as it were, crystallize into existence, with power to function more or less perfectly, possibly sometimes in bodily form, on the physical plane.

This narrow, shallow consciousness of ours leaves psychic space by far unspanned, unprobed. Who will attempt to locate the exact boundary between the supposedly not self and the true self? Who will dare to say that there is such a boundary? With absolute certainty we know the psychic field has dark Africas which are as yet all unexplored. The other fellow of the dream, the graveyard ghost and communicant of the seance room, are not the only witnesses who attest the fact. Consider the mathematical prodigy who all but instantly solves the most intricate problems, though utterly unable to explain the process, or to assure that there is any process.—Here we see the hither boundary of a vast psychic realm. And who shall say how far away its farther ground, or who shall say it has limit?

Take a case like that of Stong, the young Illinois prodigy.—A bystander gives January 26, 1873, the date of his birth, and asks that his exact age be given. Instantly came the answer 15,783 days, 378,392 hours, 22,703,530 minutes, 1,362,211,200 seconds. Other problems far more difficult were given to which the correct answers came almost instantly.

We here find ourselves face to face with a fact of the most profound and far reaching significance. We find ourselves dwellers of a world which for the most may be by spell hypnotic veiled from our view. In the seemingly nonpsychic realm we are accustomed to see prodigious result without visible effort. In the psychic realm we are accustomed to see a result of magnitude, but not without commensurate effort; but here in the nonpsychic realm we see result of moment without the slightest effort. We here find intelligent activity whereof our sense of awareness takes no cognizance. We here plant feet on solid ground. And who shall say if tiny isle or vast continent be here? — If any psychic result can be without effort, who shall fix that possibility's limit? If it is at all, why should there be limit? If there be psychic result without visible psychic antecedent, why can there not be nonpsychic result like levitation?

Either the intelligence to which this psychic activity is attributable is separate from ourselves, or it is not. If it is separate, then we know soul is in forms other than those which death's touch can give to void. Also we know with absolute certainty that there is intelligence of an extraordinary character and capacity which is able, and under special conditions, willing to aid us. And if not separate, then we know the limits of the boundaries of the conscious self do not constitute the limits of the true self. We have capacities of extraordinary power and character of which we are as yet unconscious. For aught we know, the touch of death which veils these eyes of flesh may open eyes of farther range, of wider view and keener sense, and make awareness commensurate

with fact. For if the farthest reach of consciousness knows not the limit of the self, who shall fix the limit, or who shall say there is limit? Death may well be the hand that parts the veil that hides us from ourselves.

Be that as it may, we have fact here undreamed of in Horatio's philosophy. We have psychic result of high grade which is debtor neither to time nor effort for its appearance. And it may well be that Horatio's philosophy leaves nature's arcana elsewhere and otherwise also, still closely veiled from view.

Upon this issue let another witness be called. One who is no visionary, no dreamer of dreams. The world knows her: George Eliot. In his life of George Eliot, her husband, Mr. Cross, says,

"She told me that in all that she considered her best writing there was a 'not herself' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting. Particularly she dwelt on this in regard to the scene in *Middlemarch* between Dorothea and Rosamond, saying that although she knew they had sooner or later to come together, she kept the idea out of her mind until Dorothea was in Rosamond's drawing room. Then abandoning herself to the inspiration of the moment, she wrote the whole scene exactly as it stands, without alteration or erasure, in an intense state of excitement, feeling herself entirely possessed by the feelings of the two women."

And here also we have psychic result of a high grade without apparent or conscious effort.

Verily, we are a mystery. Since we cannot fix the

boundary of our own selves, how shall we presume to fix the boundaries of the vast psychic realm which lies without? The Horatio whose philosophy would know all, must come into a laboratory with wider walls. He must put the entire integer fact within his crucible. Every analysis is incomplete which does not show the analyzer as well, and a cosmic awareness of his presence there. There is the closest articulation between the individual and the universal, and every detail of the interaction between is consciously sensed from the cosmic side of the combination.

And let the reasoner see to it that his major premise omits no fact. From heights loftier than Sinai's, down and still down, voices are invisible from lips. The character of the utterance attests the elevation whence comes the voice.—Differences are in degree, not in kind. From God to aught that God permits differences are in degree only. And let him show his credentials who dares affirm that the ear of Nazareth heard from loftier heights than hers who wrote from Dorothea's lips, "How can we live and think that any one has trouble — piercing trouble — and we could help them, and never try."

And there was Swedenborg. Such mental disorder as probably was his opens a door to a fact of the most profound significance. Neither his mental disorder, if such there were, nor the inconsequential character of the communications he received, lessens the significance of the fact his statement establishes. Though the world does not, and never will, believe they were as they assumed, intelligences of high grade in capacity and character which were as sepa-

rate and apart from his conscious self as you are from me, voiced in his ear of soul. Will Hodgson, Meyers, and James, and other psychic researchers now over there, tell us who these were who talked to Swedenborg? Why do they not explain? And so also with the Stong incident.

Other writers have duplicated Eliot's experience. Thackeray says, "I wonder do other novel writers experience this fatalism? They must go a certain way in spite of themselves. It seems as if an occult power was moving the pen."

Upon the authority of the *Westminster Review*, 1909, p. 99, another instance of kindred character and far more remarkable will be stated. We quote:

"The 'Arcana of Nature' was first published in America half a century ago, and is now reproduced with a quantity of introductory matter by a New York physician. . . . It was in type before Darwin's 'Origin of Species' appeared, yet it enunciates a complete scheme of evolution from the nebular stage up to man. It is true it does not mention 'natural selection,' but it lays down the equally important principle of response to environment with the inheritance of acquired characters. The book has its literary and other defects; but these are insignificant in view of its theory and of the fact that its scientific details are level with those known only to the most erudite savants of the time. It quotes many of the best works of authors then dead and those still alive. In 1860 it was translated into German, and came under the notice of the celebrated Buckner, whose 'Kraft und Stoff' was then taking Europe by storm. Buckner adopted some of it into

the text of his subsequent editions, and took sentences from it as mottoes of his chapters.

“Remarkable as the book was, the circumstances under which it appeared were still more remarkable. The writer, Hudson Tuttle, was a comparatively ignorant, obscure farm lad of twenty-two years, living in a sparsely settled part of the shore of Lake Erie. He had few books except the Bible, had had less than a year’s schooling, and had absolutely no entourage of savants. The only remarkable thing about him was that he had for several years been a spiritualistic medium. His account is, for he is still alive, a hale septuagenarian — that when he was about nineteen, a coterie of the spirits of dead savants ‘told him off’ as the medium through whom they wished to give to the world their theory of evolution. He wrote — sometimes under their inspiration, but sometimes also purely automatically, in the evenings of the days spent in hard farm labor. Much of the books he did not understand at all until after, when he had opportunities of study. Everything about him and his surroundings has been well known for half a century and no one has discovered anything to throw doubt upon what Tuttle says of himself. Here is the enigma. We do not attempt to solve it. Can our readers?”

Besides Eliot and Thackeray, other writers, poets especially, have had like experience. Nor have literateurs alone been recipients of such favor; no sphere of psychic activity has been neglected. Art more than literature, and religion more than either, has been debtor to this influence from without.

No folly could be more glaring than to arbitrarily

ascribe merit to the untested flow, the nature of whose source is all unknown, and few follies have been more common. These utterances from mystery's realm vary in merit. They should be subjected to precisely the same tests as those which proceed from fleshly lips. The character of the flow must be the only criterion by which to determine the virtue of the source, and the character of the flow must never be inferred from a virtue arbitrarily ascribed to the source. That void may show voice, argues neither divinity nor merit. Judge the bush by its berry, the vine by its vintage, and the spook by its speech. Though Tuttle have merit, Darwin properly outranks Tuttle.

But the weight to be attached to these mystery voluntaries from without is foreign to the immediate purpose. The fact, rather than its beneficial or non-beneficial character, is the matter to which attention is directed. The interjection of any slightest pebble of inharmonious fact will wreck the working machinery of any system. That any slightest fact should be left without, would be not less fatal to any scheme of comprehensive philosophy.—But here is no pebble. Here is no island. Novel writers though they be, in making these statements Thackeray and George Eliot are no longer in the fancy realm. They are cool-headed, reliable witnesses, who testify to exact science facts which came under their personal observation. The *Westminster Review* presents fact of like character which has like footing. They each part a veil which exposes not a pebble, nor an island, but a fact rather, which is of continental amplitude.

All past ages attest the fact that from out the realm of mystery which environs close about intelligence manifests. We dwell, breathe, and are of a psychic atmosphere. With little short of absolute certainty we may know that the phenomena so pronounced whereof Eliot, Thackeray, and Westminster speak, is not isolated or individual, but universal rather. Aside, however, from its evidentiary value to establish that bare fact whether seance room manifestations are in any manner beneficial may well be questioned. They seem to suggest abnormal conditions which indicate the reverse rather. Though they afford data for the scientific investigator, they can never furnish the details of the faith that shall save the world.

However, we here face fact, and all fact is of consequence. Even the most unsatisfactory phenomena of the seance room may indicate the marshy frontier beyond which lie wide uplands fair, and farther still, "futurity's illuminated hills." And there also the Holy Spirit may function forth.

Though less in degree, and all unsensed, yet like in kind, we are all similarly influenced at every instant. We are centers to and from which psychic energy continuously radiates. Occult as gravitation, and invisible as the vibrations of the ether, psychic influences bear steadily upon us. And ether vibrations are forms of psychic energy. Though unsensed by reason of their unceasingness, their withdrawal not less than that of gravitation would be attended by a consequence most profound.

We are surrounded with intelligences far different in form from those the touch of death seemingly gives

to nothingness. Though for the most of us the fact stays all unsensed, these also cognize and take interest in our affairs. And this fact is most pertinent to the issue presented by the query, "Does death end all?"

But leaving dreams, theories, and negations, is there an unseen world — yes or no — and if yes, what do we know of it, or do we know anything? We know we are limited. A consciousness of limitation strongly hints, if it does not absolutely assure, an extension of reality beyond the limits of our knowledge. The diameter of our consciousness measures an arc in the circle of infinity. We know nothing as to the relative dimensions of such an arc as compared with the supplement required for the completion of the circle. That supplement is the measure of the reality which is unknown. Until, and unless, we cease to be finite, that supplement will not reach the zero point. But our ignorance as to the reality represented by it is not total. Though veiled from view its form may be, by reason of its nearness and vastness, we know the fact and sense its power. And reason which established for us the existence of ether on the physical plane, adds its confirmation. Though operating through and upon subject matter existing under varying forms and conditions, the law of cause and effect extends throughout reality within, as well as beyond the veil. When we observe stupendous consequences with no explaining cause this side the veil, reason assumes a commensurate cause somewhere beyond.

The mariner who first encountered the Amazon's wide mouth well knew a continent was there. Sup-

pose yonder sun, with size, shape, light-giving, and all other functions and powers intact, had remained invisible, would we have been any the less aware of the presence of so stupendous a factor in that quarter of the heavens? The form concealed, we would know the fact, and sense its power.

Observe the peasant couple in the picture, pausing an interval from their work at the sound of the church bell faintly heard from the distance. And why? Because they feel the influence which rays steadily and eternally forth from a mightier sun behind the veil. Think of that most stupendous fact in history, Christianity, and of the great non-Christian faiths.— Since his first appearance upon this whirling sphere the most potent influence in the determination of man's daily life, his conduct, and character, has been an influence which either uprose from sheer void, or proceeded from reality all unseen. And this is true even as to those who deny the existence of such reality. Their conduct affirms what their lips deny. They, too, not less than others, die, or applaud others who die for sentiment. And whoever does either, certifies the existence of the great unseen reality.

Suppose that through my choosing to live my country should perish at the hands of a foreign foe. I would still possess my mental and physical powers and faculties, and my capacity for enjoying life's pleasures. Sun and stars would still shine, flowers bloom, and birds sing. There would still be laughter and smiles. The conquerors would be of a civilized race. The strife once ended, they would be as free from hostility to me as I am to those of the

South whom I encountered in the Civil War. No social barriers would exclude me. Life would still be sweet. Then why should I exchange life for non-entity? Why sacrifice myself to secure for others a benefit in which I would have no share? If willingness to die for others be so high a virtue, why should I not accord to others the virtue, and myself retain the less desirable living? And if what we cognize through fleshly sense, if all that microscope, telescope, and crucible reveal is all there is of reality, what answer is there to such reasoning? Answer me, ye who deny the existence of the unseen reality. Why should I die for a sentiment? What lunacy were more palpable? And yet, since time began men have done so cheerfully. Not only have men in all ages been willing to give themselves to nothingness that a principle or a cause deemed worthy might still endure, but stranger still, succeeding generations of sane and sober-minded men and women have applauded their act. And do you tell me these death-choosing souls and this applauding world were in error? No, no, my friends, they do not err, these death-choosing souls and this applauding world. A verity unseen impels and justifies the martyr's act and the world's applause.

The microscope, telescope, and crucible men show me their facts. They interest me greatly. But I, too, have some facts. I have considered your facts; be now so kind as to look at mine. Within the field of observation, open only to consciousness, you will perceive reality no less real than what we know on the physical plane. You will observe there a stress neither less marked nor less universal than that of

gravity. You will sense the divine imperative represented by the word "ought." Though considerations of policy may induce right action, they can never place back of such action the feeling represented by that word "ought." And here also are the good, the true, and the beautiful which, attentively considered, make known an upness and downness not less real and not less profound in its significance than that which is manifest in the material world.

And looking in this direction, we perceive what may be called the instinct of absolute freedom in matters of choice. The logic which establishes fatalism seems irresistible, but what soul of us all but rejects such conclusion?

And here, too, the feeling which prompts the martyr's death and man's audacious hope. The earth is one vast sepulcher whereon no footstep falls but desecrates a grave. And yet, a dweller in such a place, man calmly denies nature's most universal fact. If there is wisdom, the universe is wise, and there is wisdom. The soul's insatiate thirst, and solace for that thirst, are the two halves of a single fact, separable in thought, and in time, but indivisible in fact.

If all we know through fleshly sense were all that is, prompt and universal suicide were the only sanity. True, life has joys, but unless there is more than appears, we would spurn the bliss an angel feels if it came to us coupled with such grief for others as at all times befalls most; and yet, we feel absolutely sure that somehow all is well, and that existence is not the ill it seems.

Shakespeare does injustice to those who have

paced to and fro on the brink of Hamlet's Rubicon. The query "whether 'twere nobler" rather than distrust as to the nature of apprehended dream, gives clue to why we pause.

To look where wings are soaring rather than where fear is creeping for the determining factor on such an occasion, would be more artistic, and therefore more true and more true, and therefore more artistic. The world will have Hamlets while the world endures, but Shakespeare's genius might have presented a pauser of a higher grade, and actuated by a higher motive. However, Shakespeare may not have intended to present one of high grade. Also the vision of that undiscovered country which Jonathan Edwards presented a little later, may at that time have been accepted as verity. If so, Hamlet might well have paused. But who suggested to Hamlet the existence of the nobler?

I trust the universe; I trust its wisdom and its power. I trust these mighty instincts of the soul. Their universality attests a steady cosmic force as their basis and producing cause. As God's own breath I deem the breeze that bears them hitherward. Though I know not where or how, I know they somewhere have their correlate of commensurate fact. They are; they modify results. They stay what were otherwise a self-destroying hand. Because of them changes take place, even on the physical plane, which are of the utmost magnitude and consequence, and which but for them would not have occurred. What indicia or test of reality is wanting here? By what warrant do you concede reality to the seeming reality before the eye of the telescope, and deny

reality to the seeming reality which fronts consciousness? But you say my facts are merely incidental to yours, and that soul and spirit, and all that unto them pertain, are the evolutionary products of the reality you present. Here, again, I ask by what warrant you say this? Through consciousness I know mind to be the dominant element.

Not brick and mortar nor mammon temple high, marring the sky with square angle and direct line, not yellow minted dust, not that which we are accustomed to call death, but soul, and soul's affairs, more kingly are than death.

Briefly recapitulating, we conclude: First, death's claims that his touch means extinction is not proven; second, analogies of science strongly tend to show that by successive transmutation all forms of energy are interchangeable, and that extinction never occurs; third, that these fleshly forms in which we dwell are not soul's *sine qua non*; fourth, that there is intelligence not of our conscious selves, and of no inconsiderable capacity, which is inclined to, and under special condition does help us. In this last statement we set foot not on an island, but upon a continent, vast and all unexplored.

This we shall do later.

V

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY

The universe is reality. Colliding forms of energy constitute the universe. The universe is eternal. All energy is eternal. The eternality of energy and the conservation of energy are synonymous expressions. That involves this. I also am reality. I am one form of energy. The universe shall assuredly endure. I also shall endure.— But in what form?

That though it change the form, death never destroys the fact is absolute verity. Death closes a door which changes the form and veils the fact; but in nature's economy every door closed is a door opened, as well. Every setting is a rising sun. We know we shall exist, but shall we continue in personal form? Whether or not we shall is immaterial. Nature is wise. If it be not so, it is because there is some better way. Nevertheless, the curiosity to know is normal, and the question may be considered.

The eye of effort looks without for its result. To outward vision effort often, if not usually, proves ineffectual. We say nature is hostile, or indifferent, and that all is vanity, but are we sure? The needle that points our aim has a north as well as a south pole.— Our every arrow goes both ways. Results are within as well as without — subjective as well as objective. There is an individual purpose, and there

is a purpose which is cosmic. That looks to the evanescent without, this to the eternal within. The incessant touch of soul environment though it awakens, does not create soul. The body is soul's infinitely complex sense organ through which the wakening comes. Sooner or later the process is complete. Further exercise of function would be wasted energy, and the organ disintegrates. But disintegration of wakening's instrumentality does not involve disintegration of that which was awakened. It may well be that the wizard touch of soul's environment has conjured up a ghost which its withdrawal cannot down. From our present standpoint, that the fact should be otherwise seems most improbable; but with conditions so radically changed, speculation would be idle.

However, the mere fact, if fact it be, that death's touch does not mean life's extinction does not assure that soul is immortal, or that life is desirable, or that nature is good.

VI

THE INTEGER FACT

It has now been shown, or shall be so assumed: first, that unless there is more than is seen this side of the grave, nature is not good; second, that the invisibility that follows death's touch raises no presumption whatever that extinction follows also; third, that the analogies of science, and especially the fact that we are of the structure of the universe which is eternal, raise a strong presumption that, whether as individuals or otherwise, we also are eternal.

But the mere fact, if fact it be, that soul is immortal does not show that nature is good. Quite the reverse rather, if teachings of current theology be in accordance with fact. Other considerations yet more potent which affect both questions will be presented later. Before proceeding, however, there are some features, regal in character and vitally affecting every phase of this question, which should be noticed.

The issue presented is cosmic in scope and character; the universe is to be judged. The audacity here implied may seemingly approximate sublimity. But soul is, and the burden of showing a cessation of that isness rests elsewhere. And until that burden is sustained, soul is presumed to be eternal, and nothing can be too audacious which soul, thus dimensioned, assays. Universe, though he be the accused, shall be judged by his peer.

The issue is cosmic in character, and must be considered from the universal standpoint. I know you will reply, "But I am individual." Time and space are modes of nature's complexity, but reality's each minutest fragments also has complexity whose infinitude affords other modes of extension not less vast.—You have dimensions, all reality has dimensions, not measurable by tapeline or sundial. The line that measures every dimension of any reality must probe on and on until it touches the heart of the universe.

That you are individual is true, but it is not the whole truth. The most vital part you have omitted. You are individual, but also you are of the universal. And the universe is eternal.

Though as yet not fully awakened, and unconscious of the fact, every each is all. Self-awareness is not as yet commensurate with the fact.

And this brings to one unique, conspicuous and most interesting and most wonderful fact, which ignored, leaves hiatus in philosophy's every major premise, and permeates with error every page of philosophical reasoning. That fact is the universe itself. Its prime characteristic is indicated by the name it bears. It is universe. It is the one only integer fact. All else is but fraction. The circle is its symbol. All other facts are sectors, and every sector a fraction. Philosophy hitherto has largely ignored the integer and wrestled with the fraction, but without any result save its own discomfiture.

A bewildering maze of confusion when viewed from a provincial standpoint, the solar system becomes intelligible when considered from the center. And so

here the fact and character of the integer unit must be the regal consideration where cosmic issues are involved. *The riddle of the universe cannot be solved from the standpoint of the fraction.* The universe consists of reality. Reality is a fact. Fact, to be at all, must be in some way — in some form — the infinitely diversified forms the fact is capacitated to, or can be made to assume, are all that concerns. Its form, assuming capacity, is of its essence.— Otherwise the fact is of no consequence, save as a guaranty that form shall eternally succeed form.

Fact's every form shows unceasing movement, and motion is change. Rest is the negative of motion, and negative is reified abstraction — a thought which has no corresponding reality in fact.

The ultimate atom of old philosophy was the exact exemplar of the integer unit — infinitely complex, but without line of cleavage, indivisible and eternal. Whether we talk of mind, spirit, thought, matter, motion, energy, time, or space, all these are sheer abstractions. They are partial views, features, incidents, or presentations only of the one indivisible fact separately conceived of in thought. The fact is there in fullness; that our vision is limited explains. There is no corresponding reality in fact; there is but one fact. We may think of a surface of red nothing, waiting to receive its background of substance, like mortar plastered against the wall, but fact is not that way. Every observed thing presupposes an observer. Every observed thing and observer presupposes an underlying bond of identity, which is the integer fact. When the eye of philosophy turns on mind, spirit, matter, time, and space, they become objects of exter-

nal vision. External vision shows abstractions only, or integerized fractions. External vision does not even show parts of the integer fact. The integer fact is not made up of, and it does not have, parts. External vision gives fractional views of certain features only. Every vision, outward or inward, is a fractional view of the indivisible integer fact. Science deals with abstractions. It knows reality's surface features only. The material universe consists of those features of the integer which are shown to the infinitesimal fractions, or integerized fraction's outward eye.

The universe is not a mass of stuff mechanically joined together. The connection between the nail and the wood into which it is driven furnishes not the slightest analogy for the closeness there is between its seemingly most widely separate parts. The raiment of the crucified Nazarene, woven throughout and without seam, typifies the structure of the integer fact. What to our vision seems widely separate is in fact closer and more intimate than contiguous. There is neither seam nor possibility of seam, line of cleavage, or possibility of cleavage.

Because we ourselves are but fraction, we have fractional views only of the integer fact. The nail and the wood to our vision are wholly separate,— but with truer vision we would see the union between, even while the wood was in the tree and the nail was ore in the ground a thousand miles away. The gap between is due to defect of vision. We see clearly, but we do not see fully. By hypnotism, as it were, reality's most essential features are veiled from our view. Wherever relation is, shallowness of vision only, veils

the unifying factor from view, and relationship is throughout. Each simplest fact shades off into fathomless mystery. The integer fact is psychic throughout. The relation between the seemingly separate parts of the briefest conceivable feeling furnishes the true analogy for the connection between what to us seem the most widely separate parts of the integer fact.

Let one feeling shade off into another of widely different character; the facts on either side of the line between, drawn where you will, would be one and the same. And so with a line between the self and the not self; or a line drawn anywhere within the wide universe. By imperceptible degrees, fact anywhere shades off into fact everywhere, and all fact is but one.

Distance and separation are for the finite and fractional mind only. The boat drifts from the shore, and not the shore from the boat. Outward vision shows only surface features of the fact. Outward vision leaves reality's inmost essence all unsensed. The universe is not made up of matter or thing. The universe is fact, not thing. Outward vision shows certain features of fact as thing. To know any reality we must look within. The word *is*, applied to reality, is misleading. The word implies rest, but movement is of reality's essence. Reality becomes, not is. Always and everywhere, reality is movement. (And yet, may it not be that movement is only for the fraction's eye?) To know movement we must look within. The dictionary that says a board is a thin plank, and a plank a thick board, is the type of all dictionaries. The dictionary within

must supplement the dictionary without, or the arbitrary symbol of the printed volume stays meaningless. The lightning's flash, the moving train, and every dictionary definition, are the without fragment sheet of the indenture which must be fitted to the within fragment, or stay meaningless. And so with every utterance of the outer world to soul. It speaks in symbols which soul interprets. The universe consists of reality, and reality is that whereof consciousness takes cognizance, and consciousness is itself of reality's essence. It may not be within the finite and limited consciousness; it can but be within the universal. Separateness is fact as it appears to the limited sense, and not as the fact is.

Separate universes would be required for the habitat of wholly unrelated realities. If A and B are related, somewhere there must be ground which is common to both, some point where that which is A is at the same time B also. But the portion of A which is a part of B is still related to the portion of A which is not a part of B, if there be such a part. And there must somewhere be common ground where the portion of A which is also B is also at the same time that portion of A which is not B; otherwise, there would somewhere be contiguous portions of A which would be wholly unrelated. But this is impossible, and unthinkable. From which it follows that every relationship implies identity.

Though to vision such as ours, at each farther remove certain features may appear less prominent, and at still farther remove, though they may near, they can never reach, the vanishing point. All reality is omnipresent. Finger-touch reality wherever you will,

though never so lightly, and on your finger-print page you may read all that you can anywhere find, though you sift the universe in a hair sieve. Conscious being — spirit matter — seer, seen — form evanescent, fact eternal, all these and an infinitude more, deific element as well, that page will declare.

We little imagine the full measure of our vision's limitations. Every fact involves all fact. These five words indicate more clearly than volumes could express the intense unity of the one integer fact. The most noteworthy feature of any reality is its nonspatial relation to, and connection with, all, each, and every reality. External and fractional reality can never furnish accurate analogy for true reality. External reality is nonpsychic. Reality is psychic. Nothing is wholly separate; nothing is wholly without. I can tell you nothing save what you already knew, though you may have been unaware of the fact. What I say makes visible to the soul's eye within what was eternally there. Explosive energy is of the powder's essence, though ignition stays away. Though the awakening conditions may not present all you might know or become, you are now in dormant form.

Other considerations show the intense unity of nature. Omnipresence is the attribute of all reality. Visibility to the eye is not the test of reality's presence. That it affects, or influences, other reality is the test as to the existence, or presence, of reality. Consider the minutest fragment of reality. Its presence there determines the location of, and influences, all contiguous reality. Nor that which is contiguous alone. Science assures that

throughout the wide universe no atom stirs or tremor is, but is something different by reason of its presence. Reality is wherever its influence is. At what to our vision would be a distance of an inch, or a mile, or a thousand miles, the influence of that minute particle is precisely as potent as at the point where our vision locates it — only more diffused. And reality knows no space, or distance. Separation and distance are only for the limited vision. A thousand years are in His sight as one day, and a thousand miles are as a single inch, and each is as naught. Our distances in time and space merely symbolize the measureless possibilities for the complexity of reality's fact.

Solidarity, continuity, and utter indestructibility; these are the salient features of the integer fact. The continuous mass symbolizes one feature. Reality does not exist in spots and streaks, with interlying streaks of utter void. Such a conception involves the idea of limitation, and limitation as applied to reality's facts as distinguished from its form is unthinkable. Reality has no jumping-off place. Nature cannot be cornered. The persistence with which we encounter limitation is due to the universal personal equation. As the eye which looks through colored glasses sees a red, blue, or green world, so the finite mind projects into external reality a limitation which is not there in fact. But fragment ourselves, our views must be fragmentary. The error resulting from this, our constitutional limitation, permeates the major premise of all our reasoning. Nor can we by any possibility wholly correct the resulting error. For aught we know posi-

tively, external reality itself may be an illusion due to this nonescapable personal equation.

Not to be able to apprehend reality as it really and truly is, is the doom of all finite existence. We deal with surfaces of the integer fact. We do not know all about anything. What to us seems most complete is but a fractional feature of the one all-comprehensive integer fact. Our every vision is a fractional awareness of the integer fact.

Consider the reality that constitutes myself. I am that reality — I am a fraction of the all-comprehensive integer. Blot me out, and what remains will be only a fraction. But a fraction, however infinitesimal, is of the essence of the integer. We may separate them in thought, but they are inseparable in fact. Make nonexistent a part, and you make nonexistent the whole. You cannot determine my importance by looking to see how much other reality there may be. You are on the wrong road entirely; as well try to get up by going down. You may say the universe could get along without that part of reality which constitutes me, but it never did. The burden of sustaining your proposition is on you, and all experience is against you. If one portion of reality may go to nothingness, so may another. Its weakest link measures the strength of the strongest chain. If flaw there be in my title to immortality, let the universe and its included deity look to it; theirs also is in peril. The universe cannot take care of itself without taking care of me. The universe will take care of itself.

Another essential characteristic of the integer fact is the incessant movement exhibited through-

out. Unrest, inherent and eternal, is of the essence of each several atom there. At least, it so appears from the standpoint of the fractions we are. The word atom, or particle, save as applied to a particular manifestation of reality, is an inappropriate expression. This movement is of the essence of each in its own right. In every unceasing collision each is a giver as well as a receiver of impulse. The universe thus appears as one sublimely vast and eternal affirmation. Not nay, but yea, yea, yea, forever yea, the universe eternally doth utter forth. Negation has nowhere any place in nature's wide domain. It has no place anywhere save in the conception of the finite mind, and as incident to the personal equation from which no finite mind can escape.

The unceasing change everywhere observable is something more than change. Despite the surface show to the contrary, there is always a certain orderliness always manifest, and the unceasing persistence of the energy which produces these changes is not less unvarying than is the operation of the law in accordance with which they occur. The eye of every change has definite aim. These changes are precisely what they would be if they were due to the exercise of an intelligent will; but the inference of the existence of a deity endowed with personality, as we know personality, is not warranted. That earth's man kings should be permitted to thus symbolize where it were scarce reverent to even name, is profanation most palpable which could never have survived the primitive age of its origin but for the coincident voice of a supposed authority, which could

never have gained credence in a less credulous age. Our idea of personality is of the outgrowth of the limitation soil.

From the fact of reality's intense solidarity and unity, and the interdependence of its parts and the interrelation between them, important corollaries follow. Through all its wide immensity there is no room for gap. Differences there are, but such differences are in degree only, not in kind. Each form shades off imperceptibly, as it were, into other forms. There are no links missing. Each feature or characteristic anywhere present, though varying in degree, is everywhere present. Reality is never so gross that what to us appears as the spirit element is wholly wanting. Reality is never so spiritual but that what to our vision seems its grosser form is there also in some faint degree. Were any essential element, in either soul or cinder, wholly wanting in the other, the soul could not take cognizance of the cinder. In any reality, every capacity and possibility of all reality is present. In the parlance of the mathematician, the two forms, spirit and matter, vary inversely, but neither anywhere becomes zero. The proposition that every particle of reality has, as essential features, inherent capacities for becoming, and a stress or tendency which under certain conditions, sure to exist, results in what we call spirit, as well as in what we call matter, seems to be philosophic to the last degree if not axiomatic. The popular conceptions of matter and spirit as separate and distinct are sheer abstractions which have no corresponding reality. They are varying phases of the same real-

ity. The unity of all reality so requires, and the fact so is.

Other considerations show the character structure and behavior of this fundamental integer fact. We are not dependent exclusively upon outward visioned fleshly sense for our knowledge of the external aspects of this fact. That sense is largely reinforced by reason, which is, as it were, a finer sense. By its aid we know that what we have been accustomed to call matter is but an infinitesimal part of the external aspect of the integer fact. In fact, as compared with what this finer sense reveals, what we know as matter might almost be considered a negligible quantity. Ignoring the floating tiny dusts we know as planets and suns, the ether mass constitutes reality as known to outward vision so reinforced. Vastness of extent is its accented feature. Only a mind into which the idea of limitation has never entered can have a proper conception of its immensity.

And here is a fact of most profound significance. We can not conceive of an extension which cannot be measured, but here is an extension which is measureless. The conclusion is inevitable. Reality has aspects and features to which ordinary thought forms are inapplicable. Every fact shades off into fathomless mystery. The ether mass is characterized throughout by, or is a medium for, the transmission of direct line tendencies in all directions. Interspersed throughout are an infinitude of fractional and specialized forms of reality from each of which modifications of what would otherwise be the normal condition of the ether mass are radiated. It is said

that the radiating influence varies inversely as the square of the distance varies. This is true only as to the points on the same straight line which are unequally distant from the radiating center.

Along a given line the sun's influence diminishes, ever nearing but never reaching the zero point, but the full measure of the sun's influence at a distance of a thousand miles, or at any greater distance, is not less than at one mile. Any modifying center is present wherever its influence is effective of result. Result effected rather than our ability to sense, is the test as to the presence of an influence. Other reality is more sensitive than ourselves. If we are correctly advised, science has instruments which respond to candle flames invisible by reason of distance save to art assisted eyes. By this test as to what constitutes presence every influence modifying center, whether dust particle, silent planet, or flaming sun, is omnipresent. But what shall be said as to the extent of such presence?

Only an infinitesimal fraction of the sum total of influence which leaves the surface of the sun reaches any remote point at a given instant. That which comes on direct line from the nearest part of the sun's surface arrives first, but at that same instant an amount yet far vaster is continuously arriving along circuitous lines of infinitely varying lengths from remoter parts of the sun's surface, the farthest portion of sun surface not excepted.

Each moment of its past history contributes to the sum total influence received, and effective of result at each point, however remote. True, such history is but brief, but what is the sun? It is merely a

continuance in variant form of eternally existing potencies which for all time have been effective of result at every point, and therefore are present at every point. The form and the name are different, but the fact is the same. At each instant each point is a debtor to every moment of the past history of every other point in an account whose first item is as remote as the beginning of time.

To further illustrate, we sense but an insignificant part of the sun's influence. Now suppose some touch of wizard power which leaves unsensed all influences from without save those of yonder sun, should at the same time give finer sense to know *all* the sun's influences instead of only those which come direct as now. We would then, at the same instant, see the sun along curved lines as well, and as it appeared at each moment of its past history. Owing to light's leisurely approach, we see remoter stars not as they are, but as they long since were. With finer sense, through influences that more swiftly come, we would see them as they were at each successive moment since, and as they are at this instant.

But for this muddy vesture of decay, each briefest here and now would hear from every point the voice of each instant of whatever time there may have been. Nature seems to be structured so as to focus the universal energies of all time within each single instant, and at each point. Obtuseness of vision does not mean absence of fact; omnipotence is omnipresent. The word "all" as here applied is used under protest. There is no all time. The word implies limitation, but the fact knows no limit.

We directly sense as heat and light certain of

these modifications of the normal structure of the ether mass which are occasioned by these radiating centers. We know the gravitation modification by its effect upon masses of matter. It would seem that normal force rays which have been subjected to the influence of the radiating center ascend weakened against the under side of the falling body. Omnipotence, or one form of omnipotence, is there, though unequally present, on its upper and lower sides. Weight is the measure of inequality rather than of the sum total. The volume and measure of the unmodified upward tendency necessarily varies directly with the increase of elevation, with consequent lessening of weight, and *vice versa*, as the body descends.

VII

THE INDIVIDUAL

The integer fact, to be at all, must be in some way. To outward vision such as ours, it appears as infinitely diversified forms of colliding energy, each of which, through successive transmutations, are convertible into every other. Some of these, if not all, are conscious. We ourselves are of this class. These are the individual. The relation between the individual and the integer is close, vital and organic. That of the fraction and the integer is the exact symbol.—The individual is a fraction of the integer. The relation between is that of identity. The individual must be viewed from the standpoint of the integer. I am, and you are, the integer, fractionally sensed.

Soul is infinity in the concrete. All individualization involves limitation. The individual is an organized form of conscious limitation. Absence of limitation is the birthright of soul. A sense of limitation is an irksome form of awareness. The individual is soul-thirst for, and effort to escape, limitation in organized form. Nature everywhere insists upon movement.—Unrest, eternal and divine, is of the essence of the integer fact.

Individualization is nature's device by which she secures motion. Wherever soul structure senses ob-

struction, nature commands effort to overcome, and effort assures motion. Soul-thirst assures the unrest that nature demands.

To be understood, the individual must be considered from the standpoint of the integer fact. The individual is a fractional evanescent form of integer fact energy. The universe is my sub-conscious self. Our vision is limited. Save at one point, we only sense the surface of the integer fact. Surface elevations show as separate from each other and from the integer fact. This is the individual as we contemplate him. He briefly apparitions forth upon an evanescent stage to wonder at his presence there, and war his tiny life away. And well may he wonder, for though the apparition stay a trifle longer, it is none the less wonderful. War, wonder, and want — these are his manifestations. These are inseparable from individuality. Though the form of its activity shall change, war shall endure assuredly. Man shall yet make lasting peace with man, and forces join against wild nature, their common foe as yet all unsubdued.

And here we turn to the integer fact. The individual is sector, the integer fact is circle. Some symbols and analogies are easily ever-worked; not so with this. Though invisible, the underlying integer is there as background, and nearer than contiguous. Close and constant articulation is there. The connection is not umbilical. Reciprocity of influence is nature's inexorable law. Influences come as well as go.— That which goes is half the fact. That which comes is there also. Going and coming, the two are eternally there.

Suppose a line drawn dividing the universe unequally in two parts, X and Y, and we know not which is the greater. Whatever can be said of either can be said of the other. Each alone is but a fraction.—Without either, there would be no circle. We may think of either without thinking of the other, but one cannot be without the other being also. Either alone would be a thought abstraction, like the one end of a wire which, without the other, would have no existence in fact. Every element and feature in one is in the other also. If God is in either, he is in both. If either is eternal, the other is also. We now find Y is myself. Still the situation is unchanged.—I am in my own right. No, Y is a single grain of sand. Still the situation is unchanged. If the other side was my creator, I am its creator also. The only difference is in degree. There are no differences in kind. That would require separate universes. The juncture of the self and the not self is not that of mere contiguity. The two constitute the universe. There is no abrupt change of structure. In philosophy's self and not self, as in theology's God and not God, insidious error lurks. These expressions imply a division in thought where none is in fact. Wherever separation is, fractions are. The integer fact is not made up of fractions. See its supposed fractions to the utmost and you will know the integer to its utmost.

I am in my own right. The God element is not wholly wanting. I move about the sun because I am, and not because I dwell in this whirling sphere. If leaving me unharmed, some wizard wand of magic power should touch this earth to nothingness, I

would keep its appointments. I would arrive promptly on time at each successive station throughout its wide far-circling round.

Limitation is in individual consciousness only. Always and everywhere fact stays integer. Awareness of fact only is fractional. Whether turned within or without, the individual vision sees the fraction only, but the integer fact is there. The individual and his world are fractions only. He does and must deal with these as integers, but the intuitions which determine character and conduct, and of which mention shall be made later, speak with cosmic tongue from the sector apex of the integer unit.

The individual, his world, and its furniture, are integerized fractions. Reality's extensions are not measured in terms of time and space. Within limits, individual vision shows fact with outline clearly defined. More remote it shows vaguely, though not less surely. We do know vastly of what lies beyond the horizon of the conscious vision. The presence there of fact is sensed, its magnitude, its character, and its power. The form withheld, the fact is known. We know God is, and that He is good. Individualism means limitation. Outward vision pertains exclusively to the individual. Outward vision sees reality as a thing — reality is a fact, not a thing. With finer sense, at every point each thing would show motion, and movement constitutes fact. Motion, always and everywhere, is of reality's essence.

The straight line is the symbol of the outward vision's apparent facts; the sector is the symbol of the inner vision's partial facts; and the circle is the sym-

bol of the integer fact. The appearance of fact depends upon the character of the fact, and the fashion and the structure of the observer's eye. Infinite are the possible varieties of eye fashion and structure. One vision only knows fact as it is; only the vision which is the fact knows the fact as it is. An awareness commensurate with the fact is of the essence of the integer fact.

Is the individual consciousness commensurate with the integer fact? Yes, and no. The individual consciousness is not noncommensurate with the integer fact, as it would be if the outlying integer fact were in a different universe, or as if there were an absolute gap between. Not the faintest influence from the remotest part of the integer fact but enters into the composite of the influences which affect the individual consciousness, and by reason thereof it is something different from what it would otherwise have been. This then is the situation. At the "I am" point, which is the apex of the sector, the integer fact is sensed with all possible distinctiveness, and elsewhere throughout in lessening degrees, approximating, but nowhere reaching, the zero point. In this vague way the individual consciousness is commensurate with the integer fact. By reason of this indistinctness of its vision the conscious individual self is not, while each actual true self is, commensurate with the integer fact.

The integer fact, minus the individual consciousness, is the measure of the outward vision's domain. All we know as evil is as the consequence of limitation. Merger with the infinite is the only escape from limitation.

And here the briefest possible reference to the distinction between the finite and the infinite may be permitted. The infinite is normal, logically and chronologically that comes first. There must be the fact before there can be any limitation of the fact. We sense the fact of power, of duration, of extension, but the idea of limitation does not enter into the conception. An interval elapses and we find limitation. This is the finite. The two facts are utterly dissimilar; they have no common measure.

Any diminution of the infinite gives the finite. No additions to, or multiplication of, the limited can give the unlimited. Any such increase would be mechanical, and not psychic; but the transition must be psychic. Any such increase would be like the change from five to six. There would be an absolute gap between. Such an increase is in thought only. It has no correspondence in actual fact. Nature's every increase is by growth. Growth is a change by imperceptible degree, but the change from five to six is abrupt and perceptible. The change from limited to less limited can only be by growth.

Whether man, microbe, or archangel, its own as yet unconscious self is individuality's only environment. Thence brave hints come. Thither lies the way. There, deep within and not afar, is the goal of aspiration's aim. And a present partial attainment of aspiration's aim is of every aspiration's essence. And attainment means becoming — means growth.

We ourselves are but fractions, but segments of that circle whose all is the one integer fact. The connection between that which is within and that which is immediately beyond the horizon of conscious-

ness is as vital and as intimate as that between one part of an indivisible thought or feeling and another part which is most closely connected therewith. Our vision of the fact stops, but the fact itself extends on and on, and still on. And so with every fact shown to the external vision. We only see the external and surface features of the fact. These we consolidate in thought and only deal with these. The others do not speak to us at all. And these are our things.—These constitute our matter.—These for us become, and are dealt with, as integer. They are integerized fractions. We ourselves are integerized fractions. The world of everyday life and its affairs are integerized fractions. Of necessity they must be dealt with as integers.—No inconvenience results. In contests between land claimants, where both parties claim title through a common link far removed from the original source of title, it is never necessary to examine back of that common link; but here each party denies that any link in his adversary's chain of title touches or connects with the original source. Here we must deal with the fact, not with the appearance; with the whole number, not with the fraction. And there is but one integer fact. Individuality's world must deal with facts as they appear, and every apparent fact, though a fraction, must be dealt with as though it were an integer. Philosophy must deal with fact as it is. At least there must be a continual consciousness of the fact that all facts, save one, are but a fraction.

The intense solidarity and unity of the integer fact indicates the nature of the relationship between the individual and the universal. The two are one;

awareness of the fact is of the essence of all fact. Individual consciousness is not commensurate with the integer fact. The individual is a fractional consciousness of the universal integer fact. Individuality is an ephemeral cosmic incident. Individualism means limitation; but the limitation is of the awareness of the fact, and not of the fact itself. The circle is the symbol of the integer fact, the sector that of the individual consciousness of the fact. The noteworthy feature of the sector is that its apex point is common to the circle's every sector. At this one point the individual is universal also. Wherever "I am" is uttered, the universe speaks. Individual soul has for its habitat an atmosphere of infinitely diversified and different directioned energies.

Each soul has, as it were, an infinitely spacious, and an infinitely diversified, surface of possible juncture with external realities like surface. Surface within in its minutest detail exactly mirrors surface without. The firmament within tallies point for point with the firmament without, with each minutest star in place. Soul's science eye looks without; soul sees within, as well — sees vastness there. The telescope shows soul's vastness also. Microscope and telescope alike show vastness and vastness all is measure vast of soul. Space and time are the symbols but not the measures of reality's extension — of soul's dimension. Soul's outward organs of awareness are highly specialized. They fractionally sense only a limited portion of the features of the integer fact. But at the sector's apex vanishing, but not vanished point, individual consciousness is

not fractional. The true self and the integer fact are one and the same. Soul receives no additions from without, or, indeed, at all. The external touch is an awakening, not a contributing factor. Soul consciously senses some, and actually, though vaguely, senses all influences from without. All that ever was in consciousness forever is. Though unconsciously received, the record is there. Liability, sometimes realized, is there, and the time shall be when "at one broad glance, the soul beholds, and all that was at once appears."

And so with soul's every possible experience. Soul is not a receptacle into which material objects, or parts of external reality may be deposited, or into which fluid may be poured. Soul is, and all that can affect soul must be, psychic in character; and the entire language, which is an outgrowth from the limitations of the material world without, must speak by analogy only when applied to the subject matter now under consideration. Appearances without can speak to reality within by symbols only.

The intense unity of the integer fact assures that the seeming junction of the lemon and the soul as yet ignorant of the lemon taste, which is the antecedent of the lemon taste, is psychic in character. The substance element of the antecedent of that feeling was invisible. It was all present on both sides of the seeming line of juncture. Whatever may be its precise nature, external reality furnishes no analogy for the drama whereof the taste feeling was the closing feature. Additional awareness of the details of soul structure is the only result of life's experience; and the diameter of the universe is the

potential measure of such awareness. This theory makes life a compulsory educational process which looks to a drawing out rather than a filling in. Welcome and unwelcome experiences grow on the same stem, and they perform like service. However, here as elsewhere throughout this discussion, in presenting what to the writer seems most plausible the fact is not overlooked that we ourselves, and our continuous environment, are one vast unfathomable mystery.

Having considered the vital and organic relation between what to our vision may seem to be the separate parts of the integer fact, another feature may be more specially noticed, namely, its vastness. And here let the idea of unoccupied space present its credentials, and show cause for its further presence. Where is the witness who can come forward to testify to the verity of such fact? Unoccupied space is a sheer superstition — the conclusion of a syllogism which has no major premise.

As compared with the interstellar ether mass, the tiny dusts we name as world, planet, and sun, and all we know as matter, are a negligible quantity. Space and reality are coterminous. Ether mass and space are synonymous expressions. And this constitutes the integer fact as shown to outer vision, and as reinforced by appliances of art, and supplemented by reason. This is our material universe. And yet, though coextensive with space, the integer fact must not be thought of as being without limit.

Limitation is of the fruitage of the limitation soil. It has no place in this discussion where we now are. Its inclusion even for the purpose of exclusion would

necessarily blur the vision of the facts of the non-limitation field. To think of space as having, or as not having, definite boundary would be alike improper. The proposition, that of contradictories one must be false and the other true, is one of the thought forms of the limitation realm which has no place elsewhere. Going, yet ever staying, one yet many, are contradictory. Yet so is cosmic fact. Let the material universe be conceived exactly as we find it, and not otherwise — a continuous mass of colliding energies, extending as far as thought may care to follow. The fact is psychic; the measure of the fact must be psychic also.

But reality's extension is dual phased. Vastness has other dimension. And as with vacant space, so with unoccupied time. And now let the idea of unoccupied time also present its credentials, and show cause for its further presence. Where is the witness who can testify to the verity of the alleged fact? Unoccupied time also is a sheer abstraction — the conclusion of a syllogism without major premise. Beginning and ending are thought forms which are of the fruitage of the limitation soil. They have no place here. The integer fact is eternal, and the word eternal involves extension's every form. And such is the vastness of the fact, sublimely vast, of the fact in which we live, move, and have our being, *and of which we are!*

But what shall be said as to the character of this fact? As to this query, though reserved for later discussion, let this be said now: the integer fact lacks nothing, and where nothing is wanting, *there absolute perfection is.*

VIII

NATURE ENSOULED

“ I swear I think now that
everything without exception
has an eternal soul!
The trees have, rooted in the ground!
The weeds of the sea have! The
animals!
I swear I think there is nothing but
immortality,
That the exquisite scheme is
for it and the nebula's float
is for it, and the cohering
is for it,
And all proportion is for it—
and life and death material
is altogether for it.”

WHITMAN.

Save as it exists for and affects soul the universe is an utterly inconsequential fact. If this tiny consciousness of ours can thumb-breadth the altitude and hand-span the horizon of soul, then have we here indeed the maximum of mountain labor with the minimum of mouse result. How vast the gulf between the highest reach we know of soul and the altitude of soul commensurate with all! Nature's analogies cry out against the existence of any such gap, strangered from soul.— Where nature speaks from with-

out, nature is unsouled if at all. Nature does speak from without to soul in soul's own language, and this assures the presence of soul without as well as within. This means relationship, and relationship means a somewhere common ground, and common ground means identity, and identity means soul at both ends of the line.

The receiver of the message must know the sender's language. We know the character of that language. The sender does not create the vibrations which tongue its message. The intervening ether has those on its own account. They are of its essence. The sender has also its vibrations, which are of its essence. These occasion modifications, but do not create ether vibrations. The soul structure which receives and senses these modifications of the ether vibration's normal form has its vibrations which become correspondingly modified. These modifications are the soul language. Both ends of the intervening bridge are of precisely the same fashion and pattern. It might be turned end for end, and the message would reach soul just the same. That bridge fits into psychic structure at the receiving end, and the structure into which it fits at the sending end must be of psychic character also. When Haeckel, through microscope or telescope, views the otherwise invisible star or fact more near, fractions of one and the same indivisible fact are at each end of the glass, and between fractions of the same fact there is neither gap nor plane of cleavage. Also psychic and supposedly nonpsychic features of the fact are at both ends. So also of the intervening ether in the case of the natural vision. Haeckel's

integer is the world of fraction. He senses reality's psychic features, then infers, and next integerizes its supposedly nonpsychic features. With mathematical certainty we know that only soul can articulate with soul; and that what we call thing does articulate with soul. And nature is ensouled throughout. As dewdrop with sunlight, so is nature with soul. The very clods beneath our feet are clouds which veil celestial things, and who sees all that is therein knows all that is.

And these conclusions are reached from a consideration of that form of external reality known as matter. But the question is not to be determined by a consideration of this fragment of rock now held in the hand. As compared with other external reality, what we know as matter is a negligible quantity. The vast ether mass has virtue of its own. Like ourselves, it exists in its own right. Each reality is subsidiary to all other, but no reality is exclusively so. It is not there merely as a medium for the transmission of influences between the tiny sparks we know as suns. The analogy between soul activity and that of the ether mass is far closer than that between soul and this hand-held rock fragment. Mobile as thought itself, the infant's breath, nay the infant's feeblest thought, gives tremor throughout the mass. We may rest assured that soul and the ether mass are of like structure, and that they are organically related. And this is why and how soul may speak to soul, and star to soul, in soul's own language through the medium of the ether mass.

But soul is not dependent exclusively upon out-

ward vision for her knowledge of reality. At one point she stands closer to nature, nearer than close. At one point reality is not viewed at a distance, or through any disturbing medium. At one point soul is herself the fact, reality's fact, and lo! other aspects and features, of a radically different nature than were revealed by outward vision, are also here discerned. Outward vision reported that only which was seen. Soul now discovers that inseparable from the seen was that which saw. The seeing and the seen are now seen to be essential elements of the same fact. Of the same fact is the seer also, and then there instantly leaps irresistibly forth the inference that these additional aspects were also of the facts reported by the outer vision, but of which the outer vision, by reason of its limitations, made no report.

And soul now knows the psychic element to be of the essence of all reality — of all fact. And which of these visions of fact is most likely to give the whole truth about reality? Suppose through miles of intervening mist you view unexplored land, and tell what is there. Then suppose you go in person and while on the ground tell what is there, what then? Which will be the more correct report? But here you are yet closer still. Here you are the very fact to be observed, and the vision of the fact is itself the fact, and the fact is psychic. Watch that bee there so busily intent on building its always six-sided cell — what an infinity of tiny moves, adjustments, and changes of pose, each of which looks to a consummation in nature's scheme whereof nature's little instrument before us is utterly unconscious. Then

prolong your glance only a little farther, and see another of nature's individual living forms, see the still unblossomed clover there — think you the nature that so cunningly put intelligence behind the preparation of the receptacle did not also put intelligence behind the preparation of that which the receptacle was to contain? Would nature take pains to ensure the making of one blade of a pair of scissors unless she wanted scissors to be? And if she wanted scissors to be, would she put intelligence behind the making of one blade, and leave the preparation of the other to chance? And if she did, would scissors be? And are not the comb, and the honey that goes into the comb, the two blades of the same scissors?

And if intelligence not that of the bee be here, may not intelligence not that of the flower be here also? Consider generally the instinct of the insect, or bird. Is there not here an intelligence not that of the individual, insect, or bird? Take the case of the bird, which, though never before molested or threatened, now feigns all but utter disability that it may lure the pursuing intruder from its young, or from its nest. Or consider the annual migration of the bird — a writer says:

“Of course a human being can detect autumnal coolness, and those who are used to migration may develop a sudden inclination toward the Gulf Coast. But of the millions of blackbirds that gather in flocks at the first suggestion of the passing of summer, more than half are less than three months old. They never saw winter. They never saw the South. No breath of cold air has ever touched them. Yet

excitement permeates the whole blackbird tribe. All have that same air of not knowing what they want, yet of being certain to do what is expected of them."

Expected is a psychic word. Expected by whom, or what? If people were not, would not the annual migration of birds be somewhere expected and purposed? Is there not an intelligence here which is not exclusively that of the bird? And, if so, who shall say how far it may extend, or who shall say it does not extend in some form throughout nature?

An outward vision shows the form of energy we call matter. All matter discloses a certain kind of stress — a tendency of each toward all, or as otherwise expressed, of all toward each. Each is the expression of one and the same fact, though as considered from different standpoints. We have here what might be called a unifying, or getting together tendency, and this seems to be external reality's most conspicuous feature. But the outer vision gives no hint as to what, if any, antecedent this stress may have. For aught the outer vision can tell, that stress may be the *ne plus ultra* link in the chain of energy's consecutive transmutations, traced backward. It would be strange indeed, if a feature which at every opportunity so unhesitatingly parades before the outward eye, should coweringly shrink and become invisible before the inner vision. We might naturally expect, by reason of the proximity resulting from the fact that here fact and the vision of the fact are one and the same; the inner vision would give us the furthest insight and the most accurate knowledge of this unifying stress. With two sources of information, we would look exclusively within

rather than without for our knowledge of this unifying stress which is so prominent a feature in nature.

And turning within, we do find that there this unifying tendency does show scarcely less conspicuously, if at all, than it shows without. The love of each for all, which, so far as we know, reached the maximum in the Nazarene, though largely dormant in many if not most of us, is not entirely absent in any one. Also though the Godward stress is largely unsensed in most of us the full proportioned fact is there, and is of the inmost essence of each of us. The unifying stress permeates, and is nature. Whether the vision turns without or within, the fact is seen. There is this difference: the inner vision perceives the psychic antecedent back of this unifying stress. Godward stress and gravitation may well be one and the same fact. Gravitation stress has somewhere a psychic antecedent. Nature's analogies everywhere proclaim, though in less homely phrase, "pin-scratch gravitation, and find soul." To the eye of the botanist the sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils of the flower, and its ordinary leaves, are one and the same. So also, in all probability, are love and gravitation, and the psychic element present in sexual love has close analogy in chemical affinity. The subject matter is different, but the influence may well be the same, and both are psychic.

And who shall dare to affirm the limit of our vision to be the utmost boundary of any fact's every feature? Shall man, but yesterday a creeper on the floor of the sea, with eyes scarce washed of the ocean's slime, discern and classify each subtler form

of life, or tell in which particular link within the chain of his progenitors, soul first was clothed in flesh, and sinless sire had sinful son? Shall he, the cannibal of yesterday, with breath still foul from feast unclean, prate learningly of matter dead, and people space with soulless worlds? Shall he be heard to say where motion is that life is not, or he deny to each form of life some form of soul?

What could be more presumptuous than to assume that our limited vision shows the extent to which soul permeates nature? We know the highest element in the hierarchy of species to be ensouled. But there is vastly more likeness than unlikeness between the lowest of each higher and the highest of each next lower species. The same is true of the line of division between animal and vegetable. So also with the line between vegetable and mineral. It is impossible to determine with certainty on which side those nearest the line between animal and vegetable, and between vegetable and mineral, belong. Who shall dare to say where soul stops, or that it stops at all?

What gap could seem more radical or more real than that between Plato and the microbe? — Or between the microbe and this earth clod I hold in my hand? And yet, each shades off into the other by imperceptible degrees, as does one feeling into its successor, however different in character.

And who shall dare to say at what point in the descending scale soul closes? Shall our limited vision presume to say it stops at all? Are we warranted in assuming that the forms shown to visions such as ours are soul's exclusive modes of manifesta-

tion? Before the invention of the telescope was the limit of our vision the limit of the actual fact? Who does not instinctively feel that reality can have no nook, corner, or province wherein reality's masterful element is less at home than elsewhere? Who does not feel that the closest conceivable relationship must exist between all reality and reality's dominant element? — And what relationship could be closer than that of identity? Verily, soul is, and is regal throughout.

And why should our limited individual soul vision be thought to be the full measure of the cosmic soul fact? As we follow the long, slow ascending series of advancing soul to its culmination in man, as we know him, we are startled. We find nature's stupendous energy steadily adhering to a given purpose through an interval sublime by reason of its vastness. We see this unit of energy exerted along a given line only to abruptly become resultless, and with no apparent reason. Why should not still further experience result in increased capacity? The field for other like advancement stretches no less illimitably away before the Shakespeare or the Plato than it did before the first single celled amœba; but the man of today, though his acquisitions be greater, is neither mentally nor physically superior to his ancestor of two thousand years ago. What does this mean? Has the energy which produced a result so marvelous spent its force? Has nature's soul-evolving power reached its limit? And is the most firmly established deduction of reason, the universality and invariableness of law, now found to be a delusion? Have we here a stupendous example of

arrested development, and nothing more? No, the mind recoils from such a conclusion. Here is neither insanity nor arrested development. The tendency and stress which produced ourselves are still essential features of reality. We may be assured that the infinitesimal stature of our pigmy selves is not the full measure of nature's soul-evolving power. As well suppose reality itself going to nothingness. With unerring certainty, an anomaly so startling as this seemingly abrupt break, points to vast outlying realms whereof our limited sense takes no cognizance; and these also must exist for conscious soul. Somewhere and somehow reality and consciousness are commensurate, and have infinity for their common diameter. Soul must and does take cognizance of all that is.—

And this brings us to the very heart of our subject. Where only part is known, who shall dare to say how much, or what, lies hid? The Great Reality is the reality which is unseen and unknown. The mind which does not carry a perpetual consciousness of the fact that the big end of reality is in the unseen world has made little progress in its development. The natural limitations of the finite mind must forever prevent us from taking cognizance of reality's most essential and fundamental features. To know these we must become free from all limitation. We all understand how immeasurably the range of our knowledge of the material world was extended, first by the telescope, then by the microscope, and, yet again, when reason established on an impregnable basis the fact of the existence of space filling ether. And there is a strong antecedent probability that

physical reality exists in forms yet subtler far than ether. In fact, the constitution of the mind all but compels such a conclusion. Within this ampler reality we might well expect to find the missing terms in the progressive series of advancing soul required by nature's law of symmetry. Assuredly nature's analogies shall hold true. Where there is true analogy, there is more than mere analogy. There is no break anywhere. There is no break here. Analogies with which we are familiar assure that highest and lowest, and all intermediate conditions, have a simultaneous existence. Plato comes, but the *amœba* does not go. The process which placed Plato here, placed more than Plato elsewhere. All that is true prophecy for us is present fact in other parts of reality's wide domain, where conditions are farther advanced. There are intelligences superior to our puny selves, and the series somewhere now is, and evermore shall be, complete. We ourselves shall advance.

If the form of energy we know as matter were its sole beneficiary, the universal ensoulment theory now suggested would seem less plausible; but with the peculiarly structured and boundless horizoned ether mass substituted, the case is very different. Etherealism might well take the place of materialism, and it would be the halfway house to spiritualism, but of course not in the seance circle sense. And the X-ray, radium, and other later achievements of scientific research, extend the boundaries of supposed unsouled reality still nearer to the soul realm. These latest fruits of scientific effort certainly look to psychic activity, rather than to matter, for their closest analogy.

Nature is ensouled throughout. A consciousness commensurate with fact is of the essence of all fact. The integer character of fact so assures. The individual is not the measure of the actual. The individual is special, the integer is actual, and the actual is general. We are in the midst of intelligence, or of intelligences, not of our conscious selves. It is on our side.—Its presence is immediate and constant. —Awareness of the fact might well become the habitual state of consciousness of each — of scientist, not less than of religionist, and with a result not less beneficial than the certainty of the fact.

An unsouled universe is unthinkable. Such conception is a result of soul activity. Result of soul activity, and soul activity, are concurrent features of one and the same fact, and the same is true of soul itself. The conception has no footing, save the ladder upon which it ascended into actuality. The ladder removed, such a conception is left an abstraction in thought, with no possibility of actuality in fact.

Psychic void is unthinkable. Unsouled reality is unthinkable. Analyze the attempted thought. Your supposed fact without must at least have being. And what is the meaning of your word being? Meaning is a psychic word, and being is a psychic fact. You sense within that which you infer without.

Nonpsychic fact is unthinkable. Suppose you try. Your supposed nonpsychic reality must at least have being. What do you mean when you say being? Being is an arbitrary sign. To know what you mean, I must look within your mind. You can

by no possibility imagine anything which is not made up of features and elements which you have actually known. When fancy would paint a picture, it must call on actual fact for its coloring, and your "being" is one of the colors you must have. I must look not to the dictionary, but to a state of consciousness, to know what you mean when you say being. Looking within, and seeing to the utmost all that is there when you say being, I see psychic fact exclusively. You have used psychic coloring only in your supposedly nonpsychic picture. Now wherein and how do I get any idea of that which is nonpsychic? That which is can by no possibility think anything that is not. That which is exclusively psychic can by no possibility think anything exclusively nonpsychic.

Upon close analysis you will find that when you suppose yourself thinking of void, you have merely excluded all that constituted reality, and then treated that which is not left as if it were in fact something that was left. You can only think of what is. And so when you suppose you are thinking of an exclusively nonpsychic fact, you have in thought excluded one essential element, or feature, of the only reality you ever did know, and then supposed you had something left, and then you have dealt with your supposed something as if it were a fact. But when you have taken away an inseparable feature, you have also taken that from which it was inseparable. Your unsouled universe must have time and space. To know these you must analyze soul.

Every vision presupposes the viewer. The two are of one and the same fact. Either alone is a

sheer abstraction. You cannot think of anything without thinking of it as being thought of, and wherever anything is thought of, the thinker must be there in fact, though his presence there may not be in our thought. Thought and thinker are one and inseparable. Either alone is a sheer abstraction. Every thought implies the thinker, and the thinker is himself a psychic fact.

When you attempt to think of nonpsychic reality this is precisely what occurs: your word being represents one of your mental states. You wish me to know what that state of feeling is. Your dictionary word merely refers me to the pigeon-holes in my mental storeroom where I may find that same state of feeling so that I may know your meaning. Your state of feeling is a purely psychic fact. So is mine. You have ascribed to your supposedly nonpsychic reality without a purely psychic feature.

When you think of void, or nonpsychic reality, you are dealing with reified negation. You are dealing with zero as if it were quantity. All you absolutely know or can know, is what you sense within. Your without is an inference which can never be verified, and what you sense within is exclusively psychic. With that for your material, you have imagined something without exclusively nonpsychic. This cannot be done.

In thought, you have located without certain features of indivisible fact which you have sensed within. The psychic element was of the essence of that fact. The supposed external fact lacks this essential feature of that fact. You sensed a three angled triangle within; you have supposed a two angled triangle

without. Your supposedly nonpsychic fact is an integerized abstraction. Upon close analysis it will be found to consist of certain features, or elements only, of an indivisible psychic fact. You are psychic, and your thought is psychic.

Wings cannot upbear above the air whereon they strike. Your nonpsychic fact must become psychic, or stay nonexistent.

Primitive eyes saw individual worlds, and souls within the seemingly interstellar void. Reason, soul's eye of finer sense, now beholds there the ether mass, a reality of kindred kind and structure not all unlike and dense as adamant, though pliable as thought, between which and worlds and suns there is closest articulation, with influence given and received.

And so with what seems the intersoul void. Eye of yet finer sense may there behold the not less dense psychic ether mass, with like reciprocal relationship between soul and such ether mass. Space measures soul structure. There is no psychic void. Nonpsychic reality is for the fractional vision only. The fractional vision views surface features only.

Beauty and goodness are of the essence of the integer fact, and the essence of the integer fact and of the individual is one and the same. Essence knows essence. We see beauty in supposedly inanimate nature solely because in fact nature is nowhere inanimate. Our lexicon is made up of symbols arbitrarily selected. Not so with the language of nature. When nature speaks, of whatever nationality the ear may be, no interpreter is needed.

Beauty, sublimity, and grandeur, and like aspects of nature, speak in soul's language, and the feelings

which promptly respond to their regal salutation evidence at once the receipt of the message, and the cognition of its import.

Certain features of the without occasion certain feelings within which may be called feelings of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity. These feelings are facts which are exclusively psychic. Could an exclusively nonpsychic without have caused an exclusively psychic within? Shall not like produce like? And can an exclusively nonpsychic be like an exclusively psychic? And from the exclusively psychic within we infer an exclusively nonpsychic without. Is this warranted? Assuredly no. Wherever feelings within have caused us to ascribe beauty, grandeur, and sublimity without, we know with absolute certainty that the without has spoken to soul within, in soul's own language.—Only soul can speak to soul. The without is ensouled. The fact is axiomatic. There can be no traversible bridge between that which is and that which is not ensouled. All nature is ensouled.

And who is there who, with soul awareness at the full and living nature's varied forms profusely all about, has not felt that manifold greetings, barely inaudible and straining to be heard, were also there on every hand. Yea, verily one habitable globe does not exhaust the power which hurls infinitude of worlds from void. With art-assisted eyes peer forth into space, and lo! the luminous dust which zones from rim to rim the spacious canopy of night, instantly leaps near, as flaming suns. Behold, with art-assisted eye, behold the countless host of all but speaking stars. Must all these be beggared that one small

world alone may be enriched with life and soul? All tremulous with the ardor of desire to breathe abroad the secret of the skies, they fain would tell of worlds which their nearer rays illumine, where myriad souls of finer sense than ours know more of us than we know of them. And reason, soul's interior eye, a lens self-luminous, rays forth a subtler light whereby it views still far profounder depths; and as the flaming splendors of the north stream zenithward along the polar sky, the mighty searchlight of the soul explores time's backward path, and on the future throws prophetic glance. Within the seeming void it shows a wonder realm in every part, where agencies of awesome power abide, unknown to grosser sense. And more wonders shall be found; for other potencies are borne along the bridge whereon with lightsome tread light hither streams from myriad tiny fires which flame along the night's remoter shore, and bravest dreams which dare not wake in words before incredulous ears shall yet prove true.

And so when soul beholds the sea, when soul, itself a sea more vast, looks on the sea's wide wilderness of wave. Who has looked on the sea, on the weird live waves of the vast sad sea; who has looked on the sea, whether sea rests becalmed, or comes with whispering touch, or, lashed and pursued by the wider sea above, comes in high onrolling waves, in clamorous quest to find refuge somewhere among the shores; who has not felt that the sea rests ensouled, that it moves ensouled? Nor sky and sea alone. Within the swelling bud of the imprisoned rose a finer sensed vision may there see myriad mystic hands, all busily intent to part the veil that hides her loveliness from view.

And also there the modest wayside flower that shyly flaunts her tiny splendors to the day's wide eye, responsive to his regal call, all consciously rays back a finer glory all her own.

And see there this wide cycling and fast whirling earth; see there the rhythmic show of her opposing sides to yonder sun, and also of her varied climes as slowly she upwinds toward the polar star, and then as slowly unwinds again therefrom. Wherein would her behavior be different were she in full sympathy with the dwellers of her varied climes, and her opposing sides? And if will and purpose be back of her varied shifting moves, what warrant is there for disassociating the psychic element from the instrumentality by which such purpose is effected? True, it may not be exclusively present, but why should it be thought exclusively absent?

Behold yon sun. Behold the sun's rhythmic move, now toward the north, then southward there again. Doubt not that he shares the life his varying glance directs, inspires. Only life awakens life, and know that life and soul are one. And there behold the sky's myrmidions of kindred fires which there parade, which nightly parade from the east; then hide behind world's westward rim, each fire the peer of one more near we name as sun, and know that each high fire there is a life whose life is soul. And then behold the space those fires illumine. Behold each far, wide space, each far, faint, farthest fire and fires more near give tremor through, and know that every tremor there is a vibrant soul.

It has been said that the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God; but what shall be said of the folly

that openly declares God to be an absentee lord of the land, separate and away from, oh, so far away from, where he is yearned for? An absentee God may be found at the halfway house to no God at all. The current theory as to the deity's whereabouts leaves a vacancy which materialism is prompt to fill. Instead of trying to draw near or have Him draw near, to realize that He is already here would be more appropriate and more in accord with the fact, for a consciousness of fact is of the essence of all fact. As for myself, I believe in a God who, though both within and without any particular nature, is exclusively within and of all nature.

The wide universe nowhere has, but that it also feels each slightest tremor there. Every bush is a burning flame for eyes that rightly see, and every flame is a speaking tongue for ears that rightly hear. Yea, verily, and ecstasy lies there concealed within the cinder dust, a mystery all fathomless and ecstasy lurk there concealed.

Nonsense do you say? But the cinder whereof you are thinking is not the cinder of which I am speaking. Your cinder is a sheer abstraction. Your vision shows only fractional features of a fact, of the fact, and these for you constitute the thing you call cinder. That which stays unsensed is as completely and as truly present there, and a part of the fact, as is the seen. The whole is fact. The fraction shown is thing, is your cinder. I speak of fact, not thing.

The universe whereof we are an essential part is to be judged. Every part of the universe is essential. To be judged, it must be viewed. Vision is two-direc-

tioned, without and within. Whether there be any without is a mooted question, with chances in favor of the negative. True, all is not within individual consciousness, but there is other consciousness. Whether there be any without is a purely academic question. In either event, universe is, in all its sublime proportions and infinite diversity, just the same. — Outward vision of reality labors at a disadvantage. — The message comes from a distance. — It comes through a disturbing medium. The language of the nonpsychic fact must be translated into the verbiage of sentient soul. The message tells only of the surface features of the fact. It shows a fraction only; it gives not the slightest hint as to the essence of the without. It knows nothing, and it tells nothing of the magnitude, or character, of that which is omitted. Outward vision never discerns reality's psychic element.

Soul never appears within the horizon of the outward vision. Though it may see materialization, and may therefrom infer the presence of, it never sees the materializing factor. We assume that the microscope, retort, and crucible tell all there is to know about nonliving, external reality. Never was there greater mistake. With eyes closed to all but a few of reality's aspects destiny came to the dowering of soul with outward vision. That vision views only with that destiny's then all but closed eyes, and names the fact sensed, matter. The most attenuated, conceivable form of matter, even spirit itself, if sensed by outward vision, would be called matter. When first outward vision beheld reality, then was the creation of the material universe. Outward vision favors us

with the external features only, of the fact. It gives not full knowledge of even the minutest part of any fact. All it can give is fractional. Reality never reveals her inmost self to the outward vision. The only way to know the fact is to be the fact. The only way to know all is to be all. Reality reveals only the fraction to the outward vision. Only consciousness commensurate with fact, is full knowledge; only full knowledge is true knowledge. Materialism's universe is a fraction of the actual fact integerized in thought.

The theory now advanced varies from that generally accepted in form rather than in substance. All the potencies and virtue which popular thought ascribes to the supposed psychic antecedent of the fraction ally, sensed integer fact, are here transferred to the fact itself. It corrects the error which severs the indivisible fact, and leaves an unbridged, if not an unbridgeable gap between. It brings one remove nearer, and places God in thought where he is in fact. Within and of soul's conscious self it finds, though not there, exclusively the power that makes for righteousness. It makes the God element of the essence of all soul, and of all that is.

In this connection the cases of Stong, Eliot, Tuttle, and others of like character mentioned under our occult heading, may be referred to. The limit of our conscious selves is not the limit of all consciousness. We are utterly unconscious of the intelligent conclusion of the dream-man's extended discourse, but that consciousness was somewhere there. The beginning saw, and purposed the, to us, unexpected conclusion. Other features of the utmost significance are here also.

The Stong and Eliot cases, and others like them, conclusively establish a fact of the utmost conceivable moment, which has not received the attention its importance demands. Sages have philosophized; scientists have discussed and considered nature's energies, and traced the antecedents of their infinitely diversified forms. The Stong and Eliot incidents, and others like them, have, as it were, been picked up, briefly wondered at and cast aside as not entitled to serious consideration as a part of the data upon which conclusions are to be based. But the character of a fact, and not its seeming magnitude from our standpoint, determines its consequence. Every fact varying from other facts is of consequence, and every fact does vary from all others. And we have here a fact widely variant from any with which we are familiar.

It would be difficult to overestimate the profound significance of a fact so unique as that which these incidents establish. The fall of the apple which Newton saw may not have been more so. Their first discovery might well mark an epoch in the process of philosophic inquiry. Whether nature be ensouled throughout, or no, we do know with absolute certainty that the horizon of the individual consciousness is not the boundary of the psychic fact.

We dwell and are in touch with an environment which is psychic in character. We are the beneficiaries of energies whose psychic antecedents are beyond the range of any form of our vision. And this we now know with absolute certainty: we cannot locate the farther limit of the psychic fact.

And how shall we dare say that there is such a

limit? By what warrant may we say that the psychic fact is not commensurate with all fact? In the Stong and Eliot cases, to all appearances, we have purpose and accurate result without effort. How shall we ascribe limit to the capacity thus indicated? Effort requires time, but here there seems to be neither time nor effort. Purpose and its consummation seems to be concurrent. Here is something startlingly different from anything within our experience. And may not our experience be the exception, and that the rule? In a realm supposedly nonpsychic we see worlds forming, sun cycling, stars gleaming, and flowers blooming. How are we to know if here also there may not be conscious will, and purpose with concurrent result? Why shall we assume ourselves to be the full measure and exclusive form of the psychic fact? Though the interval between purpose and its attainment may be the badge of the limitation which characterizes all individuality, purpose concurrent therewith may be the rule with all energy elsewhere, whether it be in personal or individual form.

Soul may be commensurate with fact. Can we accurately define personality? Can we locate the line between the within and the without, or can we say there is such a line? With multiplex personality and other occult elements showing before us, what do we know even about our own selves? Verily, the major premise of our every conclusion is incomplete. A fraction, greater or less, of our every fact is wanting, and save for the purpose of everyday life, our conclusions must be untrustworthy.

It is all but absolutely certain that we are each and all at every instant the recipient of a like influ-

ence, though in a different form, from the same source. We have a psychic environment. There is close articulation between. Every reality is an energizing factor. That environment is reality. Reciprocity is the rule governing the interchange of influence between the opposite sides of any line that can anywhere be drawn.

IX

PANTHEISM VERSUS PERSONALITY

Its opponents urge two objections to pantheism. They say it conflicts with revelation, and that it involves materialism. These claims tender immaterial issues. Whether it be true is all that concerns. Waiving any reference to the first, we now consider the second of these objections.

Every segment implies the entire circle, and locates its center besides. From the solidarity of the integer fact, and the resulting identity of each with all, as set forth in the preceding subdivisions, pantheism follows as a necessary conclusion. Whether for the limited mind, or for the mind commensurate with all that is, the simplest conceivable fact may be stated in these two words: *awareness is*. Here is the ultimate atom of absolute knowledge. This is the simplest, as well as the most general, statement of fact conceivable, that can be stated with absolute certainty. But this simplest conceivable fact has its complexity. In the Cartesian "I think, therefore I am," the provincial limitation so hard to escape, makes visible parade. It integerizes in thought the complexities of this simplest fact.

It finds there a doer, and a that which is done, and these fractions it presents as integer facts. This

should not be. There is no such separation in actual fact. The awareness of the fact is itself the fact. The "therefore" introduces no conclusion; it has no place. The knowledge is direct, not mediate. The multiplication table of philosophy's arithmetic should say precisely what it means, and should mean precisely what it says. *Awareness is*, meets these requirements. Here is the simplest fact known with absolute certainty. That which is aware is reality; that whereof awareness is, is reality. But the complexity of such simplest fact leaves open the door for the entrance of error — and however restricted its amplitude, every integer fact upon close scrutiny will be found to be infinitely complex, the atom not less so than the universe. Its seemingly separate parts are merely different manifestations of the different features of that complexity. The relation between them must of necessity be that of identity. They may be *thought* of separately, but they cannot so exist. Analyze any one, and find each of the others. Each is of every other's essence. Also, neither more nor less complex is the integer of amplest dimension which we call the universe.

A recent writer in one of our leading magazines says, "The weakness of pantheism is found in the fact that it identifies God with thing." Now if there be aught of the reality that constitutes the universe that is not identified with God, then the universe consists of two parts radically distinct in character, one of which is, while the other is not, God. And yet, these two supposedly separate parts taken together constitute the single universe. The universe is not a thing, neither is it made up of things. The uni-

verse is fact, not thing. Even though one of these parts be the creator of the other, each separately is but a fraction of the other; each separately is but a fraction of the one indivisible integer fact, and the relation between them must be that of identity.

There can be no half without the whole being also. Each minutest arc is the major premise from which the entire circle is the necessary conclusion. The fraction implies the integer. Analyse either of the supposedly separate parts, and find the other. Each is of the other's essence.— Either may be thought of without thinking of the other, but neither can be without the other being also. What we call creation, or uncreation, would merely be a change in the form, a variance in the complexity of the ever varying complexity of the original, and continually existing, fact. Always and everywhere creation means metamorphosis only.

The universe is the one only integer. What we call its separate parts are instances of the complexity of that fact. Whatever reality is, less than the entire integer is but a fraction. All personality is fractional. We ourselves are but fractions. Our world is the world of the fraction, and its furniture and its facts are but fractions. We do, we should, and we must, deal with our fraction world, and its facts, and furniture, as if they and ourselves were integer. In so doing, no error is involved so long as we are dealing with the fraction world's affairs. The outward visions of the fractions we are, always give a fractional result. It shows thing. The outward vision knows surface features only. The outward vision does not ransack the fact. We are accus-

tomed to treat the features so shown as if they were the entire fact. We call these facts person, thing, material, universe. In so doing, we integerize in thought that which is fractional only in fact. There is no separateness, or line of cleavage, save within, and with reference to the affairs of the fraction world. The word separate, with infallible certainty, means fraction. The outward vision shows only surface features of the integer fact. It shows thing only, but the integer is a psychic fact.

If the reality which the opponents of pantheism call the personal God, were exclusively of the fraction world like a person, an animal, a tree, a mountain, a planet, a world or a thing, God might properly be regarded as separate from, and not identified with, other facts which go to constitute the universe. But such is not the fact. Here we are not considering the relation between facts of the fractional world.

We are considering relations between realities which, taken together, constitute the integer. Also the supposed fractions themselves are not such as make up the supposed integers of the fraction world. Ordinarily the addition of all fractions make up the integer, but not so here. No addition of limited to limited, or multiplication of the limited, can give the unlimited. The two have no common measure. In any event, the relation between the supposed personal God and the reality which is not God must be the closest conceivable. Whether such relation be that of identity, or not, each of the supposedly separate parts which constitute the universe is identified with the universe, and if the relation of identity exists between each of two and a third, that same relation

must exist between the two also. The relationship and connection between what to an outward vision such as ours may seem the most widely separate parts of the reality which constitutes the universe, furnishes no analogy for the fact as it is.

Reality is nonspatial. The space idea has no place, save in the fraction world. The outward vision only gives the idea of space. Space and thing are inseparable. As applied to the nonfraction world, time and space are only symbols. Reality is fact, not thing. The same is true of the word *contiguous*. Contiguity applies to reality's material aspects, but the integer is a psychic fact. The outward vision shows what to the fractional eye appears as the non-psychic features of the integer fact only.

The stream cannot rise higher than its source. The persons we are, and know, are but fractions. A personal deity is a person-created entity — a fraction which minimizes the integer fact.

The article in question well says, "We are embarrassed and fettered by ideas which belong to the realm of the material," and the article exemplifies the fact.

The verbiage and thought forms which are the outgrowth of the fraction world whereof we are, can by no possibility be applied with accuracy in a discussion of nonfractional facts and relations. Our lexicon shows the coinage of the limitation world, which though valid currency there, is not legal tender elsewhere. The overlooking of this fact will account for the vast volume of resultless wandering in the wilderness of speculative philosophy, and for theology's errors, as well.

Pantheism may identify God with thing, but the thing with which it is so identified is not the thing which is in the mind of those who make such objection. The fractions we are view the infinitely complex featured fact. Certain of those features we integerize, and call the personal God; others we call material universe, or thing. What we so name are fractions only, which we integerize in thought, but there are no such integers in actual fact.

No, pantheism neither involves materialism, nor does it imperil spirituality. Though it forbears to give name, or to "crucify with definitions," it brings one remove nearer all the potencies, virtues, and principles which its opponents ascribe to a personal deity. What heterodox nature hath joined let not orthodox theology sever.

The severance over pantheism's protest of the deific and psychic features from the surface features of the integer fact leaves open the door to materialism, and it pauses not to enter. The partial fact's major premise is at once the most insidious, and the most prolific source of error.

Crass materialism and pessimism, as well, are based upon those features of the integer fact which are shown only to the outward vision. Here major premise is partial fact, and conclusion is error.

Materialism does not lie at pantheism's door. Pessimism does not lie at pantheism's door. The sublime intuitions, impulses, aspirations, and hopes we sense as highest, and whose, regal imperative are recognized alike by those who affirm and those who deny personality, are of our essence. The integer

fact to be at all, must be in some way, and these are of its modes of being.

These are the flow, and the flow shows the character of the source. These are of the essence of the integer fact. These are psychic, and the integer fact is psychic, and materialism has nowhere any place. In whom we live, move, and have our being, and of which we are, exactly expresses the fact. The immanence of God is nature's most conspicuous fact. Nature's self is nature's most conspicuous fact. Not the nature you may mean, but the nature that is. No, materialism does not lie at nature's door. Pantheism and materialism are at antipodes.

But materialism does lie at the door of pantheism's opponents. They present a vast reality realm, separate and apart from God — a realm whereof God is not. And here materialism finds footing. If one vast realm and God can be wholly separate and apart, so may the other and deity have no place. Materialism here finds verity in thought, though not in fact. If there can be any lack of identity between deific and nondeific reality, there may be the widest separation conceivable. The fact is not so. That God is all, and our vision fractional, is a fact which leaves ample room for faith. That faith is truest which brings God nearest, and identity is proximity's highest degree.

Spirituality has nothing to fear, and all to hope, from pantheism. Morality has nothing to fear. Whoso abstains from evil through fear of punishment is not moral; and the virtue that asserts itself in consideration of the price to be paid, whether here or hereafter, is not virtue. Though other idealward

stress is also essential, a motive with the eye turned elsewhere than to self's benefit is virtue's chief basis. The eleventh commandment does look elsewhere for its motive. Altruism is wiser than it knows. The love of each for all, and the identity of each with all, involves pantheism. We are told to love God, also our enemies. By the reason of the solidarity of humanity our enemy is our brother, is our self in disguise; and the all is God. The eleventh commandment and pantheism have their common basis and sanction in the fact of the identity of each with all.

To borrow the language of another: "It is our glory, our salvation, to carry in our bosoms the imperishable sense of our identity at heart with that transcendent life which is not subject to, but which involves, necessity. The only rational definition of virtue is the disinterested interest an individual takes in others. There is absolutely no other principle of morality than pantheism, there is nothing in heaven, or on earth, morally good but that recognition of the identity of interest between all life which we call love, and which is unthinkable upon any other supposition than that the interest we take in the world about us is based upon our *identity of being*. Everything else is but one form, or another, of selfishness, and is not moral."

The argument against the personality theory may be thus stated. Whether or not deity be personal, man certainly is. If the deific element enter into man's composition, then the interval between that part of the universe which is and that which supposedly is not God is bridged over, and the claims of pan-

theism are established. If the deific element does not enter into the composition of man, no augmentation of man, limited as he is, can result in a deity who is unlimited. Let the fact be repeated, no addition to, or multiplication of, the limited can give the unlimited. There is no common measure between them. Unless the nonlimitation feature characterizes the fractions we add, or multiply, no multiplication of the fraction can give the unlimited integer.

A personal God who is not unlimited is no God at all. To change that which is not God into that which is God demands not merely an increase in quantity.—There must be an addition of something of which there was no vestige before, and it is the presence, or absence, of this additional something that must determine whether any given entity is, or is not, deity unlimited. Addition, or multiplication, may enlarge the old, but it cannot add the new.

We know nothing as to the form of the substance which composes the integer fact; we only know how it appears to a vision such as ours. To speculate as to the extent to which such appearance may be due to the structure of that which sees, and how much to that which is seen, would be idle, since the relation between the two is that of identity. We are not entitled to name it mind, matter, or spirit. All we know of the absolute reality is that it, and we ourselves, who are of it, are so structured that such appearances are. We see them always, and everywhere, as matter, material universe. Thing, means the integer fact fractionally sensed. And yet, we do absolutely know that awareness is, and that that which is aware, and that whereof awareness is, con-

stitute reality. And is there any reality but this? I say no.

If you ask what language may we apply to the deity of this theory, I answer, "No lexicon contains the words." Time, space, here, there, now, then, matter, movement, change, creation, beginning, ending, wish, will, purpose, plan, person, cause, effect — all these are outgrowths of the limitation soil. Though current coin here, they are not legal tender there. Do you say that with all these barred, negation only will be left? By no manner of means. By reason of its amplitude, sufficiency, and vastness, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the fact as it is. At best, those words symbolize a fact whose form is far other than we know, or can conceive. What we cannot conceive, much less can we express. Whoso would presume to schedule His attributes, or to tell His wish, His plans, and His purposes, even to the minutest detail, or at all, let him ponder Derzhavin and forbear, for verily, here "thought is lost ere thought can soar so high."

And yet reality is there, and not there only, but here also, in and of you and me, and of all that is. Verily the idea is a wand of wizard power. Mark the transforming power of a thought like this! How immeasurably it adds to the dignity of life! Once fully realized, and the grovelling worms of the personality theory, debtors as they are to the without for each moment of existence, upstand erect in their own right, full level with the stars. Debtor to the without I may be for each such successive breath, but soul can be without breath, and I am soul.

Divinity is nowhere absent. While it ennobles man, pantheism does not impoverish God.

In ascribing the everywhere orderliness of the infinity of change which nature presents to a personalized wish and will, we but dwarf nature's supremest feature that we may bring it within the grasp of finite thought. In naming, we all but profane, and in defining, we crucify our deity, the one great underlying cause. To say that man is deity minimized rather than that God is a magnified person, would be more appropriate. Unless the deific element is of man's essence, no augmentation of man could give God; and if the deific element is of man's essence, the claims of pantheism are true. But the most serious objection remains to be named. Personality not all inclusive means limitation, while the fact is without limit. Personality, as we know it, does not fit the fact, and personality not as we know it, is not personality.

Whoever may be a person, man certainly is. Wish and will are of the essence of the only persons we know to be such with certainty. There is an interval between wish and attainment, between plan and performance, which for the most stays forever unbridged. They may be thought of separately, and for all practical purposes they are separate in fact. Like person, wish, will, and plan are of the fauna and the flora of the limitation sphere. They cannot survive transfer to the nonlimitation realm. Applied to the possessor of power without limit, plan, and performance, wish, and its attainment, are synchronomous facts, and synonymous expressions. The same breath which kindles, extinguishes the flame — there

would be no place left for will. Thought forms moulded by limitation's environment must not presume to fashion nonlimitation's facts.

Creation is metamorphosis only. Existence is normal. The primeval fact neither is, nor ever was, anywhere absent. Creation was an impossibility. There was no room for it. The utmost field conceivable was already fully occupied. Had void been, there would have been a limit to that which was, but reality is, was, and ever shall be, without limit. And uncreation would leave void, which is an impossibility for like reason. If God did create, it was because prior conditions were imperfect, and incomplete. All this may seem absurd, but it illustrates the unsoundness of the personality, theory. A personality radically different from such as we know, is not a personality. To conceive otherwise would be to embark without compass under a starless sky on mysticism's wide, shoreless sea. When you ask, "Do you believe in God?" I answer, "Yes, provided you allow me to define"; and when you ask me to define I point to a sanctuary within, whose atmosphere is never vexed with an ineffectual phrase, and where words remain unsyllabled, and apprehension gives no sign. Above all things, intrude upon me no phrenological method, with attributes geographied like countries on a map.

Barring one feature, Derzhavin the Russian poet's "Ode to God" may well be regarded as the ideal presentation of the deific fact. Barring one feature, for as Nadir to Zenith even so is the "primeval nothingness" of Derzhavin's poesy to the primeval fact. Void is unthinkable. Room for creation never was. Existence is normal. Creation is metamorphosis.

Reality does not merely fill the entire field. That would imply a somewhere without. Reality is the entire field. The primeval fact is nowhere absent. He is; I also am.

But why care about the precise form? The fact is there in all its sublime proportions. Heathen who are as wise as Heber, and more wise than Haeckel, are bowing down before, though not to, wood and stone. And so with those nearer home who kneel before images and pictures. And so also with the adorers of a personal deity. The fact is there.

All these are proper, and possibly necessary, aids in the exercise of energy's highest form, which involves the contemplation of the Supreme Fact which extends immeasurably beyond the horizon of the finite consciousness. The name is naught; the fact is all.

The Supreme Fact is there. The Supreme Fact is also here. Let there be no criticism upon these. Also let there be no criticism from these.

Righteousness must, and does, have cosmic basis and sanction. And what is that basis? We are told we should do right because a personal deity so wills. If there is such a person, he is omnipotent. Power is that which does, not that which might overcome power. Power opposing power constitutes the fact. Without both, the other is an abstraction. If there is not, then the word power has no place or meaning. An omnipotent personality is unthinkable. Closely analyzed, your omnipotent will be found the greater of the opposing forces. You have given your fractional fact a name which necessarily includes the entire integer.

It is said that we should do right because He so wills. What omnipotence wills, that is. Omnipotence cannot be displeased. It is said that we should do as He wills, because He made us. The manner, and not the fact of the making is what tells. It is said that He loves us, and so wishes; and that we should love Him in return, and do as He wills. Love belongs where love is needed. All limitation needs love. Angel and archangel though they be, all who are limited need love, but why should omnipotence need love? We are always ascribing to the universal what pertains to the individual, and in so doing, we err. We are told that God is love.—What do these words mean? Have they any meaning? Love implies a relationship between sentient beings, lover and beloved.—Is God plural? Have we here a game of solitaire in the realm of mystery?

Love is a feeling; its eye must be turned elsewhere than upon the lover's self. Whom does God love — humanity? Why should God love humanity, and not love other sentient forms as well? And where is there any visible evidence that any person higher than we loves any of life's sentient forms? Suppose that He does love us now, but should suddenly become indifferent; would the creatures this person is supposed to have made be trying harder tomorrow to exterminate each other than they are trying today? All this is error. Righteousness has cosmic basis, but personality is always limited, and never cosmic. Personality is a phenomena and product of the individual world. It belongs, and can belong, nowhere else.

And yet the criticism here implied looks not to the

fact, but to the personalized form of its expression. Not only the sorrowing mother in far Altair,¹ but all that know suffering's any form, share what you gave her. From each to every implies from every to each. Each soul is a centripetal, as well as a centrifugal, center of altruistic impulse. Though dormant as yet to our limited awareness, or dimly sensed, the fact is there. Love is universal, and each soul is the focus of its activity. The Supreme Word is symbolical, but we yet shall know what faith discerns, what faith declares, that God is love — for God is all. The universe is on our side. The Altair incident attests the fact. But the personality theory does not fit the fact.

The world of the individual is fractional, and its every output bears the imprint of its origin. Neither its circumference, nor its multiplied diameters, can measure aught that is cosmic. Applied elsewhere, its verbiage is that of the symbol. Its cause and its effect, its heres and its theres, its nows and its thens, its persons, its things, and its numbers, its wish and its will, its power and its purposes, can never be the current coin of the comic realm or properly applied thereto. If personality be ascribed to the nameless mystery, it must be with the distinct understanding that, so used, it is the vaguest and most ineffectual of symbols, one which, though it may indicate the right hemisphere, it can never locate that sphere's polar star.

Ignoring this fact, and though unable to suggest even general features correctly, symbol here creates

¹ See page 179.

in its own image, and ascribes to the symbolized fact, the minutest details of its own structure, with vices, as well as virtues, well at the fore. As a result, we have God, a person who likes and dislikes, who wishes and wills, who plans and purposes, and even has schemes, and who forms new schemes when the first plans fail. All these with absolute certainty point to limitations such as are inseparable from personality. Personality is a fact which relates exclusively to limitation's world. There is no common measure between the limited and the unlimited. The language of mysticism would most nearly present the Supreme Fact. Every attempt at definiteness means diminution. Personality is objectionable, because it minimizes the fact.

All such are infallible earmarks of the limitation incident to personality. The objection to the personality theory may be briefly stated. Always, and everywhere, personality is segmentary and fractional. The world of the fraction cannot furnish the symbol for the integer fact. Here, not as elsewhere, the fraction and the integer have no common measure. "Being whom we call God," and know no more, leaves nothing to be said. That said, the field is left to Faith and Hope.

We also have cruelty infinite and wrath deified, which show Satan instead, and not God. All this is error. Righteousness has cosmic basis, and sanction. Morality has cosmic basis, and sanction. The structure of the universe, than whose imperative none could be more regal, is that basis. The individually sensed structure of the universe is that basis. They

err who make the will of either God, or gods, that basis.— But error is of form only ; the cosmic fact is there. The cosmic fact is there, and awareness of the fact may well become habitual with religionist and non-religionist alike.

X

AND SATAN CAME ALSO

Our initial query suggests one which is preliminary.—What is good, and what is its opposite that we call evil? Suppose nature is good, to which of her aspects, features, or manifestations are we to look to discover the presence of this quality? Is it everywhere in genral, and nowhere in particular? No.—If the universe consisted exclusively of rocks, seas, and mountains, goodness would not be, and nature would not be good. Goodness relates to a state of feeling. Sentient beings are its *sine qua non*. The word indicates a certain quality observed in subjects of contemplation; these are infinitely varied, and these observations are attended with states of feeling which are correspondingly varied. The character of the feeling within determines the quality ascribed without. There is that which we feel to be highest and best. That we may not be able to agree as to its presence is immaterial. The fact is, just the same. Such inability is limitation's necessary incident. That the good is, and that it is superior to the nongood is universally recognized.

But what is good? Words are arbitrary signs. The dictionary merely substitutes one of these for another. The true dictionary is within. Who goes to the book for definition must bring what he seeks to

find. Nothing that is wholly without can ever come, or be put, within. The without can only, as it were, awake the within to an awareness of what was already there in variant forms. The relation between the without and the within is that of identity. The without is potentially within. The self with capacity for, and tendency toward, a particular becoming was there before most experience began — most, but not all. Being and experiencing are inseparable. Wherever being is, experience may be near, but it is never at the zero point. In precisely the same way that we sense the fact that the lemon is sour, and that the rose fair, we sense the presence of the quality we call good. We sense the feeling within, and we ascribe the quality without.

Soul structure is the standard by which we determine the observed fact within, and soul structure must be the standard which we apply to the inferred fact without. That which soul structure declares to be sour is sour. That soul so declares it to be, constitutes the fact. And so with the good. What soul structure asserts, that is. Individual soul is limited, and it is aware of the fact. We sense varying degrees in qualities we observe. We know we are limited, and reason, whose major premises are furnished by intuition, gives us to know that the determinations of limited soul are approximations only. Reason assures us that with less limitation our approximations would be nearer. But though imperfect, the standard is there. The individual soul, each soul, is that standard. Only soul, with awareness commensurate with fact, could be the perfect standard.— Only that which lacks nothing is perfect.

The ideal is not an abstraction. The good, the true, and the beautiful are not abstractions. Only that which lacks nothing is absolutely good, true and beautiful, and only the integer fact lacks nothing. Something lacking is the characteristic of every form of the nongood which we know as evil. That which should be preferred, or which may properly be desired, may be accepted as a working definition of the good. The feeling indicated by the word *ought* will always be found a factor in determining as to the presence of that quality. The good, the true, and the beautiful are variant forms of the same quality as manifested in different subject matter or in different aspects of the same subject matter; and in every determination as to their presence some form of this *ought* feeling will be present also. And this feeling is of the essence of all soul structure. In every such determination, soul only is concerned. With soul nonexistent, good would not be.

If nature was ensouled merely that victuals might be eaten, victuals might as well have remained raw material. Would there be more virtue in victuals eaten than in victuals uneaten? Unwary soul, ensnared in vicious whirl of zeal for corn, for hogs, for money, and for land, repeating then for more, arrives at last, at last departs impoverished with wealth. There each successive round leaves mire as near, and stars no nearer than before. All that for man's eye has lure — material prosperity of every form, sky marring edifice, continent-joining roads, and continent-severing canals, lightnings trained, air, earth, and sea subdued — all these are but earthly means to spirit ends.

"There really are those who increase vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our way! Through many years they toil, then on a day they die not — for their life was death — but cease, and round their narrow lips the mould falls close."

Alloy is needful, but gold gives the coin its value. And so with houses, lands, roads, ships, and canals. These are the alloy, but spirit is that for which all these are. Worlds are for soul, and not soul for worlds. Spirit is the true reality. Materialism deifies the means. A materialistic age is too superstitious in all things. At Mammon's shrine it kneels in dust to worship that whereon it kneels, which is dust none the less, though sometimes minted. Not in the court, sitting within stately hand raised walls, though domed with cloud mimicry and garnitured with marble colonaded front, but in the spiritual forum must all these appear, and render their account. And so with the intellect, and with the results of intellectual activity. Nor these alone; the vast, wide illimitable, which to a vision such as ours stays all unsouled, by soul unsensed, must also there appear, and there be judged. Save as the coin shows soul benefit, all these shall be condemned. Unless good for soul, nature is not good.

But, you ask, "What is for soul benefit? Unto what end doth soul exist? What is worth while?"

I answer, "All that comes shall surely go. That which becomes, stays; only character is worth while. That is worth while which the highest instincts of humanity declare to be worth while. That is highest and best which the highest instincts of humanity declare to be highest and best." We toil for wealth, we

desire popularity, and we thirst for fame.— We would have our names swell the list of those which the world will applaud through all the years that are to be, but for every soul the time shall come, shall surely come, when the approval of one single soul would vastly be preferred to all that the without can give — can either give or take away. And why? This is why: that which prized the without was individual — that which gives preference elsewhere is cosmos. The attainment of humanity's highest ideals — that, and that only — is worth while. Unto that end is nature's every aim, and all her vast and varied energies are but the means to their attainment. And the result shall yet be commensurate.

And here let a fact be noted: War-bought wealth is not worth. No soul can afford to grow richer by war. Soul cannot grow richer by war. Unless it comes charged with a trust in their favor, every dollar that comes minted to us out of the world's cauldron of wrath comes all unhallowed, and goes everywhere circled about with spectral forms which point to where Belgia's little ones, unhoused and ill-clad, crouch shivering.

With ear attuned to finer sense, each recipient of a so tainted coin would hear unceasingly their piteous, wailing cry. Generally speaking, even when it comes without stain, immoderate wealth means ill to those who receive it, and to those who follow them; but wealth that comes unshrived like this, comes fettered with a curse. The ear structure of Eternal Fact unceasingly attends their cry which seemingly unheeded comes — the cry that plaintive comes from those unfathered little ones. Of such as these is the Kingdom

of Heaven, and stars which once were Sisera's doom are now tracing omens of ill portent along the sky for those whose profit comes at such dear cost to such as these. The Lord shall judge between those and these. But though, seemingly, the stars should stay neutral, their plight whose plaintive cry we hear is less rueful than that of those who would not more grieve than joy because of gain, however great, for themselves at such dear cost elsewhere, for though we may be neutral, stars never are, and their ill omens for such as those has already become verity. What we are, and not what befalls us, is the true measure of our calamity, or the reverse. Though their eyes stand out with fatness, those who are unrighteous have neither all nor most that heart could wish.

And for other reasons, though we may not be able to point out why, the redistribution of world wealth now being made by war's brutal hand rather than by natural causes may well be regarded with misgiving. Time will show whether Europe or ourselves have most cause to lament what there now occurs.¹

The most conspicuous feature of the one vast integer fact that nature is, is the soul stress idealward. Two directions are: one idealward, and the other not. Aspiration is that stress. Aspiration looks and tends idealward. The stress idealward is the stress goodward, and the stress goodward is the stress Godward. This, and this only, is worth while. This is the end; all else is means.

And now, what is this nongood we name evil, and what is its place in the economy of nature?

But first, what shall be said of the vision whose

¹ In type before we joined the Allies.

observations are to furnish the data for the conclusions to be reached? There is but one integer fact — the cosmos in its entirety. Every individual is but a segment of the circle whose name is universe. We may think of the segment without thinking of the circle, but the segment cannot be without the circle being also. But fragments ourselves, we must have fragmentary views. The reality nearer than contiguous (for so it is) just beyond our vision's horizon, is as much of the essence of our very self as is that which lies within.

Fast holding these facts, we now consider evil to be essentially negative in character, or a necessary incident to negative conditions. Evil appears in limitation's horizon, and limitation means lack of power or vision, and lack of either is lack of the other also. Lack of power is the distinguishing feature of all individuality, and evil is only for the individual. If individuality be eternal, so also will be some form of evil. Evil is limitation's inseparable incident. Why limitation should be, must of necessity remain an insoluble mystery for limitation. Only the unlimited can answer limitation's why. Evil means a something lacking. The presence of something that isn't there at all will always be found to be of its essence. In other words, evil is negation reified. Christ's "they know not what they do," tells the whole story. Absence of knowledge implies, involves, and necessarily results, in some form of evil.

Knowledge is the one thing lacking. Power is lacking, but knowledge is power. Exhortation is proper — right impulse is needed, but the need for knowledge is more fundamental. With knowledge, right action would be spontaneous. It would not be

dependent upon an influence from without. The good is positive. Evil is always due to conditions, or to the consequences of conditions incident to an absence of that which is good. In individuality's world the ideal manifests itself in varying degrees. The extent of its presence is the test and measure of superiority. The loftier the ideal, the closer the approximation to truth.

Vision commensurate with the integer fact would find nothing lacking, and that would mean absolute perfection; in other words, the utter absence of imperfection's opposite. Vision less perfect would find something lacking, but the fault would be that of the vision of the fact rather than that of the fact itself. Soul structure asserts that there is a that which is highest and best. This is the major premise of a conclusion which declares the utter absence of all else. Wherever fractional vision sees the good, or the superior, the nonexistence of the opposite is assured. Integeric vision would so attest. The more perfect the vision, the closer the approximation to the actual fact.

Evil is negative. This, however, does not alter the fact that fractional vision is the most conspicuous feature of the integer fact's mode of being, and the conditions we know as evil are not less conspicuous features of the individual world whereof we are. From which it follows that so far as concerns the life that now is, the negative character of evil is a matter of philosophic interest rather than of practical consequence. However, the unreality of evil is a condition upon which an affirmative answer to our caption query depends. Whatever limited vision de-

clares to be superior, unlimited vision knows to be exclusive. At the same time, let the fact be noted; we are individual, but not exclusively so. We are dually constituted; this evanescent, that eternal. Evil is for the individual only, and the individual is evanescent. But though we be of the universal, still we are individual, and for us in our individual capacity evil is a fact.

The proportions of the problem before us extend to, and press hard against, the unknowable's farthest bound. Let there be no closing of eyes to the glaring and aggressive front which the issue before us presents. This very day every inch of the world's boundary feels the outpressure stress of the nongood we call ill. Do you say that the world improves, and that time will cure? But has there not been time? If time's advance means improvement, then with conditions as now for zero point, what figure would register, for a vision backward turned, conditions that were on the evening of the sixth day when all was declared to be very good? No — there has been time enough for whatever is to be to have arrived. The universe is at the zenith now. If the tiny cycling mote we call the earth shows the utmost limit of soul boundary, then this vast universe, advancing illimitably as it does in a fruitless quest of a boundary which still recedes, is a senseless fact, and nature is not good.

But the world does advance. We trust that we shall improve — that the earth's nations shall yet cease war, and learn peace. And yet the conditions we see now are of nature's scheme, normal and eternal. They will endure elsewhere, if not here.— Only the

tongue whose vision probes the, for us unknowable, can tell why the ills we know, evanescent and local though they be, should be the conditions of existence. Nevertheless, the consequences, present and prospective to ourselves of that absence of the good we call evil, are so marked a feature of the cosmic energies whereof we seem to be in part the exercisers as to present a proper subject for our consideration.

And what is nongood, and what is its place in the economy of nature? Lack of power is the distinguishing feature of all individuality, and evil is only for the individual. If individuality be eternal, so also will be some form of evil. Though never so near, the worshiper will always wish to be nearer his adored, and every wish unattained argues evil either in the desire, or on its nonattainment. Though evil for the individual may near, it can never reach, the vanishing point. The integer is, and fractions are. Evil is for the fraction only. Fraction means limitation, and limitation and evil are synonymous. The individual is a fraction, and for the fraction evil must be. To escape, individuality must cease, and merger must be. Fraction must become integer, and there can be but one integer. Any decrease of power unlimited means power limited. No addition of power limited gives power unlimited. Mere addition of finite cannot give merger of finite into the infinite. Power limited cannot square the circle of power unlimited. Merger can take place only in that dimension of reality which is psychic in character. Growth is the process whereof merger is the final outcome. Merger must come, or evil is eternal. And merger is, though still unsensed. The fact is integer; aware-

ness of fact, and that alone may be fraction. The individual is a fractional awareness of the integer fact. But awareness seems to be the order of nature, and for the intellect evil seems to be eternal.

In the soul realm are spacious chambers, and consciousness lies dormant there, and what we know as evil wields the wakening hand. This consciousness of mine but floats the surface of the one vast sea whose lowest depths I share. That sea is the universe. Although the logic of the situation seems to point to merger as the ultimate goal of the cosmic stream whereof we are, we instinctively feel, and all analogy shows, that the process must be gradual, with each successive stage shading into the other by imperceptible degrees without gap between visible to vision such as ours, or at all. The manifestly incomplete progress made when death intrudes, indicates a gap illimitably vast in most cases, between where the death we know, seemingly stays further progress, and the merger point.

This situation strongly suggests reincarnation, otherwise here is a process left all incomplete; a promise made, a pledge left unfulfilled. This is not what we expect of nature. With such wealth of preparation, nature will not at such an incipient stage abruptly stop the further trend of these vast, and so directioned, energies. Here, again, nature's analogies speak clamorously. The logic of the situation suggests reincarnation — and why not? Unto what end was a conscious soul evolved, at such expenditure of time and energy, if not that it might become, and be aware, and evermore be still more aware? And in what other way could this be?

The intellectual capacity of those with whom this reincarnation idea originated was not inferior to our own. That their environment, their thought-structure, and the general trend of its activities, rendered them less qualified than ourselves to grapple with these problems of such moment, which still stay unsolved, may well be questioned. The refuse heap we have made of the Orient's hitherto contribution might well be given the benefit of today's improved smelter methods. Because at a time when we were still industriously consigning to eternal perdition all who did not believe as we do we also rejected the Orient's offering *EN MASSE*, it does not follow that a careful reconsideration now might not result in some modification of beliefs which are ours by inheritance only. And what matters it whom we once were? What we are now is all that concerns.

Although the logic of the situation seems to point irresistibly to merger as to the ultimate destiny of all soul, we are confronted with the fact that there already has been ample time for this. Are we forced then to say, once individual and limited, always individual and limited? And here, again, as when the issue was as to life's survival of life's vanishing forms, nature's analogies, with a myriad outreached arms, stands beckoning our attention. The evaporation surface of infinity's wide sea feeds every stream of individuality that thither flows. And where there is true analogy there is more than mere analogy. The circle is the symbol of all things cosmic. Endless always means circle; straight line is for individual eye only.

Any straight line movement that may have been has long since reached its goal. There has been

ample time for all to occur that ever will. All streams flow, flow consciously to earth's sea, but they stay not there. Eternal unrest still pursues. Every brook we cross is a segment flung in the pathway before us by nature's hand — a segment of the circle which symbolizes her processes. The brook supplies the river, the river feeds the sea, the sea's wide throat upbreathes to air, the air forever feeds the brook, and the circle is complete.

Every stream must feed its flow. But for the feeding stream all seas would cease. Vacuum and straightline movement are nature's abhorrence. Straight line movement would leave vacuum. Though onward, and forever onward, be her watchword, evolution's path must be a circle. Though stone of Sisyphus reach the crest, and roll not back, yet sooner or later it finds where it first was. All goes that comes, and all that comes shall somewhere go.

But are we sure evil is the ill it seems? We know we see but a fraction of our every fact. May it not be that the world instinct which the vast unknowable voices unworded forth, declaring the fact heard and believed by life's everybreathing form, that life is good,— also has eyes which see what we leave all unsensed? Are we sure those are to be envied who go through life with eyes which stand out with fatness, and who receive all that heart could wish? Would you see deepest scars by sorrow or by error made? Look on soul's loftiest heights, and you will find them there. To be awake, and yet still more widely awake, to be aware, and evermore to be still more aware, this is soul's high destiny. And what could be more awakening than these same ills we mourn? The touch

of sorrow is a soul awakening touch. And what were soul if soul were unawake? My tongue made plaint for that my feet were forced to tread a gauntlet flame-walled path, but suppose in all this wide universe there is but one way to where I needs must go, to where I wish to go, and suppose this gauntlet path that way? Then why shall I decry these outstretched arms of threatening flame? Where would I stray but for their warning touch? The fear of hurt may keep my feet in the path now, but when I have ascended higher still, a motive loftier than fear may inspire me. Some mistakenly kind and loving hand might lead me all the way. I might be carried in coddling arms, or thither borne on flowery beds of ease. I might even gently slumber the entire journey through. Then I would not have these scars. But there would be no spiritual development. I would not be a baby soul in Paradise. Let me not paupered be with heaven's gifts. Give me the strife and scars.

Where any do, all should suffer. Suffering demands, and is entitled to, sympathy. Only suffering can beget sympathy. The eye of suffering within, glances sympathy without. That beetle on its back in my path was debtor to the fact that I, too, had been there.

Full well we know our wants, but not our needs. If some, only not all knowing, one should whisper a word of talismanic power, which uttered forth again by mortal lips would instantly banish all we know as ill, our closed lips might well in silence wait the approving signal of one wiser still. With all revealed to our effortless selves, and every ill removed by other hands, where were the strength that comes alone from strife?

What we call evil is what may be called a reified negation. One universe is not wide enough to hold God and Satan, with both positive as entities. The antagonism is of too radical a character. If the good is the positive element, then evil is merely the absence of the good; and if evil is positive, then good is merely the absence of evil. In precisely the same way that we know there is the color we call red, and the quality we name good, we know that the good is superior to the nongood. Universal intuition declares the good to be superior to the nongood, and because intuition so declares it *is* superior. But that which is not cannot be superior to that which is; therefore the good is positive, and the bad is merely the absence of the good. To borrow from Eddy, individual vision mislocates the blemish in the glass through which it views the fact.

And what is good? There are colors, and there are qualities. We name one color red to distinguish it from other colors, and we name one quality good to distinguish it from other qualities. No dictionary definition could aid in its definition. The utmost the dictionary could do would be to present some other word equally impossible to define. Verbal definition consists in the substitution of one arbitrarily selected symbol in place of another. The color, or quality, is that whose presentation results in a feeling, but feelings cannot be put in the dictionary. Only arbitrary symbols appear there.

Evil assumes protean forms. All discomfort, bodily or mental, is evil from the standpoint of him who suffers. When at the first the earliest sentient form sensed discomfort, then Satan stood on this

earth. Satan has arrived, and evil is here, and who would justify God's way with men must justify that fact. Then good from evil was first known. And when sentient form first realized that by a slight change of place, or pose, it had power to substitute a less for a more desirable feeling, then was the greatest discovery ever made on this planet. All subsequent evolution of consciousness was involved in that one act. The actor had one purpose: the avoidance of an immediate ill. Nature had another: the development of soul.

Man stands where he does today as the result of a long time ancestral effort to avoid ill. Such effort has been transmitted into the capacity and character of the present links of the slow extending chain. True, it often happens that what seems most desirable would in fact be disastrous, but whatever would make one single moment unpleasant must be regarded as evil when considered from the standpoint of the individual so affected. To be a feeble soul linked to sentient clay, and surrounded by nature's unfeeling and stupendous powers, necessarily means evil.—A sense of incompleteness gives pain. Limitation irks, and we are limitation personalized. Each conscious fragment grieves its lack of symmetry, and soul's imperative demand to solve all mystery is nature's plaint against the incomplete.

That nature is so constituted as to cause unhappiness is a form of evil. All forms of finite existence are evil from the finite standpoint. To be re-embosomed within the infinite is the only escape. The soul's insatiate thirst to know is one form of ill from which no finite soul can escape. That thirst unsatis-

fied one motive to action will still remain, and while one such motive still remains the soul will still ascend. And if it should be that finite soul shall reunite with its infinite source, that thirst will have furnished the final impulse.

And so long as the ideal rises illimitably before me, why should a comparison of my stature with others less favored bring me content, or pleasure, or with those more favored, the reverse? My wish to be at the fore, is the wish that others stay behind. Is this pedestal craze right? Reality, not relativeness, concerns me. Unrest is of my essence. The stress which produces it is of the essence of all reality. Then welcome discontent. Its pain is but the prophet's voice which assures for me all that I most desire. He farthest and most truly sees who hopeth most. Right well I know that each highest hope that stirs in any breast shall somewhere have its verity. The universality of millennial hope assures millennial fulfillment, though not in the form we fancy. That hope has cosmic sanction. It comes from the Greater Reality which lies beyond the veil, a prophecy and not a dream. To be discontented is the doom of all finite existence. Thirst for escape from limitation is of limitation's essence, and this fact assures eternal strife.

For what is the gravamen of limitation's plaint? What is the pith of soul's desire? With absolute certitude the fact is known that there is a that which is highest and best. With choice given between each specific prize for which men strive, or all combined, and this unnamed and undescribed highest good, there would not be a moment's hesitation. Every one

thirsts for whatever may be highest and best. For who does not wish that His will shall rule? You ask,

“But why such conduct then?”

That was not the true self — I claim my highest self as my true self. I am the upward soaring wing, and not the clay which stays its thither flight. Though it may seldom rule as yet, it still is always there. Nay more, I am that thirst ensouled — personified. If though prizes be gained, that thirst abides, soul still hears within, “Not yet, not yet.” Only that which is highest can still that clamorous thirst.

Each of the diversified forms of energy which constitute the integer fact, whether psychic or seemingly otherwise, each through successive mutations is convertible into all others. Of these aspiration is the highest. Soul thirst is a thirst for the highest good. Unrest of limitation and Godward stress are one. Unrest is all eternal and all unrest is divine.

The creative plan seems to require that the finished product shall be the result of growth within rather than from an application of power from without. Growth and development are the result of effort put forth by the subject. To induce such effort there must be a motive. A desire to avoid that which seems undesirable, or less desirable, is the only motive which can induce such effort. Such efforts often fail of the intended result, but there is invariably a result which is neither intended nor foreseen.

The actor has one purpose. Nature has another: the development of soul. Effort is oft resultless without, within never. And thus ever. An eye of longer range sees through our own. Another's

glance extends our puny aim. A stronger arm doth bend the bow that speeds our arrows to a farther goal. Moral, intellectual, and spiritual, as well as physical, growth depend, therefore, upon evil. The wish to fly, and the attempt, gave eagle wings. The atmosphere of ill which we inhale at every breath inspires the effort from which all growth and development result. Effort is never resultless. Nature's purpose is that we shall become rather than that we shall acquire. Fortune, fame, and the other prizes for which men strive, are at the mercy of every changing wind. They oft, if not usually, prove apples of Sodom — burdens, and not blessings. Our acquisitions are transient, but what we become eternally endures. He oft wins most who endures, rather than he who seemingly achieves. To eyes which rightly see, the brow of the vanquished rather than that of the victor, oft bears the laurel wreath. Not to have endeavored, that is the only failure possible. While I am permitted to be myself, not even omnipotence can deprive me of the power to try again, and again, and yet again.

But for evil, and the effort to avoid it, the sage, the seer, and the saint would still have remained mire. We have trouble, disappointment and sorrow, because we need trouble, disappointment and sorrow. As oxygen is a necessary element in the physical atmosphere so are these in the atmosphere of soul. By being hurt we learn to avoid injury. By suffering death we learn to preserve life. All pains are growing pains, and death pangs, if such there be, are birth pains. Nature is one vast system of compulsory education. Evil is the schoolmaster whose coercive

rod at every step impels incipient soul in its sublime upward path. Strife is for soul, and souls are for strife. Not Paul, nor Saul, but soul it was that fought with the beasts at Ephesus, and beasts are elsewhere also. Wherever soul limited is, beasts are. Those to whom all lines have fallen in pleasant places are least to be envied. Those so favored enter and quit life on the same soul level. The magnitude of the mountain of ill which confronts me is but the measure of the elevation and amplitude of soul which shall be mine when I have scaled its summit, as I most assuredly shall. Therefore add mountains more, nor cease until ascent is without effort, and soul within me no limit knows. If such be the conditions of soul's enfranchisement and if soul's enfranchisement be the reward of such effort, then I accept the conditions, and laugh to scorn your parade of strenuous effort, and time's wide interval which must precede. Satan came also, but I, too, have come also. I also am here. Though I am an infinitesimal segment, the full circle is of my essence. The deific element is in and of me, is in and of you, and of all that is. Though dweller of a world whereon no footstep falls but desecrates innumerable graves, I scorn death's constant, loud pretense. All undismayed by a thousand defeats in the past, and the thousands more that may yet be, I exultantly meet this Satan who confronts me, and glory in the seemingly eternal conflict he proffers, for I know what the end will be. And when upon the summit of that mount, this Prince of Darkness shall transfigured stand, aureoled with a celestial light, a master conjuror whose talismanic power gives seraph wings to creep-

ing things. The guise removed, a savior stands revealed instead, and the riddle is solved.

Though hand without uphold the prize, look within to know if winning was. Effect upon soul is the test and measure of attainment. Defiance to all that hostile fronts shall be that one last vestige that was withheld from the power of the adversary who goes to and fro. And that vestige is myself. To the adversary's exultant outcry of utter triumph, my response shall be,

"The all you seemingly have won includes not *me*, I still am. And your assaults have but awakened me to a knowledge of the fact. I acknowledge myself your debtor. An eternal universe still remains, across whose threshold your feet can never pass. Here I reign as king; and here no whimper of renunciation shall éver be heard, save as incident to concentrated effort elsewhere."

And why should I fear aught that is without? It brought me nothing. It added nothing to my stature. It only was a wakening touch, but now I am awake throughout. The without may affect form; it cannot destroy fact. Two things are beyond the power of that which is, or seems to be, without. Though it may change form, the fact will still be there, and it must still have some form. The without can only withdraw one form by leaving another. Now that I am awake, the without has served its purpose, and the form of the fact is a matter of indifference. Or if not fully awake, further waking shall somewhere be. Soul shall overcome; Israel shall prevail. The lever that lifts worlds must have its fulcrum, and evil is the fulcrum for results yet sublimer still, for soul shall

here uprise to loftiest heights, and Israel shall prevail.

But let it not be supposed that his seeming justification of Satan's presence should lessen or blur the distinction between good and evil. Far from it. The integer is a psychic fact. Let the eye that would see most of the reality of which it is composed, in the smallest space, attentively consider that which the word **ought** represents.

Cast the wide universe in to your alembic and crucible, turn your microscope on its each minutest atom, and the most conspicuous and most striking fact you will discover anywhere will be the stress indicated by the words **ought** and **ought not**. That stress is cosmic in character, and of all distinctions that between the right and the wrong, and the phases of reality whereof no fleshly sense takes cognizance, is of the most consequence. Satan is rightly here, but he is here that he may be resisted and overcome.

XI

NATURE'S PROGRAM VERSUS THE INDIVIDUAL PROGRAM

Cosmos and individual, integer and fraction, each have their program. The individual has his desires which are most commendable, and his ideals which amply justify his utmost effort to attain them. But so far as we can see, the cosmos cares not the slightest for the individual program nor for the individual himself, as such. So far as we can observe, whether individual effort result in attainment or not is a matter of the utmost indifference to nature. Nature has also her program — has her end in view, and the failures and successes of individual effort, seemingly at least, alike answer nature's purpose.

This then is the case against nature. She insists upon effort which she knows is, or intends shall be, in vain. Nature's humanity seems the incarnation of a vainless effort.— These facts made visible, that individual should balk was not surprising. This Buddha did. The lure unmasked, Buddha closed the ear of his desire to the siren's lure.

The vast unseen desires action. Ideals high upheld are the targets. To assure effort, desires were implanted. Buddha's eyes beheld the target — he keenly sensed the implanted desires. These were to him as they are to all, the voice of command from the

vast unseen. All this he saw; all this he heard. He heard the king's command — Forward, March! He heard, and then, inscribing uncreation and negation upon his banners, he faced about, and stood motionless. And this is soul suicide. And this is Buddhism. All this he saw; all this he heard; but he lacked faith in the vast unseen. He did not have confidence in the universe. And this explains Buddhism.

And here was error. The ideal belongs, desire belongs, effort belongs; and effort belongs none the less, though for the most it seems in vain. Yes, desire belongs, for soul's desire is soul's muniment of title to the infinity it measures. Then why should desire be discarded? Buddhism crucifies where it might well adore.

And faith in the vast unseen belongs. The voice that bids effort is the voice of a king. The king desires effort, and effort must be. The ideal high upheld signals effort's aim. As for result, that is the king's affair, not mine. Not my will, but thine, be done, is the ideal form for the faith in the vast unseen.

But where is that faith's sanction? Not dead voices that spake in alien tongue two thousand years ago: not voices from without that today speak in the ear of flesh, but the living voice that speaks within the ear of soul today. No ear of soul is anywhere today, though dulled it may be by centuries of disuse, like viewless eyes of fish encaved, but hears, or might hear, that voice.

With individual program in hand, perused in advance, and nature's, too, approved by fate, but still unread, and knowing the inharmony of outcome that awaits, what shall be the attitude of the individual

soul? Why this: that shall direct my utmost effort — this shall be my faith. That shall be my earnest wish and resolute will until I know His, but then — not my will but His be done. And who would have otherwise? Let only him who knows all say if what seemingly is worst be not the best in fact, best for each and best for all, best alike for those who seemingly are losers now, and best for those who seem to win. All seeming is evanescent; but fact is eternal, and we are fact. We often find that we have wept where we might well have joyed, and joyed where weeping were more fit. The beneficent character of the integer fact, and our identity therewith, this is faith's basis, sure and steadfast.

But nature has purposes far different from those which actuate individual effort. Individual aims look to more or less immediate result. Nature looks often to a different result, and always to aims more remote, as well. Like the beast, man eats food to satisfy hunger, but without thought to preserve life. And so with other animal functions. Take another illustration: there never was a more atrocious crime than the African slave trade. Individual profit was the slaver's motive; but other aim was there. Compare the condition of the African in this country to what it would have been but for that crime. And there is war.

Results of the gravest magnitude unwished for by any of those who brought them about may be expected to follow in the wake of the present world conflict. Such results were on His program, though not on theirs. Though war is a most colossal crime, and all crime should be averted, it may well be that ere one

life span pass all will agree that the cost of this war was not too great. Suppose, for instance, that the sinking of every dreadnaught, and the universal abandonment of the standing army policy should be among the provisions of the treaty of peace which sooner or later must bring it to a close. Whether or not this shall be, other results unwished for of scarcely less consequence may be expected.

Of these, one may be mentioned — a far advance toward the unification of the world's social fabric, which was decreed by destiny when first this earth ensphered. And yet another — the thoughts of men are widened by a process other than the sun's. The men who return will not be the men who went. A radical change in the relations between sovereign states will not be the only social readjustment that these new creations will consummate.

And other results may be expected. The faith that now languishes under its present ineffectual administration will know there has been an event whose magnitude far transcends the limitations of its present horizon. Faith will find other basis for its sanction. There will be a readjustment of soul attitude toward the eternal verities that are unseen. And with the fountain still outpouring, limpid and pure, before the eye of its thirst, why shall humanity be directed to the pool-filled flow of ages past, flushed as it is with the sinister rain-wash of that pool's vicinage? For ears that stay unstopped God still speaks, and through no intermediary.

And then what will Europe's munition making and munition using million do when the war ends? And how will their doings affect us? The nation directs

those and other vast energies now. Who will do so then, and in what way? And how will that affect us?

Verily, His aims are not ours. If the gods have a sense of humor, they must smile at the provincial conceit which centers the universal aim upon the individual, as such. Nature cares all for the group and naught for the individual, save as the means for the attainment of universal ends. Let the truth be spoken, so far as this earth-life is concerned nature cares no more for man in his individual capacity, as such, than it cares for the flies we properly swat. And the group itself, and each successive higher group, is but the individual of higher grade and more complex. One individual, and one alone, abides secure — the integer fact. The individual is form, and form is fraction always and everywhere. Tenacious and economical of fact, nature is profligate of form. Everywhere she proclaims her watchword, "Form evanescent, fact eternal."

Nature cares all for the group, and not at all for the individual. The voluntary sacrifice of the patriot and martyr, and the world applause which follows, shows a recognition by conscious nature also of the paramount claims of the group as against the individual.

Air, earth and sea are for humanity, and not for the individual. With respect to whatever benefit air, earth, and sea have to offer, coming involuntarily as they do, every little one, those least advantaged, and those most advantaged, arrive on precisely even footing.

Each soul that comes enfleshed does not have to hold his breath until permission is given by some

other soul to intake the air he finds about him. And where shall his feet be placed while he inbreathes? He cannot stand on the air, even if it be his. He is entitled to stand somewhere on the solid earth. A proper search would somewhere find his muniment of title attested by manual sign of a higher rank than any presidential signature attached to a land patent. And yet, in most cases soul arrives to find the earth exclusively possessed and claimed by other souls, from the earth's center to the sky's zenith. He finds his most sacred land right and air privilege dependent upon such contract as he may, or may not, be able to procure. Every contract requires the voluntary assent of both contracting parties. But suppose the land and air proprietor, actuated by private interests, sees fit to be unreasonable, what then? Must he hold his breath while the law delays? And though the law delay not, the judges who occupy the bench are but men, are only men.

Private ownership of land necessarily involves private ownership of the air above, as well. Ownership grasps the sky. Every foot of earth's surface is affected with a public interest. Private ownership of land infallibly attests a childhood stage in the development of the social fabric. Civilization is still in its infancy. The social organism is in a formative state. The world is for man, not men, and today's proletariat holds the ballot, and is a graduate of the high school. The wage earner is a reader, and a thinker. Social readjustment is impending, nay is in progress. Social readjustment is oncoming, and those who seemingly shall lose, not less than those who gain, will be its beneficiaries.

As antecedent of every individual sacrifice for group benefit, analysis will show a cosmic imperative which the sacrifice transforms into a promise that the martyr shall himself be a cobeneficiary of the sacrifice he makes. And every cosmic promise shall surely be fulfilled.

And why should humanity instinctively applaud the individual who sacrifices himself for the benefit of of the group? Verily, that instinct is cosmic, not individual, and sees deeper and farther than the donor himself. The structure of the integer justifies that impulse. And so with all instinct. The actor sees not the relation between himself and the consequences of the act that instinct prompts. A purpose not the purposer's is there.

That the martyr, though seemingly gone to void, shall himself endure as a component of the group in whose behalf the sacrifice was made, would seem to be its only conceivable justification.

But we do not have to wait until the close of the war to see what was on His program, though not on ours. Was the ban on vodka in any mortal thought when Russia ordered mobilization? The destiny which since then has advanced there at lightning speed, proceeds more leisurely, though not less surely, here. There, here, and all elsewhere, vodka is doomed. The war has not ended, but momentous features on the cosmic program, unthought of by war's initiators, have already become enduring and visible fact. Mountain ranges upheaved where once was level plain have already become permanent features of the social fabric. Then individual energies were individually directed, with an eye to individual

benefit. Now the individual himself, and his every capacity, is directed and controlled by the group of which he is a component, and with an eye to group benefit. In his capacity as a group unit, and not as an individual, he now becomes the beneficiary of his own efforts. When this change came, evolution made a prodigious stride forward which shall never be retraced, for destiny has decreed the unified direction of individual energies and capacities. Governmental control of transportations, though it will be the next, will not be the last step in that direction. Conditions heretofore existing were provisional only. Nationalism, not individualism, shall be the rule for the future. When this war ends, the LAISSEZ FAIRE policy will have become a reminiscence.

Nor is this all. The group itself is but an individual of higher order. Where once were twelve groups there now are but two. Though but slight as yet, unification will increase. Destiny has decreed the unification of individuals under group control. Destiny has decreed group unification also. The world's social fabric shall yet control the group. But that unification must be voluntary. It must come by the consent of the groups. Right, not might, must be the determining factor.

Upon the issue now joined between nationalism and individualism, world instinct seems to favor the former. You say, "I am individual." Of all errors, the partial truth is one most insidious. Your statement is the truth, but it is not the whole truth. In all philosophising, or speculation, as to soul's future destiny the individual self should be thought of as a fractional feature of the one eternal and indivisible integer fact.

XII

CAUSE AND EFFECT

The word cause refers to, and means, a virtue antecedent to, and outside of, and away from, the supposed effect, and but for which the effect would not have been. The two must be merely contiguous. The line between must be one of cleavage. There must be no intermingling, or shading off, of one into the other, for that would mean identity. Cause must cease, and effect must utterly begin. The separation must be distinct, like that between the nail and the wood into which it is driven. There is but one integer fact — the universe itself.— That the universe was a moment ago may explain, but it did not cause, the fact that the universe is now. The form is different, but the fact is one and the same, as much so as are the beginning and ending of the briefest conceivable feeling between which there is no line of cleavage. If the definition of cause as above given is correct, there is no cause here. Sift the universe in a hair sieve, and no cause can be found.

The universe is not in, nor does it have, a state of being. It has, and it is in, a state of becoming. To be in a state of becoming there must be some mode of becoming, and the explanation of the change which you would ascribe to cause is simply that such is the fact's mode of becoming. The causative virtue you

would ascribe to a somewhere outside of, and away from, the fact you name effect, is not merely within the effect it is the effect's own self. We may not say that the universe is its own cause. To say so takes outside the definition as above given.

So long as the successive links in the supposed chain of cause and effect are fractions, the error stays masked; but the instant any link becomes integer, it stands exposed. Finding itself cornered, the error takes refuge in meaningless phrase and it then says, "Here the fact is its own cause." But this is to say that the fact is without cause, and such is the actual fact, both as to the integer and its fractional presentations, as well. That expression recognizes the relationship of identity between any supposed cause and its effect, and philosophy's cause disappears.

But for the limitation of our vision, any link in our supposed chain of cause and effect would be seen as it in fact is — as the entire universe, and no cause would be there.— Our lack of power cannot be that of creative power.

We conclude: if by the cause of a fact you mean the fact's mode of becoming, then cause is, otherwise not. The same logic that eliminates cause from the universe, viewed as an entirety, applies with equal force to the various and successive fractional manifestations of the integer which constitute our chain of cause and effect. All such changes find their explanation in the fact that the integer of which these are fractional manifestations to become at all must become in some way, and the phenomena we observe are its mode of becoming.

To be in a state of becoming, the integer fact's becoming must of necessity be in some way. A mass of colliding energies is that way. When collision occurs, the change is of a different character than was taking place before, but this new form of change is none the less the integer's mode of becoming.

Each point in the reality which constitutes the universe is a centripetal as well as a centrifugal center of influence. The several realities constitute a democracy. They stand on an equal footing. Each gives as well as receives. Whatever influence goes from any point returns on circuitous lines. At every point reality is a section of a stream which flows in a circular line. The stream is self-feeding — one section of such a stream does not cause the succeeding section to be as it is, or at all. Cause does not enter into the combination. The fact that such is the integer's mode of becoming explains all. The fact that a supposed effect would not be as it is but for its supposed cause does not constitute cause. Each anywhere reality is something different from what it would have been but for all other reality. The integer could not be, but for its smallest fraction. Analyze the minutest fraction, and find the entire universe. The entire universe is of each fraction's essence. But this does not make the supposed fraction the cause of the integer, otherwise causation would mean creation. The continuation of the old, and not the creation of the new, is what occurs.

One all but ubiquitous source of error will largely account for philosophy's resultless, though herculean, endeavor. Its facts are such in thought only. They have no correspondence in actual fact. It has

plurality. Plurality implies an absolute gap between different units. Actual fact has only one integer unit. All else is a fraction.

Philosophy's every fact, save this one unit, is but a fraction of the one actual fact. And this shows the error of the causation theory. The theory assumes a lack of identity between cause and effect. Such is not the fact. Effect is mere continuance of cause in a variant form. The relation between the cause and the integer is that of identity. The relation between the effect and that same integer is that of identity. Therefore the relation between cause and effect is that of identity.

Again, the cause must be the antecedent of the effect. Every fact must be in time. Time is duration, and every fact, however brief, must have duration in time. The supposed cause is a fact. The line between cause and effect is that fact's hither boundary. But how are we to locate definitely its farther bound? Suppose that boundary located, a line infinitesimally farther back would have precisely the same logical basis, and so with a line still farther back. The difference in conditions at the lines supposed would be in degree, not in kind. In philosophical reasoning there are no differences in kind. There is no line of cleavage there. That line is a line in thought, but not in fact. And so with cause and effect. They may be separate and different in thought, but in fact they are identically the same. The ubiquitous source of error explains.

All that theretofore had been was the antecedent of our supposed effect. But for all reality our supposed effect would be something different from what

it is. To repeat an illustration elsewhere used: the universe placed the dot over the "i" that helps to spell its name. Cause and effect have no place in philosophical reasoning. The ideas those words represent will not bear transplanting out of the limitation's sphere. Within that sphere, fractions may be, and they necessarily are, integerized in thought, and so dealt with. But in actual fact cause means continuance in a variant form, and it means nothing more. That is the integer's mode of being, and that is the mode of being of every fraction of which it is composed.

XIII

FREE WILL AND FATE

Here, as often elsewhere, multiplication of words befogs rather than clarifies. That which I call my will shall be free from domination from without — there can be no higher freedom than this. I do not have, I am, this freedom. Then where does fate come in? Even the gods themselves — even God cannot wish east, and will west. Even God cannot be one way, and wish another. To be at all, he must be in some way, and his every wish must be in that way, and as his wish is, so must his will be. And this “must,” is fate’s imperative. And so also with myself. And so far as will is concerned, this is the only fate. And this fate is not that which is separate and apart from me. This fate is myself. Freedom and fate are both true, and I myself am both. Volumes have been written, but this is the whole story.

Whether he be man, or the personal God of current theology, the individual to be at all must be in some way, and that way will determine his wish, and that wish will determine his will. Not even fate can compel me to will other than I wish. Omnipotence neither has itself, nor can it bestow on me, any greater freedom than I have. Greater freedom than I have can by no possibility be imagined.

I myself am the fate that determines what my will shall be. Nonexistence is the only escape from myself. As between this fate and this freedom, give me fate.

That ubiquitous source of error, the integerized fraction, lurks insidiously in your statement that fate determines what my will shall be. You separate in thought where there is no separation in fact. The relation between the fate of your thought and myself is that of identity. That fate is myself. Your statement that fate determines is an assertion that I determine.

Fate and freedom are aspects of one and the same indivisible fact considered from different standpoints. To be at all, I must be in some way, and there is no other way conceivable. Nonexistence is the only escape from this fate. Nonexistence is the only bar to this freedom.

True, this reasoning places the complexities of existence on a mathematical basis — that one apple falls, that another is plucked, or that an eclipse occurs, are events the time of whose occurrence might be determined a thousand years in advance by a Newton of like capacity, though higher in degree. But what of that? The character of the fact, and that it will occur, and not the possibility of its being known in advance, whether by gods or by men of higher capacity, is all that concerns. But, you ask. "Then what's the use?" And here also the error of partial fact lurks concealed in the major premise of the syllogism which your query implies. Here fact shows a complexity whose features are freedom and fate. Without either, the other were NIL. You

are complex: your every act must be correspondingly so. Fate and free will are conjoined in the actor, and they participate in the act. Analyze your every activity, and find in some degree all that is in any. The eye of your query views only a fraction; it sees not what to our vision seems an antecedent form of that fact. The instrumentalities through which the final result must come are of the result's essence. The result your eye views is an integerized fraction. It is in your thought only: it is a fraction of the fact, not the fact.

But waiving all subtleties of reasoning, and ascending to regions of everyday thought, what do we find? Conceding all the most ultra of fatalists might claim to be true, as fate's foremost decree, we find that all shall feel, believe, and act precisely as if the reverse were the fact — that all must feel, believe, and act precisely as if all the word fate represents were not, and never had been. Whatever the fact may be, such is, and forever must be, our rule of action. In life's practical affairs there is no controversy.

Fate herself has solved the problem which her presence presents. By herself, she has placed herself outside of soul's horizon. Fate decrees that our every thought and act shall be as if fate were not.— And shall not this decree be obeyed? It has been, and it will continue to be, obeyed. For all practical purposes, fate never was heard or thought of, and freedom is absolute fact. We find ourselves confronted with unsolvable mystery, but we have our orders — clear, definite, and positive, and why shall not those orders be obeyed? And what shall be said

of a sourness that stays never tasted, and which never shall be, or of fetters that never are felt?

The hand of fate has placed the ideal before me. Though it prove to be a goal that recedes, it grows ever more fair. And she has so structured soul that soul finds itself the power to strive near, and ever more near, to a goal which, though it recedes, comes nearer — recedes, but grows fairer.

And fate is not blind. The fact is ensouled, and soul has eyes. Deity and destiny are synonymous terms. There is no strife between them. Neither shall there be strife between myself and a fate so visioned, so empowered, and so behaved as this. And why should I lament that fate has made the fraction I am inseparable from the eternal and absolutely perfect integer fact? Now I know that I shall yet come to my own. I shall register at the summit.

XIV

TIME AND SPACE

Measurements of the integer fact, or of extension therein, are not expressed in terms of time and space. The integer is a psychic fact. Soul activity does not require space. There is as ample room for soul in the least as in the greatest conceivable space. Thought only is the measure. Nature is only where she may be found in the soul realm. Suppose wheels, that greatest of man's inventions, not yet in use, and the spherical form of earth as yet unknown. Suppose also a sky-supporting and impervious wall between Jersey City and New York, extending from pole to pole. At long intervals adventurous travelers will tell Jersey the wonders of the vast metropolis on the farther shore of a far off sea, twenty-five thousand miles away. But now a mystic hand, potent as death (and beneficent as death may be, for aught we know), touches to nothingness that wall, and where now are your long miles of difficulty-paved distance?

Though naught e'er goes to nothingness, yet all earth's sky-supporting walls, and all this wide expanse of clamorous brave parade which now make show to yon far-seeing sun, shall surely pass from vision such as ours is now. That whereof all these are, are measures now of time and space, but with all these vanished by the touch of death, what know

we what distance-dwarfing power the touch of death may have for time and space? These all, and all whereof they measure make, may be indeed as the baseless fabric of a dream, but — we ourselves are eternal there.

Then see that plainly clad woman, with toil-worn hands and sad face; see her by her lone self, standing there by the side of that little new made grave. Now suppose you are told you can have a trip to the Panama Exposition, with all the expenses paid, on the condition that the price shall be just that for some other woman, will the trip to the Panama be made? But instead of on this earth, suppose yonder star — Altair, is the place where the price is to be paid, then will the trip be made? Again suppose instead of Altair, some other star to come into existence, cons hence, is where that sad face shall be? Then would the trip be taken? And now where is your time, and where your space?

Were such the shield against sorrow's intrusion, the mother so far away, and the one whose lullaby you now hear luring your own little one to its slumber there in the adjoining room, would be alike secure. In the twinkling of an eye the wide, vast distance between was illusion. The two mothers stand before you as one and the same. Intervals of time and space measure the extent of separateness in the material realm. Time and space symbolize all separateness. Not very far is near to far, the nearer way. And there is a nearer way, though under hypnotic spell as we are, we sense it not. In either of the cases supposed, your Panama trip would not be taken. The offer would be neither more nor

less unhesitatingly rejected in one case than in the other. The instinct that would prompt your action knows what it is about. That seemingly far away sorrow and yourself would be fractions of one and the same now present and nondivisible fact.

The influence that would determine your action, though individually sensed, is cosmic in character. And the cosmos knows no time nor space. These are for the individual only. You are individual, but not exclusively so.—You are cosmos also. A single apple on the tree, if individually conscious, might suppose that the gravitation stress that drops it to the ground was an exclusively individual matter—but that same stress in time drops every apple to the ground, and impels all cycling suns along their destined way. The love of each for all is cosmic in scope and character, and this it was that bade you respect the grief of the sorrowing mother in far Altair, or yet remoter star, in time and space.

The personal equation infirmity, blurs accuracy in our conceptions of time and space. The limitation incident to all personality compels us to deal *SERIIATIM* with the infinite complexities of the integer fact. This gives our heres and our theres, our nows and our thens. With these as with other pluralities. Between the one and the two of the mathematician's thought there is an absolute gap, with utter void between. Not so with the one and two of the actual fact world. There each seeming separate unit shades off by imperceptible degrees in to all others. Reality's actual fact knows one unit only, whose infinitely complex features shade off each into all

others by imperceptible degrees, without a gap between.

Each actual fact quantity though seemingly separate from all others, is a partial presentation, or feature, of the one indivisible integer fact. The mathematician's quantities are separate; not so with nature's.

Then what are time and space? What are past, present, and future? Today was yesterday's hereafter, and shall be tomorrow's past. My here is elsewhere soul's remotest there. We hear of a fourth dimension of space. Space has no dimension. Time and space are sheer abstractions. In themselves, they are not at all.—Complexity is the integer fact's conspicuous feature. To be at all, the fact must be in some way. Time and space are reality's mode of being — exemplification of its complexity, as shown to vision such as ours. They are not features: they symbolize features. They are not antecedent conditions upon which reality, or its modes of being are dependent. Reality is the condition upon which they depend. Reality is not of them, but they of it.

This moment is in its own right, and on its own account, and not merely as a stepping-stone by which some hereafter may be reached. Then let not the eye of faith be turned upon a feature whereof the present moment is not the central feature. Let not the tombstone mark the hither bound of faith's domain from the standpoint of the true self. Each successive now is the supreme moment. Reality speaks only in the present tense. There is, and there

will be, no hereafter. Continuation of the now, that only will be. The eternal now is the only time and the nonescapable here is the only place. Live in and for today, as well as for the future. And yet the cosmic instinct which bids today take on a heavier burden that far futurity may receive benefit, knows what it is about. A thousand years hence shall safely walk in the ways and dwell in the halls, today now builds. It may well be we ourselves then who shall walk in these ways, and dwell in these halls. Yea, verily, the spontaneous and unreflective instinct, that without promise of benefit to the author, prompts sacrifice for other's weal, knows what it is about, and though such be not the motive, he is himself among its beneficiaries. A thousand years in His sight are as one day, and one day as a thousand years.

XV

THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE

Since time began the intellect of man has faced the sphinx, and the riddle stays unsolved. "Then why bother with it," you ask? But must endeavor eternally have this utility bugbear thrust in its face? Must normal impulse be held in check to wait the determination of a collateral issue as to profit and loss? Are we to understand that the dollar and cent, or other perceptible personal benefit standard, shall test the right of every impulse to become act? Must we do right merely that we may win heaven, or escape hell? Get thee behind me, Satan. Wherever nature implants query in soul structure, nature commands effort to answer. Wherever normal urge which threatens no ill to soul is sensed, there His imperative is heard; and no normal urge threatens ill to soul.

That we cannot, sufficiently assures that we shall not when nature intends we shall not. The gods themselves have made my utmost might the hither-bound of their domain. The by-product of otherwise ineffectual effort may work benefit, and precisely here is the apology, if not the defense that this entire discussion makes. You say revelation solves the riddle, but the revelation that does not get itself known to be a revelation leaves the riddle still unsolved. But with revelation conceded, you have only solved

one misery by substituting another yet more insoluble. An explanation that needs explaining is not an explanation. What could be more inconceivable than that a good, lovable, loving, and omnipotent father should occasion, or permit, what we see? And if faith must be the solution, why not apply faith to the mystery which is, rather than to the greater mystery which, without evidence, we assume it to be?

For intellect the riddle is insoluble. Philosophy attempts the impossible. The circle may know the segment, but the segment cannot know the circle. We are the segment. Who would explain all, must be all. Riddle is for limitation only; and for limitation, riddle must always be. The integer fact is the only key. We are but fractions; and fraction means limitation, and limitation means riddle. Suppose from abroad explorers commissioned to view this world and make report should come under hypnotic spell. One sees only reality's gaseous state, another sees fluid, and the third sees only matter's solid form; what different worlds would they describe!

Like these supposed explorers, we come from we know not where, under instructions to investigate this vast reality which constitutes the integer fact, and to say whether it be good or bad. Specialized sense organs of vision show wide realms seemingly in touch, though far remote, plethoric with clear outlined fact. Realms still vaster, by nearness and by vastness hid from the sense of vision, are also there, and nearer still. Soul in its entirety a nonspecialized, or less specialized, organ of apprehension, not vision, here takes cognizance of fact, but not of form. Vision, not apprehension, furnishes the data for exact

science. Apprehension knows nothing of outline. And here within these nearer and yet vaster realms may be found the source of those fundamental instincts, intuitions, and aspirations which are the antecedent form of soul activity, if not soul activity's self.

Let philosophy preface her entry within the field of her endeavor with a distinct recognition of the fact that we find ourselves closely environed about, and permeated and identified with mystery insoluble. And so fronted, let intellect give place to soul structural affirmation, which declares that somehow all is, and shall be well. And here let no demand for clearly outlined fact obtrude the golden calf upon the scene, as once before it did.

Soul activity is one form of nature's energy. Every form of energy has its antecedent form. The influences which come from these vast realms of apprehended, but nonvisioned fact, are the antecedent of all soul action. The relation between any two successive forms is that of identity. Diversity of form, identity in fact, is the phenomena which every mutation presents. These realms of veiled form, but apprehended fact, are sources of influence, and influence is a form of energy. From the vast without the antecedent form of influence comes within the arena of individual awareness. There is an exact correspondence between that which is within and that which is without. Without and within are of the thought forms of the limitation soil. The seeming fact without symbolizes the fact which is neither within nor without. It simply is.

We sense within the hope that still eternal springs,

and the sublime faith that still abides despite this vast array of clear outlined and denying fact. With these voices, mystic though they be, thus sounding in the ear of apprehension, we know that specialized vision shows but a fraction of nature's drama which is in progress about us.

We may now understand the regal character of these basic instincts and intuitions. We now know that the shroud, though it veils all, terminates naught. We now know that this segment of seeming ill has its supplement of completing arc whose all is well. We now know the basis of our faith is in the immortality of soul, the goodness of God, the supremacy of the ideal, and the regal character of the thither urge. Only a cosmic vision or a vision from the cosmic standpoint can solve the riddle. Intuition is that cosmic vision.

And we here find the infirmity of intellect. Outer vision, and inferences therefrom, furnish the intellect's major premise; and outer vision knows fraction only. The partial fact's major premise is error's most prolific fountainhead. Intuitional activity alone can supply the supplement lacked. And as with intellect, so with materialism; and so with pessimism; and so also with science. Microscope cannot show, nor can alembic reveal God; but God is there.

The seemingly separate facts at the telescope's two ends are in fact one and the same. The relation between is that of identity. And so with the microscope. One and the same indivisible fact is at each end of the glass, and the most essential features of the fact observed escape notice. The microscope does not even show movement, still less does it pre-

sent soul. The observer who would know the fact that he analyzes must also place himself within his crucible; nay, must place there the entire universe.

XVI

HABITUAL THOUGHT ERRORS

Two errors of vast measure and far reaching consequence appear as strongly accented features of to-day's world thought. We habitually ignore the vital connection between the individual and the universal. Its relation to the universal is the regal feature of the particular, and the individual is the particular. The integer fact comes first, then the fraction. The fraction comes, but the integer does not go. The integer goes to the bottom of the fraction, but the fraction does not permeate the integer.

Though largely, and for the most part, all unsensed from the individual side, the vital connection is still there. And right here is the sole basis for a faith in the immortality of soul, and the goodness of God. The expression, "I am individual," exemplifies a partial fact, and a profound error in its crystallized form. Hope long has sought a place whereon her firm planted feet might rest her wearied wing. It has been said that there is none such; that man never shall be blessed. But here, where the integer still retains identity with the fraction, is footing sure for hope's firm planted feet.—The character of the all whereof each is — here is the veritable rock of ages, without cleft, and without need for cleaving. Here is the living rock where shelterless and storm be-

leaguered soul, though seemingly exposed without, with truer sense may know herself already secure within there. For here also the integer fact asserts itself. The relationship between the individual and the integer is that of identity, and the extent to which a consciousness of the fact becomes substituted for childhood's location of the individual ego might well be considered the exact measure of soul growth.

The reality which constitutes the integer fact is complex-featured. There is an eternal going, but there is an eternal coming, as well, with an eternally staying process as the result. We are told we may not know whether that reality be mind, matter, or spirit. It matters not what name be given; we do know precisely what it is. I am not merely close to that reality. I am not under the necessity of looking without to know reality. I need no definitions to apprise me what really is. I am that going, that coming, combined, and consciousness takes cognizance of that fact, and of these its features. I myself am a concrete instance of the thing itself. I myself am reality. The sample I know assures me that reality is that which is aware. And now let him who claims reality ever is where awareness is not, and as an essential feature, present his evidence.

The situation may be thus briefly stated. Reality, wherever found, is complex. Reality is dual featured. There is the ceaselessly going, and the ever staying. That evanescent, this eternal. I also am reality. I also am complex featured. Here also is the ceaselessly going, and the ever staying. Here also the eternal and the evanescent are inseparably joined. Change of form and continuance of fact are here

also. And yet here that most ubiquitous, prolific, and most pernicious source of error, the fractional major premise manifests its baleful presence. We habitually ignore one feature of the indivisible fact, and integerize in thought the other. We simplify nature's complexity by ignoring a most essential feature, and by treating the remnant as fact in its entirety.

We identify ourselves with, and we locate the ego of personality in the vanishing feature of the eternally staying fact. This should not be. Let the ego be in thought where it is in actual fact. We are reality. Reality is fact, and all fact is eternal. With this error laid bare and corrected, all doubts as to life's continuance would disappear. Though forms vanish, the dual element is of the essence of all that is. I am, you are. Let the ego of habitual thought be located with that which stays, and not with that which vanishes. Forms go; fact stays; we are fact. All fact is eternal.

A consciousness of identity with the conscious and beneficent integer fact should be the salient feature of individual soul structure.—Such is fact. Let thought conform to fact.

Soul so matured may stay composed; though central fires within the smouldering star on whose filmy slumber robe of earth we briefly dwell, should wake to flame earth's seas away in one vast, vaporous, space-wide breath. Soul might well view it with composure, and leave fire and flood to adjust the resulting controversy between them as best they could. For soul, and soul's affairs, more regal are than seas, or suns, or stars. Appalling as it might seem, such a catas-

trophe would be but the evanescent surface features of the eternal integer fact whereof all soul is.

Might view it with composure; for an awareness of such actual fact, worn upon the breast of habitual thought, would there prove an impervious shield of amulet potency and of Kohinoor value to guardian soul against whatever might befall, threaten, or assail, whether without or within.

And such a thought — any thought — may become fixed, as a story will illustrate whether the story be true, or untrue. An artery was severed in a woodman's camp, remote from a surgeon. The severance was held together by the victim's comrades, acting by turns, until the parts adhered.

The occurrence of a catastrophe of such magnitude is not likely, but one of not less consequence to any individual may happen at any moment.— An awareness of the fact of a background of such character might well be prized as a jewel of more value than all the gold of all the hills. And that jewel is within reach of every hand. And when so grasped and firmly held then to the extent of limitation's capacity the fact will be consciously sensed that soul is eternal, and that we already have, and are, all that we should desire, and all that is.

Nature cares not a whit for the individual. Let us recognize the fact.— Nature cares all for the universal.— Let us recognize the fact. And let not your hearts be troubled. We ourselves are of the universal — we are the universal in fact. Let us become so in habitual thought. Let actuality in fact become actuality in conscious thought. Locate the ego in thought where it is in fact. We are the universal,

and the universe lacks nothing. The universe is complete. The universe is all that we should desire: We shall be satisfied.

If we think of reality, or substance, as a unit of living energy, spiritual and eternal, and of our true selves, that which knows, feels, wills, and does, as being a conscious center, and a component, though as yet fractional, part of such an indivisible unit of reality, and if such a state of consciousness upon our part becomes habitual, the whole superstructure of our thought and feeling, and our views of life, death and after death conditions, will be revolutionized. A realization of this fact inwrought in the structure of consciousness, will afford far ampler satisfaction for soul's insatiate thirst for continuous existence than could be assured by any schedule of afterdeath condition conceivable by finite minds.

I know not that I now have a separate life. Our sense of separateness may well be, nay, assuredly is, an illusion of the finite mind. Normal consciousness may not go deep enough to apprise me of the true facts. I ask not for particulars. I will not fret futurity with idle questionings. Nature is wise. I am willing to trust afterdeath conditions in her hands. All experience has shown our utter inability to select conditions which will insure happiness in this world, of which we know so much. How then dare we trust ourselves to make such selection for a world of which we know nothing at all.

No claim can be too audacious where soul is concerned. All soul is eternal. We also are soul.

And another habitual thought error may be noticed. We look to the outward vision exclusively for

our tests as to the fact — and the measure of reality. — Outward vision shows only fractional manifestations of the integer fact *as they appear to infinitesimal fractions such as we are*. At best, the outward vision gives knowledge only of the external and evanescent features. Reality is infinitely complex. It presents that which corresponds to extension, locality, distance, magnitude, time, and space, but all these are symbols only of actual fact. The inner vision gives fact as it is, or a closer approximation thereto. The stress that underlies the word *ought*, the altruistic sentiment, the instinctive and instantaneous condemnation of injustice, oppression, and wrong, and other like, are more fundamental in character than are the soul activities that give knowledge of nature's physical aspects. Those are individual; these are cosmic. The material world may open the door for the entrance of the conditions upon which the exercise of those conditions depend, but otherwise they have no connection therewith. They are not closely related to matter, and the underlying soul structure which their existence implies well may survive the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

Naught that shows to the outer sense is true reality. Certain aspects only are there revealed. The outer vision shows reality as matter. With a finer vision view matter, and find energy — with a finer vision still observe energy, and find thought and feeling. — Analyze these, and find spirit activity, and here for the first time you front the true reality. The outer vision shows motion, and for its antecedent other motion, and yet other motion. It nowhere finds, or shows, the antecedent of all motion. It does

not ransack reality. The inner vision alone can show fact's every feature. Here may be seen the factor and the fact, the seer and the seen, and the connecting link between. And these are essential elements of all reality. Either alone is but an abstraction, thought of separately, but never so existing in fact. The inner vision may not view the full width, but at one point it probes reality's inmost depths. Soul, and soul's affairs, are real. All soul, and all soul's affairs, are eternal. With the two errors noted under this heading absent, and with the truth they now supplant instead made accented features in our habitual thought, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the benefits that would result. And yet we habitually look without to that which can be sensed by fleshly sense for our symbols of that which is real. But if we are to look without for our symbols of reality, we should look elsewhere than to forms of energy we ordinarily name matter. Reason, soul's finer sense, viewing without as well as within, shows us outlying reality in comparison with which the earth, cycling suns, and all other evanescent forms of energy we know as matter, appear as infinitesimal. Interstellar space shows reality eternal there, with other dimensions not less, and with no void, either within or beyond its far outlying border, and densed with reality throughout. It there shows the ether mass limitless as space. The form of reality which we know as matter is measurable; not so this.

If we are to look without for our symbol of reality, here is the appropriate symbol. If seemingly non-psychic substance is to be our symbol of reality, the space filling ether should be that symbol. But try

as we may, we cannot conceive such a body of matter solid as steel, yet mobile as thought, extending on, and on, and still forever on, as an actual fact. A beginningless god, or stone, or the reverse, are alike unthinkable. Genesis, beginning and ending, are words which vanish like apparitions at the crossing of the line between the limitation and the non-limitation realms.

But shall thought, thus fronted, pause motionless, and surrender the field? Nay, nay — but how are we to deal with the dilemma which confronts us? What does it mean? It means that our ideas of reality, which are the outgrowth of the limited sphere in which, and of which, we are, and which, for ordinary purposes, must be accepted as absolute truth, must not be overworked. The fishhook cannot be used for a spoon. They do not represent reality as it in fact is. There can be no fact corresponding to our idea of solid substance, extending infinitely. Reality's external form cannot square the circle of actual fact. Though a more appropriate symbol than matter, our idea of ether-filled space, cannot be reality's actual fact, or the appropriate symbol therefor. There within is more or less perfect vision of the actual fact itself. Thought is the more appropriate symbol of the real, of that which is.

The universe of the materialist is a tiny dust of actual fact environed with a limitless possibility of other and different fact. The fact is not so. The universe itself is the *ne plus ultra* of all possibility. The universe is fact, not thing — and my desire, not multiplied yardsticks, is its measure.

The matter of common thought should never be

taken as the symbol, or type, or the reality which constitutes the integer fact. That reality is infinitely complex featured. What we know as matter is the fractional showing which the fact makes to the outer vision. Though the outer vision were more finely sensed, reality though never so ethereal in form, would still appear as matter. What there was shown would be fractional reality. And yet, wish, will, and feeling's various forms are reality also, but no trace of these would there appear. Reality is that which is, and yet more; reality is that which becomes, and yet more; reality is that which wishes and wills, and yet more. Reality is that which does also. You do, and are, all these, and you are reality. The doer and the deed, those also are reality, but what we know as matter gives no hint of these. What we know as matter and all these are inseparable fractional presentations of one and the same fact, and these as its psychic feature would be a far more appropriate type, or symbol, of the fact.

But do you say that all these are the outgrowth of matter? Well suppose they are: that only can evolve which was involved. Though veiled for long, from vision such as ours, soul is there. For a vision commensurate with fact, awareness of the fact is the fact. Awareness is a psychic word, and that whereof awareness is, is a psychic fact and, a supposedly non-psychic fact is not its fitting type. Unless it be held to be ensouled, matter is not the proper symbol for the psychic fact.

The errors mentioned, and a multiplicity of others like them, are incidental to the unique standpoint we occupy. That standpoint is dual phased — indi-

vidual and universal — evanescent and eternal — fractional and integer. Of these antitheses, the first mentioned is the strongly accented feature. The second is usually ignored, often questioned, and sometimes wholly denied. Our language is an outgrowth from the fractional standpoint. It is necessarily an inaccurate facility for the discussion of the integer features of the fact. Thus, when speaking of the universe, we habitually say *all*, or *entire*, whereas these expressions imply limitation. As a further illustration take the word *infinite* — not *limited*. Fact must be before there can be any limitation of the fact. The infinite is not built up with the finite.

The slightest diminution of the infinite will give the finite, but no addition of finite to finite, and no multiplication of finite, can give infinite. Logically and chronologically, the infinite comes first. The fact is observed, and after an indefinite interval limitations are observed. The logic of the situation would demand that when the fact is first observed a name should be given, and afterward when a qualification should appear, the original name should be used, with the proper prefix or suffix.

In our conception of the infinite and eternal we should not think of them as being nonlimited. We should think of the fact, and stop right there without thinking of limitation, even by way of exclusion. Speaking generally, outside of the limitation world our entire thought structure is as a craft afloat without a rudder, compass, or star visible. Our evanescent physical habitations, the houses in which we dwell, are adjusted with reference to the earth's polar star, and the soul's eternal thought structure should

be adjusted with reference to the polar star of the universe.

A constant recognition of the eternal and infinite as a background, and a consciousness of the fact that all that pertains to the individual is exceptional and evanescent, should be the accented feature of soul structure. The apex of the individual sector is the true location of the ego, and an increasing awareness of the fact is at once the test and measure of soul growth.

But there is another error which goes universally unchallenged, which is more fundamental in character, and therefore more baneful in consequence. We are accustomed to consider absolute perfection as a sheer abstraction — a mere thought concept existing only in the mind of impractical idealists, and dreamers. We look upon the universe of reality as made up of good and bad on a background of utter void, with the bad somewhat predominant.

All this is error most grievous. The universe of our vision is but a fraction of reality's fact; this we integerize in thought. It is our concept, and not that of the idealists, which is without correspondence in actual fact. There is no void. Other reality is reality's only background. Absolute perfection is not an abstraction. That which lacks nothing is absolute perfection. The integer lacks nothing. The integer is absolute perfection. We are identified with it; we are of its essence, and its sublime destiny is ours also.

Upon close analysis these errors will be found to have a common origin. Fact is complex featured. We sever in thought that which is indivisible in fact, and deal with the fraction as if it were the integer.

One of these is psychic; the other is seemingly non-psychic. We ignore that, and we make this the symbol of all that is real. We locate the ego of personality therein, and suppose it to be exclusively thereof. And here all doubt as to life's continuance beyond the grave has its sole basis.

And the error from this source shows its presence elsewhere. Intellect and intuition are inseparable elements of one and the same indivisible fact. Wherever either is, both belongs and are. The fact is largely overlooked; with either exclusively attended, results are disastrous. The eye of today unduly views intellect. Wherefore, intuition shall now be given prominence.

XVII

INTUITION

The conservation of supposedly nonpsychic forms of energy, together with the fact of the presence of the soul element as an essential feature in the structure of the eternal integer fact, have been considered as bearing upon the issue presented by our caption query; but the real basis for an affirmative answer, as well as for the belief in soul's immortality, remains to be considered. That which perceives the most conspicuous feature of the integer fact and not only so, but is the sole guaranty that such a fact is perceived at all, is itself a still more conspicuous feature of that fact. That which sees is an essential feature of the complex featured fact of seeing.

And soul itself is that yet more conspicuous feature, and a belief in the immortality of soul is a most conspicuous feature in the structure of soul. Not the mere belief, but the persistence of that belief in the face of all seeming fact, with nothing whatever to support it — this is a most conspicuous feature in the structure of soul. The regal note in the intuitional utterance which inspires that belief assures a sure basis therefor somewhere in nature's vast realm, which extends on, and on, and still forever on, beyond our vision's present horizon. And here is the warrant for the belief in the continuance of life and in

the goodness of God. There is a power which, though not exclusively so, is of ourselves, though not of our conscious selves, that makes for all that gives life value, and intuition, and intuition's antecedent is that power. And the structure of the integer fact, and the structure of the soul itself, is that antecedent. Intuition is at once the thither urge, and the light that shows the whither way for soul's advance, and is the basis for soul's needed faith.

Though cosmic consciousness is commensurate with fact, the integer fact is sensed in the individual consciousness but to an infinitesimal extent. Individuality means limitation, and we can by no possibility know the extent of such limitation. Soul's external sense organs are highly specialized. They take cognizance only of the manifestation of energy which we know as matter, and even this they do but to an exceedingly limited extent. They leave matter's most essential features all unsensed. They give knowledge of but an infinitesimal part of external reality; they give no hint of the ether mass. We know that as we know all external reality, by inference only.

The total of matter is infinitesimal as compared with the form of external reality which constitutes the ether mass. But the individual, though thus limited, is none the less of the essence of the integer fact. By reason of the intense unity which is the characteristic feature of that fact, any influence anywhere, however slight, extends everywhere, and affects throughout. For the most part these influences are unsensed by soul's external and specialized sense. But we do know with absolute certainty that the universe

of influences which do not speak to soul through the external sense organs, do extend to, and affect, soul just as they would continue to reach and affect stone if soul were changed to stone. But the question is, are they sensed by soul; and, if so, in what way? If soul's capacity for awareness were exclusively dependent upon these external sense organs, this vast universe of influence certainly remains unsensed, but such is not the fact. Individual soul itself, in its entirety, is a nonspecialized, or less specialized sense organ which does sense the universe of influences, of which only an infinitesimal portion speaks to soul through the external sense.

The specialized and external sense gives the form of the fact with all possible definiteness of detail, and clearness of outline, and this constitutes the basis for, and makes possible, exact science.

The outer vision is soul's science eye. Not so with the nonspecialized sense. It knows nothing whatever as to form; it gives no outlines. Its facts are vaguely apprehended rather than seen. Nevertheless, with absolute certainty, though it does not see, it apprehends, and is aware of, the existence, magnitude, power, and character of facts which are of the utmost conceivable moment, whereof soul's science eye gives no hint. The light that most illumines the earth shadow we call night, rays forth from stars themselves unseen and so with the light which now, as through a glass, darkly makes known soul's most momentous facts. Within soul's inmost depths was placed the firmament wherein are seen the stars which light soul's upward way — a firmament whose stars are all unseen. Soul's science eye sees, but here

facts are vaguely, but not less surely apprehended, or felt — as also are their magnitude, character and power. Soul realm is not the Xanadu of Coleridge's dream — a deep caverned vast, canopied with gloom, and bottomed with a sunless sea — but a twilight realm whose firmament reflects the light of an unrisen orb which yet shall be its zenith sun. And that reflected light is soul's instinctive faith, and the hope that still eternal springs.

And here is the domain of faith. A fact which might have been established, or refuted, by the testimony of witnesses, if present at the time and place, must not be permitted to wear the livery of faith, nor can the tenets of faith be subjected to the tests of science. Facts established by, or which might have been refuted by, evidence are the basis for intellectual belief, but intellectual belief is not faith. If the testimony of witnesses was, or might have been, any single link in the chain of the basis for a belief, the conclusion resulting, or established, is an intellectual belief, and not faith. Neither should faith apply the methods of exact science to her vast wealth of vaguely outlined fact. Because of her habitual disregard of these distinctions, faith languishes today of wounds received in the house of her friends. Let that which intuition leaves vaguely outlined stay vaguely outlined. Let us not crucify our Lord with exact science definitions. Of these soul essences, and soul belongings, which are strangers to soul's science eye some may be mentioned. Soul's perception of the fact that the good is, and that it is superior to the nongood; the artistic sense, and the thirst to know; the condemnation of injustice and wrong; the soul

stress which found verbal expression in the eleventh commandment and twin brothers soul with whatever knows sorrow or suffering; the stress that underlies the word *ought*; the fact that despite its seemingly eternal nonfulfillment, hope still eternal springs; the fact that there is a that which is highest and best; and soul's aspiration and stress idealward, and Godward. Consider hope: hope apprehends the presence and character of a fact whose precise form stays all unseen as yet. All these, though of the essence of the individual, are not exclusively individual. The gravitation which drops one apple to the ground, sooner or later leaves the tree bare. They are individually sensed essences of the integer fact.

The horizon of individual consciousness is purely an imaginary line. The intense unity of the integer fact assures soul structure to be the same on different sides of the line, as much so as that of supposedly different fractions of one and the same thought, or feeling. By reason of its intense unity, the individualized infinitesimal fraction vaguely apprehends the amplitude and character of the universal fact. And these intuitional apprehensions are their own credentials. And intuition is the tribunal before which any rival claimant must present its credentials. Only intuition must decide whether intuition shall abdicate in favor of any authority whatsoever. The stream cannot rise above its source, and the verdict of intuition must be the basis of authority that speaks from without. In these assertions of soul in its capacity as a nonspecialized sense organ, may we look for the basis of the belief in the assurances of hope, the immortality of soul, the goodness of God, and all else

that gives life value. They are of soul's very essence. Soul's activity, and such activity's antecedent form, are of the essence of soul. *They are soul.*

The external vision gives no hint of these soul essences. The knowledge comes intuitionally. The universe is what the name implies — a unit, all of which is vitally, and organically, related and connected. Science teaches the intense unity of all reality, and the interdependence and close relationship existent between its seemingly separate parts. The thirst for nonlimitation is necessarily of the essence of limitation. The fact desired antedates, and is, the desire's explaining cause. That this should be, and not that, is unthinkable. Desire is the unsatisfied feeling which attends the absence from limited consciousness of that in its entirety with which the individual is so related. Desire involves the sensed existence of a fact whose precise form may be, and often is, veiled from view. We want, and we do not know precisely what would satisfy that want. We secure the supposed object, but the ghost refuses to down. Every individual is a fraction of the circle which constitutes the universal all, and a thirst for the completing supplement is of every fraction's essence. The discontent of arcs ensouled would be the exact measure of the supplement lacked to make the round complete. This sensed deficiency is the psychic antecedent, and the motor force, of all fractional activity. Nature is one vast conspiracy to join desire and the desired. We err oft, if not always, as to the form, but the fact shall surely be — nay, the fact now is: That we, as yet, are unaware, explains. We see but a fraction of the fact.

A consciousness of a fact less spacious than the fact assures unrest, which unremoved, one moment fair, however fair, forever stayed, in time would make a hell of heaven itself. Individual vision is in infinitely varying forms. Because the individual is itself fractional and imperfect, individual vision is always more or less imperfect. Though we may be unable to define accurately, or even guess, what would satisfy, every want sensed is a vision, vague and imperfect though it be, of that which would satisfy that want. — Desire is a form of vision. We vaguely see in its entirety that which is wanting — nothing short of the entire integer would satisfy, and the vision of the integer is never wholly absent. Desire analyzed, every desire analyzed to the utmost would be found to be a vision of the integer fact. That only would satisfy.

Desire is of my essence. No finite soul could hold infinite hope, and infinite desire. We do hold such hope, and such desire. We are such hope and such desire. Equipped as I am with such tokens of divinity, let no warder at the outer gate presume to bar my entrance to the loftiest presence there within. One dimension I have which I know will match any to be found within. The loftiness of my desire is the credential of my royal lineage, and high estate. I enter unabashed. I also am reality. What is there more to say of aught that is, however exalted? Why should grovelling be the attitude of soul in the presence of deity? The thirst that deep wide seas would leave unquenched can never be satisfied by the stream which cannot fill to overflowing one tiny grave that blocks its way. I am that

thirst. The line that fathoms my desire diameters the universe, and probes eternity to its farthest limit, and by this token I know the unlimited is in me also. There surely is more and better than we know, or find, this side of the tomb. Soul's elemental, inborn discontent, and its vague longing for it knows not what, are prophecies not death's own self can thwart, or falsify.

Consider the regal character of those instincts. In all ages man has shown by his acts that considerations in no way related to what may be this side the grave outweigh any that are. Consider the good there is in humanity. This humble earth, this footstool self-confessed, despite its constant prostrate attitude before His throne, rays equal splendor back of glory all her own. Though suffering was old upon the earth before I came, yet where was mercy then, and to this hour where was there sign of thought to lessen pain, save in some human breast? Consider the good there is in humanity.—As her very own I claim earth's mother-love, for why shall man disown the good he finds within, and claim the ill alone, and thus His glory build on His poor creature's shame? Must we forget our kinship with our sire, and groveling be evermore the attitude of prayer? May we not Him revere, yet stand erect? As my true self I claim my better self. I am the soul which struggles to ascend, and not the mire which stays its soaring flight.

Without fair Eden's walls I found a flower yet fairer far than aught which fairest grew within; that flower, the love a mother bears. Nor even here, within these pearly gates, can my frail mortal

thought conceive of aught more holy, or more pure, and now, from lips that in a shameful moment once laid blame at woman's feet, shall earth and heaven hear. A woman's veins supplied the stream which flowed on Calvary. An earthly mother shared with Him in that great sacrifice. Her eyes beheld — her mother eyes beheld. Herself nearby, she hears a tearful world, forever hears that sad, lamenting cry, "My God, my God, oh why hast thou forsaken me?" She sees him as her child. She hears his mournful plaint because in that dread hour he does not feel thy staying presence near. She sees, she hears, she feels. Her mother heart is anguished sore by no inferior pang. In that dread hour we see her near, but where, oh where art Thou?

Nor was diviner lineage required to place the willing victim there. Each cry to earth for martyrs wakes back the echo, "We come." This day but gives the edict forth with due attest that such an offering by earth alone would truly make an exile of earth's woe, and from that hour each undulating hill shall be a Calvary. But let the attest be given, and the offering will be forthcoming; both sexes, all colors, the bad, will come also. You will find them even in your penitentiaries. For soul is there, and where soul is no claim can be too audacious.

And if he were indeed divine, if Calvary were world benison as loudly vaunted since, then here was most gracious favor shown to the son as well as to our poor selves, for what less could a son thus visioned have wished, or done. If assured of like beneficent result, soul's earth begotten souls such as we see about us every day, would not hesitate to make like sacrifice:

What less could divine sons have wished, or done? Why look to Calvary alone? For others' weal man even lives impaled; for others' weal man even dares to live impaled.

And now, and for this once, let bad people also receive respectful salutation, and have honorable mention, for we are not so different from the good as some of them suppose. Yes, this vilified and discredited world has not lacked, and does not lack, for martyrs. Even though they err, every sacrifice by martyr or by patriot made, assures that life continues. Such sacrifice is nature's testimony that soul's affairs more kingly are than death. But if soul ceases, then death is superior to soul.

The martyr and the patriot hear a voice which speaks in a regal tone from out the fathomless mystery. Obedience converts cosmic command into cosmic promise, and every cosmic promise shall surely be fulfilled. That mystery unveiled, our eyes would see promise and fulfillment parts of one and the same inseparable fact. That he who makes the sacrifice shall also be its beneficiary is the only conceivable fulfillment.

These high instincts see farther than they tell. They are regal in character. The king is not required to explain. We do not have impulse; we are the impulse. It is not for the chemist to disclose soul composition. These high hopes, aspirations, and impulses, and this sublime faith and trust — these are soul structure. The martyr is wiser than he knows. We have a vision whereof we are unconscious. The power that makes for righteousness, though not exclusively of our conscious selves, is of

our true selves, and our highest self attests the fact. Love is but a specialized manifestation of the altruistic instinct. Wherever benefit elsewhere is the motive for effort, or sacrifice, the altruistic instinct is there asserting itself. Martyr, patriot, and philanthropist alike sense the regal character of the altruistic impulse, and they pause not to ask why. Why, is an interrogation addressed to reason, but these instincts speak from a deeper strata. Every sacrifice of self for a country, or for a cause, or for a brothers' weal, is the testimony of the flow which proves the character of the fount.

The soul of humanity is that fountain's flow. Soul analysis shows all but universal presence of the instinctive conviction that life is good. As to many, and probably as to most, reason would dissent, but here as always elsewhere, intuition speaks in a regal tone. All its varied forms cling to life. Scarcely less universal is the fraternal love instinct. If aught be good, this is. Though but faintly present in many, this instinct is not wholly wanting in any. Each toward all, and all toward each, are different forms of expressing the same fact. Each involves the other. The closeness of the analogy between this each toward all tendency of the psychic world and the gravitation tendency of each toward all of the seemingly nonpsychic world, is aggressively suggestive. The individual consciousness we know leaves the place and power of this instinct in the economy of nature unsensed, and the cosmic character of its basal support all unknown. The intense unity of the integer fact explains. The benefactor is wiser than he knows. The relation between the giver and the re-

cipient is that of identity. The instinct which prompts altruistic action, even at the cost of life itself, is cosmic in character. It sees and knows that the brother we do, and the enemy we are commanded to love, and ourselves, are one and the same.

By reason of the solidarity of nature, and the resulting identity of each with all, that which is best for any is best for all. Sound policy sanctions the declaration which Whitman made, with proper emphasis, that he wished no good for himself whereof every other did not have his full share. But what then of the thirst for fame which most could never share? By reason of such solidarity, the relation existing between the world's now warring nations is that of identity. A harmful blow struck by either is suicidal in character. In the coming adjustment, what is best for France and England will be best for Germany, as well; and nothing that would be worst for France and England can be best for Germany. And the results of solidarity are yet more far-reaching.

What is best for those in our jails, and penitentiaries, and poorhouses, and for those in the hell's half acres of our large cities is best for us.

Those in our prisons are our brethren. Under the same conditions many of us would be with them there. They are there temporarily. They came from among us. They will soon be intermingled among us again. Prison life should be such that when they come out it will be the better for us, as well as for them, that they had been there. Is it so in fact? Verily, the evolution of our civilization is still in a most primitive stage.

Those in our midst of a darker hue also are our brethren. Under great difficulties they go struggling upward. Every upward struggling race goes clinging to the skirts of the invisible God. Beware how you place obstacles in their way. They are here to stay. What is best for them is best for us. And there is Mexico: poor Mexico! They are our neighbors. What there occurs, concerns us. And they are better than we think. Nine out of ten of Villa's gang, if in your employ and in personal contact with you, and if treated as they should be, would be as faithful to you, and as loyal to your every interest, as your well treated dog. The writer has been among the Mexicans.

Going out of San Francisco once, I rode all day seated by a young Turkish lad, whose American employer had been accidentally killed the day before. Though they may now be receiving their just dues at the hands of their foes in the Holy Land and elsewhere, the remembrance of that boy's grief, clumsily tongued in broken English though it was, left me forever more kindly disposed toward all of his faith and his kin. Here is pity for them and for their foes alike. If those savages which Columbus and his Christian associates found on this continent had come in contact only with our best instead of our worst, when would they have quit worshipping the whites?

"Bohunk," "Greaser," and "Dago" are words which should never be used. That poor, lone woman standing sad, silent, and solitary by the side of her little grave was what some would call a "greaser." Verily we are all brethren.

Then consider the universal, instinctive, and in-

stantaneous condemnation of injustice and oppression. 'This condemnation is the flow. We know the flow, and densely veiled though it be, we may infer the fount. And in spite of all surface showing to the contrary, we know that nature is good.

And what is good, and how are we to know it to be so? Just as we know sour to be sour — by direct perception. Direct perception is not merely the basis of knowledge. It *is* knowledge. There can be no higher assurance of a fact than that the fact is directly perceived. By direct perception we know the difference between the good and the nongood. And not only so, but by direct perception we sense the universal stress toward the good. The fact is axiomatic. In the physical world, we recognize the stress we call gravitation, but in the wider nonphysical domain, with yet more certitude we sense a stress not less universal. Yon high sun flames not more conspicuously before the eye of the world than shows to us the fact of the distinction between the good and the nongood, and the stress toward the good. The stress which underlies the word *ought* is neither less cosmic in character, nor less universal in extent, and is more directly perceived than is the stress of gravitation. True, though we see the right we do the wrong. *But we do not believe in it.* Belief in righteousness is one thing; its practice is another. That is cosmic, and integeric; this is fractional. That is universal; not so this.

Every participant in the world's greatest crime, now in progress, knows it to be wrong. Not one of them all but shares the universal hope that the time is near when the idiot war shall fall by its own weight,

and die of self-inflicted wounds. The wrongdoer himself looks with no favor upon wrong. It has no attraction for him. The wrongful act is the means, not the end. If the desired end could be attained by means untainted by its objectionable quality, he would be the better pleased. Different functions are exercised, and a different strata of soul involved in contemplating the quality of the means, from those which serve a like purpose in considering the end to be attained. By reason of constitutional limitations of the mind, activity here means dormancy there. But the act once accomplished, the wrong done, dormancy awakes. The act was temporary and personal. Its condemnation is cosmic, and eternal. If, eons hence, planets should form, be peopled, and if converging orbits in time and space should bring the wrongful act to view, condemnation would be there also. The wrongdoer's higher self, which himself would know to be his true self, would concur to make the verdict unanimous. And if the superiority of virtue, that of the good over the nongood, be perceived, the fact *is*.

And what is involved in that word *superior*? Every feature, potency, and principle necessary to constitute superiority is there, unyielding and irresistible as the framework and the power of the universe itself. What limited vision declares to be superior, unlimited vision knows to be exclusive. It has no opposite. To borrow an expression, "If God be for, who shall be against?" Virtue stands like the mountain in Elisha's day, environed with horses and chariots of fire which, though invisible, were

there. And the highest self is the true self.—Consider Judas. The Judas who repented, and not the one who sinned, was the true Judas. Assuming the legend to be true, consider the anguish of those last hours. Himself capable of such feeling, but with never a kind thought turned his way, but the reverse rather, throughout this wide universe, and through all the years that were, or yet shall be, what solitude were his? And was there no virtue here? Soul, and soul affairs, are the true reality. Repentance is among energy's highest forms, and charity is also a form of no inferior rank. Then shall he, even he, stay all unfriended and bereft of all sympathy? That was a long time ago. There are those who still retain their tainted coins. At this late day let his merit, also, be accredited. His highest self was his true self.

The term good is not used in this discussion in its strict ethical sense; "Ideal" would be more appropriate. The ideal is the true real. The good is always, and everywhere, both true and beautiful; the true is both good and beautiful; and the beautiful is both good and true. Art devoid of morality is not art. These constitute nature's trinity. Each is all, and all are each. From the standpoint of the seen, this trinity has its explanation in the trifold vision of the seer; from that of the seer, in the trifold aspect of the seen; but in view of the identity of the seer and the seen, we find the explanation in the single fact which includes each. Whichever aspect of this trinity may be the accented feature, the stress idealward is the stress Godward. Obey that, and find Him.

The limitations of the follower may cause error as to the precise direction, but the right hemisphere will always be indicated.

A vision keener than that of the flesh is required to view any fact as it truly is. To see the bud you must see the stress and tendency whose result is to be the glory of the flower's full bloom. Nay, with vision wider far, and with farther range, soul must behold the stress and tendency which inevitably assures all that is, or can be fair, and loveliness of every form. Our cosmic, though now unconscious soul must view. The ideal is the one only true prophet. Whoso would depict futurity must receive the pigments for his coloring from the hand of the ideal. The prophet said war shall cease. In the main, private warfare is largely extinct. The duel is off color. Individuals have already, and nations yet shall, become civilized.

And yet, to keep the eye turned toward the light, does not render darkness a condition nonexistent. The superiority attributed to virtue requires that virtue must triumph; otherwise, it is not superior. Of what avail are horses and chariots of fire, and of what avail omnipotence, if when the supreme moment arrives, they remain invisible? Are not powers which do not manifest nonexistent for all practical purposes? And may we not, advancing warily, with foot uplifted until the earth's firm rock shall somewhere welcome its descent, and standing so, with soul's sense of awareness alert to the limit; may we not ask, if with all her omnipotent backing, has virtue as yet prevailed to any noticeable extent? And does not the answer come, "No, it has not?" And why not? Is it lack of time? But has there not already been

ample time for all to be that is to be? And are not these fair questions?

And if the time when the advancement that would warrant the declaration that nature is good has not yet arrived, what are the tests by which we may know when the time does come? Is not nature, considered in her entirety, perfect now? If not now, have we any reason to think she ever will be perfect? And if perfect now, what are we to say of the lack of perfection now everywhere visible around us? What shall we say of the wild carnival of woe that now is beyond the eastward sea, where desolation stalks to and fro at his mad will about the earth, and wrathful terrors trace each sky? Amid the wreck of their once homes, with war's loud clangor close enwalled, there new made widows sit, sit weeping now, with little ones engrouped about, and pleading there, all pleading piteously — they to her, and she to God — but pleading all in vain. And are we to understand that this is a mere illusion of the finite sense? — And that the ideal toward which we strive, and toward which we tend, is the true, real, already existing, unchangeable God Himself, with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning? And that lack of vision rather than the lack of fact explains the seeming imperfections we see around us? Is God not perfect now? And that, with eyes more widely opened, the young man in Elijah's day would have seen not merely horses and chariots of fire, but their work also, an accomplished fact? And may it not be that evolution's process is an enlargement of vision, a widening of the consciousness of, rather than an alteration of, fact?

And though, as its final outcome, evolution does mean loftiest attainment for life's higher forms, what is that to these which stay lower? For evolution first presents the amœba, and Plato later; but though Plato comes, the amœba does not go. All the intermediate links are here also.

Limitation in varying degrees from amœba to Plato certainly, and in all probability, vastly higher still, seems to be the order of nature. We so find nature today; what reason have we to suppose conditions will ever be different? And limitation always, and everywhere, means that which seems undesirable, whether the name be spelled with eleven letters, or with four. The fact is there just the same. But suppose evolution eventually be for all, to the very highest, why and how came the conditions that render evolution necessary, or possible? If to support her claim to an affirmative answer, nature be credited with the cure for the malady, shall not the malady itself be charged against her? And does not the one offset the other? And do not these queries hopelessly bar an affirmative answer to our caption query when considered from the standpoint of reason?

Then is nature good? It would seem to be as in the controversy between free will and fate. Instinct answers yes. The constitution of the mind will not let it; it *cannot* rest in the belief that this vast scheme of existence is set to issues of disastrous end for any single soul. But reason balks. And why? Is it because some defect lurks, like a fly at the bottom of the feast, in every major premise? Is it because intuition is not permitted to participate in placing the foundation of the structure of which the conclusion

reached is the summit? But suppose reason, instead of merely withholding assent, with mathematical demonstration positively denies. What then? What then? Why this: the apocalyptic vision of the Second Coming, with all its spectacular display of sublimity and terror, becomes verity! The Chief Figure Signals a Startled World to Silence! He speaks! Solemnly and impressively he declares all we know to be mean, grovelling, and bestial, to be in fact holy and pure, and he directs that henceforth such teaching become the basis of action, and the inspiration of character. Reason, looking to the display of seeming omnipotence, ample and profuse, as due credential, argues acquiescence. But the "Get thee behind me" which instantly displaces the hosannas of the humblest standing there, though he stand alone, will be the voice of the world, and the intuition which prompted the utterance, though seemingly against God himself, will determine world action.

Though aureoled with splendor, sanctioned by reason, and panoplied about with seeming omnipotence, the heart of that humble dissenter, and not the seat of the awe-inspiring impostor, will be the throne of a royalty whose power will be incompatible not merely with the immediate presence, but with the very existence of the adversary. He will be found to be utter negation.

Under the conditions stated, the world would unhesitatingly obey the voice of intuition, speaking from within, rather than that of the seeming God speaking from without, though He appear with full display of seeming omnipotence as His credential.

You could no more induce it to do otherwise than you could get the bee to build four-sided cells, or the bird to place the soft lining on the outside of the nest. Not even omnipotence, approaching from without, could bring about other action from bee, bird, man, or world. To do so would require fresh exercise of creative power, with finger-touch on intuition itself, changing structure to the core. And then, as now, the voice of intuition would be His very own.

Yes, the world would be right. When the gods meet man, no introduction will be needed. They will be recognized.

When the true prophet comes, not works of wonder, or displays of power, before outlooking eyes, but the character of his utterance shall be his credential. There a light shall glow, but of no earthly flame; and all earth's eyes shall note, shall instantly detect the strange luster. Back of, and through, his words, facts will be visible — will there stand clamorous, with beckoning gesture. Words are but forms of utterance, but thoughts are facts. Look to the facts which gesture there, beckoning attention. Think you that when the light bearing Lucifer comes, the world will not know whether his light be starfire, or candleflame?

True, we here front a fathomless mystery. Mystery is reality's alias. On every hand we are environed close about with mystery. Every fact shades off beyond our vision's horizon; rigid analysis shows utter incomprehensibility to be the salient feature of these with which we are most familiar. Even the instinctive "I am" utterance leaves the "I" for

the most part all unknown. Though knowledge may extend her borders, mystery not less unfathomable will still front the explorer. Increase of knowledge means merely the substitution of one mystery for another.

Mystery must be; the fraction cannot comprehend the integer. The cord of the arc cannot know the length of the circle's diameter. Incomprehensibility of fact is due to the personal equation from which individuality can by no possibility escape. No increase of knowledge can bring one nearer to full knowledge. Finite plus finite can never equal infinite. Every such addition would be mechanical. The bridge between must be psychic, and every psychic bridge must have psychic connection. At each end of that bridge reality is mystery, and mystery is psychic. Only the surface emerges for the limited vision. From out that mystery energies come, and voices speak. These are of the structural essence of the veiled reality. When these voices speak, the universe declares. The soul of humanity is of that mystery. All life's varied forms cling to life. Clinging is an instinctive declaration that life is good. True, as to many, if not most, reason dissents, but here, as elsewhere, intuition speaks in a regal tone. Intuition declares nature to be good; reason hesitates, or openly dissents. The world does now, and for all time seems likely to, accept the verdict of intuition. And why? There must be a reason. A consideration of the distinctive and radical difference between intuition and intellect may explain. For though neither can be wholly absent where the other is present, there is a radical differ-

ence. Individuality is dual phased. Though still no less of the universal, yet from his own standpoint the individual is separate and apart therefrom. Intellection is a purely individual activity. It is a process; it has duration attended with beginning and progress, both of which are subject to individual volition, followed by the conclusion reached as a result of the process. The intuitional activity incident to the outward vision, furnishes the data but for which its own activity would remain dormant. The outward vision is highly specialized. Concentration here means withdrawal there. Specialization, while it may mean clearer, also necessarily means a narrower vision, and a narrower vision is less true.

Though specialization shows clearly, it shows surface features only. And the conclusion reached is an intellectual product. At every point of comparison intuition is in striking contrast. Intuition is not a process; there is no duration. The condition presented, and the feeling, is there, and the urge is sensed. As with the supposed wish of omnipotence, there is no space for will. Individual volition may grieve, or partially quench, the spirit of intuition, but the still small voice is yet there. It is largely independent of the individual, who may, in fact, wish and will otherwise. He may, and he often does, wish to accept the verdict of reason instead, but he cannot do so. The Holy Spirit is not of the conscious individual; it is of the Universal, between which and the individual a connection most vital is never severed.

The individual has the intellection, but the intuition has the individual. The intuition *is* the indi-

vidual. We *are* these impulses, instincts, and aspirations. This eternal impressible why, why, why, may not look in their direction. These are simply because that which is must of necessity be in some way, and these are of the integer fact's mode of being.

And this is why in such matters the world refuses to accept the verdict of reason. It does not, because it cannot. Wherever both are sounding, the world must, and does keep step to the tap of a different drum. We do not have these high beliefs. Though not as yet fully emerged within the conscious vision, we *are* these high beliefs; we *are* this aspiration's upward trend; we *are* the eleventh commandment; we *are* the condemnation of wrong, and injustice; we *are* the hope that still eternal springs. And growing awareness of the fact incident to an increasing consciousness of identity with the integer fact is the sure destiny of all soul. And when the prophet appears to point whence comes the light, to point, then to stand from between, will be his function. Then let the world look where the prophet points, and then let not intuition abdicate her imperial throne. Let then the world's intuition say if light be light, or no. And who are prophets? Whoever sees facts. In facts, not words, revealing comes. Before all eyes nature's book wide open lies, the true apocalypse. All souls are seers, and each soul's place is Patmos Isle. And this is intuition? Here, bird, bee and ourselves all come in the same category. The variance is in degree only. See the robin through the window there, every faculty and capacity engrossed in gathering and placing, first twigs, then finer material, to form her nest. Mother-to-be though she be, her eyes have

never seen egg. Think you within her mind, or fragile brain, there is anywhere a vision of the miracle whereof that nest shall shortly be the scene? Or watch that bee busily intent upon the building, atom by atom, the never more, never less, six-sided walls of the cell. Does she now foresee that cell's present purpose, and future use? Now does she? And yet purpose is there, and purpose is a psychic fact; and that purpose is integeric, and not individual.

Nature is close allied and near of kin throughout. Back of the bee, bird, world, and ourselves, there is intelligence not of our conscious selves, yet of the very essence of our true selves, which closely articulates with the still higher intelligence which is the soul of all that is, and is commensurate therewith; nay, which is all that is. This also has capacity for awareness and faculty of perception, and this it is that while the nest was building, foresaw and willed the miracle to be enacted there, and this it was that instantly detected the imposter in the supposed apocalyptic vision. That which from our standpoint would be called will is there.

Verily, eyes are, though not our own, which all steadily behold the light, and the power, not of our conscious selves, which makes for righteous ends. But there was no occasion to look to the insufficiency of the evidence which death presents in support of the claim that his touch means extinction. We have only to look to the source and nature of his authority. For who is this death who appears with such amplitude of claim of so objectionable a character, and such paucity of proof to sustain it? Death is not the lord and master of nature, but her servant

and instrument rather. It comes not within the province of the servant to bar the realization of those high hopes which the master's own hand has made of the very essence of all soul. And now let death make profert of each direful ill that follows in his train, and one by one parade his vaunted terrors to the day. Let now this bluffer show his bears. Let him show now whatever dreadful glares beyond the tomb, or instantly cease his constant loud pretense. I would not shun the fate all else must share. To still exist, and yet to mireward drift, shall be the only death I dread. A dweller of the world, I fain would share the world's sublime advance. The portion of the line that I alone am given to defend shall not recede.

But is reason warranted in withholding assent from the declaration that nature is good? May not such assent be coerced? Reason remains inert until the breath of life comes from without. She cannot herself supply that without which there can be no start. With fulcrum for his lever, Archimedes can move worlds, but without, not one feather. That fulcrum must be some fact shown, or conceded, to be such.—We tender this fact. The major premise must be provided. We tender this. The good is, and is superior to the nongood. Inquiry as to the proper criteria by which to determine the genuineness of the proffered fact would be unnecessary. There is a shorter route; by whatever criteria such genuineness is to be determined, that the good is, and that it is superior to the nongood, is a fact. We ourselves are the voice of the integer, and we are the organized affirmation of this fact.

Nowhere can a surer basis of certitude be found. Any demurrage would itself be a conclusion which could by no possibility have a more secure footing as basis for its initial fact. If reason may reject this, she may reject every proffered major premise, and she must remain a lifeless corpse which can neither assent to, nor dissent from, any proposition. Here, then, is fact. The universe is made up of fact, and here fact is, not thing ephemeral like Shasta's base, or yonder sun, or aught that shows to outward eye. Time and space may be illusions of the limited mind, but here is fact as eternal as soul, which sees, which knows, and which is, the fact. Reason may not concede that fact upon which her activity depends, and having started, affirm a fact inconsistent therewith. What was fact at the beginning must stay fact to the end. That good is, and is superior to nongood, is one of nature's facts. Soul structure so declares. But if nature herself be not good, the existence of the good, and the superiority assigned, were without a basis of fact. That the good should be, and that it should be superior, and the proposition that nature is not good is inconsistent. Reason must yield her assent, or go back and repudiate her concession of the initial fact, which concession gave her admission into the arena. The fact must stand as fact. The constitution of soul so demands, and a demand having such basis for the existence of a fact is itself a direct perception of the fact as existing.

But, you say, "Whatever your logic may establish, war and East Lake disasters are not good." And you ask what I have to say to that. Why this: The superiority involved and perceived in the basal fact

gives it regal place. Every apparently inconsistent fact must yield. Time and space, and all this outward show of things, must hold themselves in readiness to stand not upon the order of their going. It has the right of way; it must stand unshaken and immovable, though the earth vanish and the heavens fall. But the integrity of the initial fact involves no such catastrophe. This fact bears repetition: some part of every fact lies hid, and where only part is known, who shall say how much is what lies hid? War and East Lake disasters may well be infinitesimal segments of a circle whose complete round is an integer fact which is not inconsistent. With this explanation a possible fact, the self-evident fact which constitutes the major premise may stand. And without any explanation it must, it does, and it will stand. Though seemingly he slay, yet still will I trust, for I will be of that which slew, and on yet loftier ground where slaughter never comes.

Whether her virtue come from without, or be hers in her own right, Nature is good.

The major premise in question to the initial clause, "The good is," adds "and is superior." This was unnecessary. The superiority asserted is involved in the good. The good which is not superior to the nongood is not good. Who sees a fact, sees all involved therein, though an analysis may be required to bring it to actual view. Upon rigid analysis, every essential element of the fact represented by the word *God* will be found in the fact named good. The good is there; the fact is there. As the world sees the sun, so the world fronts and views the fact. It has been said, "No eye hath seen God." It shall

now be said that whether the name be spelled with four letters, or with three, all eyes behold the Fact. There is the light. Let the prophets stand from between. We ourselves are the organized cognition of the fact that the good is, and that it is superior to the nongood. That God is good, that nature is good, follows as a necessary inference.

The identity of the names God and good may be noted. The words are wholly unrelated in etymological origin. They were first unloosed from lips widely separated in time and place, and of different tongues. Those who first uttered either, in so doing had no more idea of the precise thought which first found expression in the other's utterance, than had the robin while softly lining her nest of the egg whereof that nest was to be the resting place. And suppose those two words, so wide in origin, so close in form and meaning, should be our contribution to the universal language of the unified social and political fabric of the world which surely yet shall be, what then?

The argument thus advanced concedes that with death unvanquished, the verdict must be in the negative. But, you say, that though death be not extinction, and though the grave be the gateway to Paradise for all that breathe, the grief one mother feels who stands beside her little grave, even upon that hypothesis, would far outweigh the whole vast train of joys that follow in creation's wake. You say no common measure is applicable, and that the circle of such grief can never be squared by the joys of Paradise, and that if instead of the declaration

attributed in the apocalyptic illustration put forward with perilously near impious daring, the chief figure had proffered eternal bliss for the assembled multitude upon condition that one mother should endure such anguish, the "get thee behind me" response which came then would be not less prompt, and not less proper, now. And who would accept an eternity of bliss for himself at such a dear cost to another? To shield others from torment, love well might accept torment for love's self, but not to confer bliss.

And you ask what I have to say; why this: In spite of all this the world, made up as it is of fathers and mothers who have paused, or who yet shall pause with blurred vision for a tearful interval by these horrible wide-gaping graves, which in time shall receive them also, have ever believed, believe now, and will continue to believe, in the regal power and character of the good. The mere fact that the world so believes may mean nothing. The fact that it so has believed, believes now, and will continue to adhere to, such audacious belief, without evidence, and in the face of positive fact and absolute demonstration, seemingly to the contrary, such as you present, means everything. The persistence of such faith under such conditions with infallible certainty points to a basis which, though invisible, is somewhere there, sure and steadfast. Invisible because where the eye is a fraction there the vision must be fractional also.

The answer to our initial query must be in the affirmative. Nature is good: This fact analyzed involves and means the Godward stress, the motor

force of all nature's activities. For unless nature tend goodward, Nature is not good. The tendency is what tells, whether of soul, man, or thing.

This, then, is the conclusion — union with God — a consciousness commensurate with all, the goal — the urge idealward — the motor force, and evolution's path, the way.

At each successive step we sense the stress idealward, but an eye of larger range sees through our own. Another's glance extends our puny aim, and stronger hands unloose the string that speeds our arrows to a farther goal. We look to the act's immediate result, but the arrow sees that farther goal. There is but one God, and intuition is his prophet.

God is good, and soul is eternal!

For all practical purposes, the integer fact is non-existent save as it affects feeling, and thought is a form of feeling. Spirit, not the surveyor's chain, or dial plate, furnishes that which facts measure and test. What does it mean for soul — that is all that concerns. Infinitely diversified are the forms of energy which constitute that fact. Some of these forms are psychic. We ourselves are such. Although the maxim *ab uno disce omnes* might well apply, we assume others to be nonpsychic. We ourselves are the highest form of reality known with certainty, though it would be most surprising if there were not other forms higher still. Individual vision transcends individual fact. We see farther, higher, and deeper than we are. By this wider vision we feel, and we apprehend, more of the integer fact than we see, more than presents clearly defined outline. We are indebted to this awareness faculty for our knowl-

edge of the most vital and fundamental features and aspects of the integer fact. This knowledge consists of ideals and intuitions. The world is accustomed to sneer at idealists. They are visionaries, impracticals, and dreamers. But let not these be viewed with eye askant. They err who regard high ideals as emanations from the brain of a disfavored class. Idealists do not originate, they behold what they proclaim to dwellers of the darkened vales below. That which becomes, plus the capacity for becoming, which is inseparable from the conditions which ensure becoming, equals that which becomes. The relation between the two members of the equation is that of identity. The difference is that of form, not fact. These ideals are the result of long ages of thinking, suffering, earnest yearning, and heroic striving. The eye of aspiration is soul's highest sense organ, and the eye of aspiration views the ideal. The voice of wisdom is the voice of the ages. The voice of the ages is the voice of intuition. The voice of intuition is the voice of God, and the idealist hears that voice. But here let the fact be borne in mind: each present age is one of the ages whose voice is the voice of God. All idealists have not been world-saviors, but all world-saviors to their contemporaries have been dreamers, and impracticals. Though not their aim, the gibbet, the stake, and the scaffold, have for the most part been their reward.

“Mock not the dreamers! Since the world began
They scanned the skies and grandly mapped for man
The paths obscure, the dark and devious ways
Which lead toward the light of future days.

“ They wrote truth’s story ’mid envenomed rage —
Truth rimmed with glory by a wiser age;
Their gems delivered, some as martyrs died,
Slain by a world which quotes them now with pride.

“ Though javelins of hate were at them hurled,
These men despised were saviors of the world;
What unto them were wealth, or greed of gold?
More priceless was their lore a thousandfold.

“ Mock not the dreamers, these are they who speed
God’s mightiest purposes with word and deed;
Yield them your trust, their message hear and heed!”

Each individual is a numerator whose denominator is the integer fact. The greater the numerator, the more accurate his knowledge of the integer fact, and the loftier his ideals. The loftier the ideal, the clearer the perception of the difference between the good and the nongood, and the more intense the disapproval of the various forms of the nonideal.

The strongest conceivable disapproval would be that of a numerator equal to the denominator, for then the vision would be commensurate with the fact. The strongest condemnation of wrong, injustice, oppression, and the various forms of the nonideal, cannot be the product of that which is the embodiment of them all; but if what we see and know with absolute certainty, is the limit of the fact, nature is the embodiment of wrong, injustice and oppression.

Of like high character and origin are intuitions. Intuition furnishes knowledge, and is the influence that most concerns. Where sits the king enthroned who bids life’s every form to still cling to life? How

did we find out that life may be retained at too dear a price? How did we find out that it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong? Now how did we? And we have so found out. Though you had fore-known in advance what would be the policy and sentiments of Israel's God toward Jacob, you would rather have been Esau, though hated he were by Israel's God. The favor even of Israel's God was purchased here at too dear a price. And did either experience or intellect give knowledge of this fact? Is nature indebted to intellect for the continued exercise of functions which look to the attainment of ends especially dear to nature's heart? All these questions show a knowledge of the utmost moment acquired by intuition. The focusing of the gravitation influence of the material universe upon each particle of matter symbolizes an analogous psychic activity whereof the individual is the recipient subject. Instinct and intuition are these cosmic influences, individually sensed, and operative.

That these intuitions are formed and fashioned by the varying and incessant touch of soul's environment through all the ages of the illimitable past is of no consequence. Capacity for such becoming, and the certainty that such becoming would be, is of the essence of the fact. History may trace the successive stages of development, but that which develops, antedates the history of development. History finds genesis an existing fact. As history declares and shows, ages of thought, of suffering, of yearning, and of earnest striving, gave form to the fact, but the fact was there. The crucible cannot show, nor can history tell of Genesis. Experience may backward

trace development, but it cannot account for that which develops. Evolution deals only with the form of the fact. All metamorphosis may not be evolution, but all evolution is metamorphosis. We may familiarize with the process, but we cannot account for the presence of its subject matter. The significance and character of a fact is not affected by reason of our ability to backward trace its antecedent form. Energies so fashioned and so directed as to result in today's fact, were that fact's antecedent form. Ere life, as we know it, came, conscience was. Capacity for a particular becoming, and the tendency and trend that way, were there before history was. That ages innumerable were required to formulate the voice that now speaks credentials its regal claim — is immaterial.

Intervals, however seemingly vast, cannot be permitted to disguise the character of reality's fact. Save to a vision such as ours, there is no difference between the long and the short. If the transition from the seemingly soulless world of eons since to conditions as we see them now had been in the briefest conceivable time, neither the significance of the fact, nor the inferences therefrom, would be changed. These eon-long yearnings and strivings, and all upward aspiring, are deific energies which are the hereward show of the fairer and farther beyond which we name God. There is the true deity of whom we unwittingly are worshipers and these are forms of that worship; and wherever worship is in any form, Himself is not wholly absent.

We are already that in part whereunto we aspire.

The difference between aspiration and attainment is in degree only.

These intuitions are, and are as they are, because such is the structure of the integer fact. The modes of its activity are such that they must be, and the regal sanction of their imperative is not impaired by reason of the character of the environment, or the length of what we call time, which accounts for the form in which they now are. Suppose but for such environment these would not have been, what of it? But the environment did be, and not only so, it was, and is, of the essence of the very same fact. En-vironed and environment — each is of the other's essence. What you call the without, and what you name the within, tally point for point throughout. The relation between them is that of identity. Ideas do not come within from the without. They are incidental to the activity of an indivisible fact, one feature of which to a vision such as ours is the within, and the other is the without. And here let the fact be repeated: the within and the without pertain to the relative, not to the absolute. The true reality as it in fact is, knows neither without nor within.

How the stress indicated by this word *ought* came to be, is of no consequence; as well consider how the integer fact came to be, for this *ought* is of the essence of that fact. Both were above the necessity of being dependent upon any virtue outside of themselves. The fact that the integer is so structured that the fact is, and is of regal character, is all that concerns. These intuitional affirmations are the voice of the integer fact, and the integer fact is —

God, and His voice it is that tells the ear of soul in whisper tones of thunder power; that wrong is not right; that soul is eternal; and that God is good.

And now hear words, words not those of the dreamer. The future will have faith, and for that faith the world will be a debtor to its thinkers, to thinkers who are not handicapped by theory. Though thereby advised, they will not be bound by the voice that spake in the past, or that speaks from without. For its faith the world will be a debtor to thinkers. Intellect and intuition go always joined; where either is found the other there is. These twain reason and faith, God hath joined. Their severance means disaster to faith, disaster to the world, and these are the words of no dreamer. The intuition of the thinker will determine the faith of the future. It is not so now,

We are bubbles but prefix to that word no "only" or "but." We also are sea. The bubble may go, and may come, again and again it may come, and may go, but we still shall be sea. We still shall be sea; we still shall be here. That sea is eternal, and all being is good. And these are the words of no dreamer.

We are of and in the midst of the Greater Reality, a reality not less real than this, its ephemeral and fractional presentation which we call the earth, whereon we tread. The science eye withdrawn from its accustomed object, though visionless then, fronts not void. A vision not the microscope's nor that of a lens of longer range, views features of *the fact* where momentous character and magnitude vary inversely as to clearness of outline, and definiteness of

detail. And they err who here give names, ascribe attributes, or assign functions.

And these are not the words of a dreamer, or if a dreamer, a dreamer whose eyes are wide open, and their sense is not shut. The thought worded here comes not from without, like that of which George Eliot spoke.—What here you find said is myself, is yourself.—Turn your vision within, and all this you will see, and yet more. All this and yet more you will find within there. The recognition of, and the effort to realize, what you here find expressed, is a segment, is a fraction of the circle of the integer fact.

Though not so in fact, today's humanity is the highest result of integer activity known to us. And humanity's highest ideal when fashioned forth from the block of silence by the individual tongue, and though fashioned by the individual tongue, is the voice of the cosmos, and the voice of the cosmos is the word of God.—That tongue is the implement of sculptors twain. Their names — intuition and reason. The reason and intuition of the heart, the soul, and the brain, that now is. That word is a living word — The Living Word.

Seers view, and visions vary.—Seers view, but the world must judge as to the verity of the vision. Someone inquires: "Is it true, O Christ in heaven, that the strongest suffer most; that the wisest wander farthest, and most hopelessly are lost; that the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain; that the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain?"

There may be a suggestion of truth in these lines, but though I would not wish a laughing Christ, I dis-

trust the vision of all sad visaged seers. The dice are at least loaded in favor of what the general judgment, conscience, and esthetic sense of mankind indicates. Must those who farthest, and most truly, see smile never again? I greatly admire Tolstoi, but Tolstoi is too sombre. Though it bring not a smile, the true view of reality should forbid gloom. I like the smile on Eddy's face. Her philosophy may be unsound.—Matter may be real, and evil God's own right hand, potent to upraise soul from mire to star. Like Aquinas, Tertullian, and Hopkin, mentioned later, she may err. It was not her teaching that made typhoid a stranger in the army camp. Nevertheless, she has a message the world may well pause to hear, and heed. To a materialistic age she brings spirituality. She does not merely declare, but throughout the world she demonstrates, the supremacy of soul, and no claim can be too audacious where soul is concerned. Above all, she brings a joy in a possession which pertains to the present moment in its own right rather than a glory in an expectancy which a more or less remote future may realize.—She stands before the world as a most gracious presence who by a word, and for millions of souls, transfers gladness from the, as yet lifeless future, into the heart of today. At the same time, she brightens rather than dims the eye of hope, which looks to the future. Others before her may have carried the same message, but she was the first to gain a hearing.

Though like others before her, and like others who shall come after, she may have erred, she may be classed among the world's great teachers, and, as such, I lay my tribute at her feet. Whatever may be

its errors, her philosophy involves an habitual awareness of an identity with the universal, eternal, and absolutely perfect integer fact. Her errors, such as they are, are closer approximations to truth than those they displace. One feature of Mrs. Eddy's teaching is worthy of special mention. We may control our states of consciousness; we may select and retain lines of thought, and states of feeling, deemed beneficial until they become habit.

We may reject the stainful thought, or impulse, as we would brush away the noxious insect that alights upon our face. We may determine for ourselves whether the edifice of character shall be of mud, or of marble. We may be pessimist or optimist at will; and truth justifies the latter. Pessimism sees truly, but it does not see fully. It views only a fraction of the fact. You say that this is sheer assumption. I think not. The source must be at least fully level with the flow. Our conception of the ideal is the flow. If reality in its entirety be not perfect, how could reality evolve the idea of perfection? If reality were not infinite and eternal, how could reality evolve the idea of the infinite and eternal? The power to evolve a just condemnation of itself would include the power, and the disposition, to avoid the ground for such a condemnation. Reality in its entirety must be, and remain, for us not merely an approximation to the ideal perfection, but the sole example of such perfection. It is the fact itself rather than a mere mental conception of an imaginary possibility. Yes, truth justifies optimism. Every shadow means a sun somewhere. Night shrinkingly dwells concealed within the cone-shaped

shadow of the earth, while day swells all the universe without. Night is vastly less than day, and I will trust the universe of day.

We are but finite, and the finite ideal rises not to the full measure of the fact; and if the ladder of my logic leads not to the level of this conclusion, instinct shall bridge the interval. The universe in its entirety is good, not evil. In spite of all my limitations and imperfections, I and myriads like me are normal features of its general scheme. And this shall be my faith, and my philosophy. Right well I know that this mighty system of energy was not set to issues of disastrous end. Upon this rock, upheld though it may possibly be by instinct alone, my faith shall stand, though worlds may crash, and matter wreck, and seeming chaos come again.

The Buddha's bugle only calls retreat; but "Forward march!" indicates where the true Nirvana lies. Mahomet truly saw, and truly said, "Under the shadow of swords, there Paradise is found."— Under the shadow of swords, there Paradise is found: Onward, Christian soldier; forward — march! With God for us, who can be against us! These are the prophet words that tell the soul's high destiny.

The hand of death but parts the veil that hides us from ourselves. Death, if not that which now confronts, then one that comes later shall be a dehypnotizing factor. Though briefly guised as a fraction, we are the integer as well. Though for the most part the fraction's aims stay unattained, we are the integer, as well, and the integer's ends are surely all attained — are all attained at last.

And when by pitiless fate impelled, we near where void, earth walled and bottomless, with eager out-reached arms awaits (no, not *our* coming, not *our* grave awaits. There are griefs sorer than that, and deeper still), though our dwarfed universe seem narrow Lucknow encompassed close about with hostile front, and deepening gloom whence faces unpityingly glare forth, our ear may hear afar, may faintly hear, the slogan cry which tells that relief is there, and though at last these ears of flesh may only hear the sound of falling clod, and all, yes all, seems going — gone — still the ear of soul shall hear, more clearly hear the slogan cry which tells “the Campbells are coming,” “The Campbells are coming.” And its strains assure fulfillment of the promise of our hope, for we know that those who are for us are more than those which be against us. We know we ourselves and these our beloved, now veiled from view, are of that which is all eternal. We know the all whereof we are, whereof they are, is good, and all is well. As the truer vision knows, the triumphal strain rather than the funeral dirge befits the occasion. True, there will be the pain because of loved ones gone. And that will be enough, but in the hour of sacred sorrow let not theology’s monster terror dare intrude, or come within shadow throwing distance to ray forth gloom instead of light.

XVIII

SOUL AMPLITUDE

Individual life is a slow awakening process. At an early stage soul sensed the fact, and believed herself eternal.— And this, too, though the dweller of a grave-paved world, without walking space between. The mother-heart leaves not undecked with flower the mound where loved ones lie. And so with nature's mother-heart, and this belief is that flower.

That flower shall pause not with the bloom; full fruitage yet shall surely be. The promise there shall surely be fulfilled. Soul thirst assures that thirst's assuage. All thirst, and thirst's assuage, are of one stem. Within a world so paved, this early instinctive assertion of soul's continuance was none too daring for soul fact. Far otherwise; soul immortality but scantily suggests the soul's full amplitude, for soul is otherwise, also dimensioned not less. Soul has not fully come awake; only a consciousness commensurate with soul fact is soul's full measure.

Soul is bounded by neither time, nor space, but rather they by it. Analyse unwillingness to become less, and find wish to become more. Analyse unwillingness to become naught, and find desire to become all; analyze soul's wish to be all, and find that soul is all, though as yet unaware of the fact. Every instinctive effort to avert death, even by life's lowest

forms, is an affirmation of the universality and immortality of soul. No claim can be too audacious where soul is concerned. All soul is one, universal, and eternal. No claim can be too audacious where soul is concerned, and soul's highest is soul's truest.

The extension indicated by that word *eternal* is dual phased. Outgrowths as they are of the field of limitation, the words *time* and *space* come tainted with the infirmity of their origin. They do not represent features of reality's actual fact. They merely symbolize conditions which are incident to the infinite complexity of reality's every fact, even those which to our vision are seemingly the most simple. The universality of soul, and soul's immortality, go hand in hand. They are inseparable features of one and the same fact. Each involves the other, and the word *eternal* involves both.

The idea is the true miracle worker. The wizard of myth is its appropriate symbol. Not rivers, mountains, and seas, but ideas are the dominant features of world structures.— Ideas are energy's most potent forms. Illustrations may be given. Audibly outgiven on arid air of Araby, a psychic breath made Islam's world that stands today. Take another:

Weber's history of philosophy, published in 1901, tells us Hegel taught that, "War will continue as one of the indispensable means of political progress. . . . The victorious state is truer, nearer to the ideal state, better, in a word, than the vanquished state. The very fact that it has vanquished, proves this: its triumph is the condemnation of the principle represented by vanquished, it is the judgment of God. . . . There is in every epoch a people in whom mind

is more completely incarnate than in the rest, and who march in the front rank of civilization.—That is, the God of history has successively ‘chosen’ the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the French.”

Thus taught Hegel a century since, and Nietzsche and Bernhardi are his disciples. And we are now to understand he has made a later selection. And what a spectacle have we here. That which has been may have been God’s will, but no future ill should be so regarded in advance of the utmost effort to prevent it. The verb that joins evil’s any form with necessity must speak in the past tense only. Right may be might, and might be right, but until the experiment has determined the matter right, for us, at least, right must be the test of might rather than might the test of right.

Hegel here appears as an Apollyon of darkness up-bringing from below a prolific germ, and characterized like its baleful source. That which, voicing the instinct of all humanity’s past ages, our Sherman declared to be the nadir of crime and folly, is here upheld as the zenith of virtuous activity. Hitherto the world has condemned, though it did the wrong; but here for the first time in the annals of history *conscience takes the wrong side*. Here in the sight of the whole wide world, intellect severs connection with intuition, and forms an unholy alliance with brute force. Might does not become right, but right becomes nonexistent. That which takes right’s place does not so much as turn an eye toward the vacancy left by right’s disappearance. That war is “indispensable,” that the victorious state is the “truer,” is determined by a tribunal before which right is not

permitted to even appear as a contestant. Even where there is an issue which is "truer," right has no voice. Well might such a doctrine come from depths below. "The victorious state is the truer"; but suppose adjacent states give no offense, how shall the wouldbe victor state so become in fact, or how shall we find out which is the truer? And if force may determine issues of such vast concern, what shall be said of its twin brother, fraud? Of these two unheavenly twins why should one be deified, and the other wholly ignored? Mark the consequences that this teaching's premises involve.

Conscious of its might, a nation so obsessed, would go out with a search warrant in quest of a cause for war. Athirst for cause, cause will be found, or, if not, pretext will do; and if neither be given, still the law is inexorable. The state which has the power to become victorious, and more true, must become so in fact. Hegel's philosophy requires that potentiality become actuality. It must engage in a war not to resist, but to do most grievous wrong.

And yet more is involved in such teaching. If honor, common decency, and morality may not prevent entering upon war, neither should they interfere with its prosecution. Whatever stands in the way of the God chosen state's becoming victorious and truer, must keep out of sight. If the deceitful flag of surrender upheld in one hand can veil the dagger thrust of the other into the heart of the trust which that flag has invited, and thereby assure success that would not otherwise have come, shall it not do so? And with foot on the neck of my now fallen foe, am I not the victor by God's own self chosen? That it won,

proved my wrong to be righteous. For the intellect severed from intuition where is there flaw in my logic? Make war so terrible that opposition will not dare to show its face. If vestal virginity can be made war munition, or sacrificed on the altar of brutalized barbarity, so be it. Other nations will take warning, and recognize our regal claim.

And this is not all: international and private warfare are the fruitage of the same barbaric stem. Both once were as Hegel says that international war is now; both once were "indispensable." In all save Hegel-land, evolutionary activity has eliminated private warfare. The logic which would continue one form of war, performs like service for the other. This will account for the faces everywhere observable in Hegel-land marred by the touch of barbaric private war.

And we may now understand how an instrument, executed with sacramental solmenity by the accredited representatives of sovereign states to evidence a nation's plighted faith and honor, should be held to be a "mere scrap of paper." And so it should be if Hegel's teaching be sound doctrine. In that "scrap of paper" expression, the spirit of Hegel's teaching found utterance.

But truth is now so. Hegel stands in the path of evolution, and facing the wrong way.—The stars in their courses are against Hegel. Private warfare shall yet cease in Hegel-land and all war shall yet cease in all lands. Such, and not as Hegel states, is the "judgment of God." And yet "political progress" shall be.

But such was Hegel's teaching, and Nietzsche and

Bernhardi are his disciples. With infallible certainty we here find the germs of today's baneful fruitage. Assyria, Greece, Rome, and France, and now Hegel-land, are the "chosen" of the Lord. We can now understand the invariable references to deity in all the Kaiser says. The Kaiser learned in a school what Hegel taught. He learned, and he believes. He believes he rules the nation chosen.

Intuition and intellect: these two God hath joined; these two man hath sundered. Intuition without intellect gives today's faith; intellect without intuition gives today's philosophy. Hegel was that philosophy. Hegel was that philosophy incarnate, and the world now sees the fruits of his teaching.

Yes, ideas are the true miracle workers, and of these, that of soul's immortality dwarfs all the rest. Observe yonder sun, the accented feature of the orb-peopled sky, whose rays tinge with enlivening fire wherever they touch though never so lightly. Not less pregnant with beneficent result, if fully sensed in habitual thought, would be the fact of soul's immortality. Like an elixir by deific hand outthrown upon the atmosphere of soul, was its advent there. That air inhaled, till then a comrade of earth's creeping things, soul might well have stood erect, thenceforth a companion with the stars.

XIX

ERROR RAMPANT

But the results were not commensurate with the momentous character of the event. The message was divine, but the intermediaries who assumed the administration of its beneficence were but mortal.

With the best possible motive, the sponsors of the faith which was once delivered, availed themselves of the well nigh worst possible motive as the instrumentality for the attainment of most desirable ends. Instead of hope, with its allied spirit of the eleventh commandment, fear was everywhere obtruded as the controlling factor. Fact actual, eternal, and sublime, was relegated to a subordinate place — and instead a supposed horror was made the central object to which the eye of the world was steadily directed.

For twenty centuries, the organized faith of the world has largely, if not chiefly, availed itself of error-administered fear as the motor force of its activity. The fear of hell, wide-brandished and high upheld, is the most conspicuous feature of the evangelistic effort which constitutes the forlorn hope of today's faith. And this is said in sorrow, not in censure. Though more or less there was intermingling of a strange fire, the altruism of the eleventh commandment, with soul for its focus, was the inspiration of these early fathers, and their successors. All soul is

sublime, and soul magnitude became the measure of their zeal. Then as never before, or since, sublimity of character and conduct touched the zenith-point in the firmament of the world's history. But these men were but mortal; only God is perfect.

The fathers who inaugurated this policy were but fallible. Looking to the intellectual and spiritual stature of the people with whom they had to deal, fear may well have seemed to have been the most potent influence that could be brought to bear. The wisdom of this world may seemingly have sanctioned, and the immediate results may seemingly justify, the adoption of a like policy now, yet never was there a greater mistake then — never would there be a greater mistake now. By these obsolete errors, and this obsolete error and terror, church membership today loses vastly more in quality than it gains in quantity. Intelligence, not ignorance, must bulwark the faith that shall save the world. The church needs within those whom conscience keeps without, and today's conscience has eyes.

The baleful consequences of such misguided selection were widespread, and far-reaching. Now, at the end of twenty centuries, wherever you may place yourself in this materialistic age, look about you. A flashlight vision from a plane higher than where wordly wisdom functions, would have pointed the energies of these early propagandists of the faith to the awakening of motives higher than fear's any form. Though it may influence conduct, fear never was virtue's ally. Evil restrained by fear, stays evil still. Fear may influence conduct, and possibly, the fact may well be considered and made the basis of action

by those who wield the secular arm; but the eye of the prophet of the Lord should never be turned, or his finger pointed, toward the pillory or the whipping-post here, or toward hell hereafter. God spake in times past.—God speaks now. His intuition voice now everywhere declares that whatever may be the proper policy in secular affair, in the spiritual realm advancement is the only reward, and failure to advance the only punishment. That the second century inaugurated the policy may be excusable, but not so that the twentieth century continues it. Whatever the immediate result may be, the selection of lower and nonspiritual means for the attainment of spiritual ends will eventually be found to have been disastrous.

Miracles, the deification of one, and the eternal damnation of many, once may have pushed on the car of faith. They are the chief obstacles in its way now. Who believes, and where is basis now for myths like these? Only a base prepared by His almighty hand could sustain the strain of such a faith. Only a voice believed to be His own could give credence to a faith like that. But you aver that your acceptance of these tenets does have just that basis. Let us see. Did God tell *you* those were His tenets? You say He told someone else so. But did He tell *you* that he told any one either that, or anything whatever? Then who did tell you? It was that someone else who told you that God said all that. And who was that someone else? It was man — fallible man, like yourself.— Man who lived, and was liable to err, two thousand years, or four thousand years ago. You accept these tenets of your faith because of your

faith in the judgment, and in the veracity of man.—For book, synod, church, and tradition are but man's alias. The witnesses were not subjected to cross-examination. The testimony was transmitted orally by tradition, through successive generations before being put into writing.

Controversies in the meantime had arisen. Controversies more serious were raging at the time your copy was transcribed, and a nonethical zeal of the transcriber may have obtruded partisan interpolations into the text. And upon such evidence, which without the slightest hesitation would be excluded in the courts of any civilized land, you, with an equal lack of hesitation, accept a tenet which relegates the friends you have known, loved, honored, and respected, to a doom which but for its supposedly divine sanction would be abhorrent to every normally constituted mind. And this you do because of your faith in men, men who lived two thousand years ago. You do not accept the judgment of those of that less informed age on matters of less importance; why shall you do so on this?

And speaking of interpolation, though the intrusion of the polemic feature would be foreign to the scope of the present discussion, a dissent which makes pretension to intelligence, as well as to sincerity, may be permitted an explanation, if not an apology. With absolute certainty we know that the zeal of the teacher of that day was not always according to knowledge, and that of the transcriber was not usually according to ethics. But the record shows utterance utterly inconsistent with the psychic character, mind structure, and the otherwise indicated life purpose of

the supposed speaker, and still more foreign to the occasion of the supposed utterance.

And we also know with certainty that at the time of the making of the record there was urgent necessity that some record should show such an utterance with a "He said" sanction as of the date of its alleged utterance. And elsewhere, as well as in profane matters, necessity is the mother of invention.

Other creeds more worldly wise go not so far. They merely say, "We do not know, but —" and the subtle form of this agnostic utterance, only the more adroitly but none the less surely brandishes the same baseless terror. The negative virtue of the faith which merely forbears to assert eternal damnation, will not suffice. The faith that does not affirmatively deny, is not of God. You say that you do not know, and that therefore you keep silent. If your insight into His plans and purposes does not give you to know, then there is fatal flaw in the credentials of your commission, and you are no Lord's prophet for me. This unholy alliance of faith with fear is not of God. Today's world teems with prophets of the Lord, accredited spokesmen of the organized faith, whose hearts reject the creed their lips pronounce. All solemnly intoned, it stays forever banished from the thought, and unmentioned also, as well, until the time again comes to go through with the regular program. Silence is lest truth works ill. God and truth are synonymous.. Is ours to be a fool's paradise whose bliss is based on blindness? Are the leaders of the world's thought and the prophets of the Lord afraid to trust God? Woe, woe, to the land whose

prophets of the Lord with silence thus profane his sanctuary.

Moral cowardice and covert intellectual dishonesty at the head, more than open vice at the foot, have baleful potency to devigorate the fountain source of spirit energy and entwine with hesitancy its farthest flow. Moral cowardice and faith in God make synchronous passage through the same door — that coming — this going. What can a coward faith achieve? How can a coward world advance? Let the world be frank with itself. Let the voice of honest conviction break and banish the hypocritical silence which now guardians the myths which tell how the sun his cycling ceased, and how the furnace flames forebore to burn; or more incredible, which tell how children, little children by the score, were rent and torn by tooth and claw, and yet fiercer urge of the holy prophet of the Lord. The faith that leaves such slander unchallenged, is itself not less culpable. The Elisha who most brutally slaughtered, and the Jesus who loved little children, were not prophets of one and the same Lord.

And does today's faith, under signs like these, now advance to the conquest of the world, everywhere proclaiming high bannered forth *sub hoc vinco signes*? Between these outworn myths and today's intelligence there is an impassable gulf. The age that unsksy Hercules will not accord Samson the benefit of the sanctuary. Today's would be victor faith must not advance with its ranks impedimentally swollen with these anachronisms, and with others like and later. Conscience, and not its lack — conscience,

and not Satan, accounts for the aloofness of dissent now everywhere increasingly manifest. And when today's faith aggressively fronts the conscience of today's dissent, bulwarked as it is with the world's highest intelligence, and the world's highest intuition, it may well pause introspectively.

Belief in a personal deity is the cardinal feature of today's organized faith. As to this belief this may be said — the psychic element is the salient feature of the integer fact which constitutes the universe, and the intense unity which is its chief characteristic would seem to suggest what we know as personality as a not inappropriate, though far from accurate, symbol of that integer fact. Each individual — the minutest microbe not excepted — is the universe in miniature. Not man alone, but each, is in God's image. The difference between the lowest and the highest is in degree. There are no differences in kind. But wherein is the fact or nonfact of the personality of the deity material? It is the character of the fact, and not its form, that tells. The votaries of unorganized faith believe, they absolutely know, that all the goodness that loftiest name implies, is in fact. Belief in all the goodness you ascribe to God, and in a cosmic basis therefor, is all that is essential.

But, you say, "Your good is a sheer abstraction"; and you ask, "Would nonorganized faith worship an abstraction"? Whether worship be the proper attitude before the Supreme Fact, whatever its form, may well be questioned, certainly, not that which manifests in fulsome adulation and grovelling salaams borrowed from the Orient. Though christened religion, emotionalism is not less objectionable. Con-

templation of the living, conscious, beneficent fact in which we live, move, and have our being, and of whom we are, rather, would seem more appropriate. Those last four words, bearing specially in mind the character of the whom, or which, and the vital connection and organic relation between the individual and universal — here is the rock — all else is sinking sand. A prayer attitude which assumes the worshiper and supplicant to be at a distance and separate from, rather than identified with, and of the essence of, deity seems objectionable from the standpoint of those who regard God and nature as synonymous. Fact is nonspatial. Distance is in thought only.

Instead of prayer without ceasing to a personal God for personal benefit, an habitual awareness of soul's identity with the universal, eternal, and absolutely perfect integer fact, might be substituted. We know our wants, but not our needs. Contemplation of cosmic fact rather than solicitation of private fancy is the proper soul attitude.

No fact can be ignored with impunity. The Eliot, Stong, and Tuttle incidents mentioned elsewhere, and others like them, are positive facts. Intelligence, lower and higher, aye, and in some form intelligence which is highest of all, is surely about us. And in spite of all appearances to the contrary, wherever the higher is, there is power which is on our side. Regard for those less favored is the infallible test of superiority in the soul realm. The laws of nature determine the conditions upon which the exercise of that power in our belief depends. One of such conditions is an awareness of the fact. In a nonpassive state let soul enter the silence, and there be aware. And such

awareness may well be habitual; but beware of passivity. Passivity means abdication of selfhood, and such abdication is the suicide of a soul. In a passive state soul may not aver, "I am."

I, too, am reality. Though infinitesimally so, I am of that which is, and I am that in my own right. When a voice would speak from without, nay, though God approach in response to soul's most respectful request, let soul remain erect, and full aware that "I also am." While I am suffered to be, there shall be no abdication. Though creation be as claimed, leave uncreation to the power that created. Abdication of selfhood would be uncreation. My hand shall never uncreate.

The character of the universe, and the identity of the individual therewith, are the most conspicuous features of both the universe and individuality; and these facts, when sensed, are most influential in the formation of character, and in the determination of conduct, and not less potent to inspire courage, or to impart consolation, as the occasion may demand. And yet, a consciousness of these facts remains largely dormant; in consequence, they are on the footing of a distant, and barely speaking, acquaintance. Contemplation is the voluntary soul awakening process by which this condition may be remedied, and with beneficial results commensurate with the certainty and the cosmic character of the fact. With this awakening complete, individuality ceases. Buddha was in the right road, but he took the wrong end of the road.— Desire belongs, and the ear whose eye stays fixed on soul's high destiny will never hear the bugle sound retreat.

At an early period in the world's history two spirits directly opposite in character apparitioned forth within the Himmal's morning shade; this achievement, that renunciation; this Aryan, that Buddhist; this transformed the face of the globe, upraised new worlds from out the western sea, and now dominates and domiciles wherever sunlight falls, that still dwells in and clogs the Himmal slopes. Moral: Leave for renunciation only that which my utmost effort was unable to attain.

Yes, desire belongs, and also effort to attain. Though breathing still, he dies who striveth not; and who would stifle all desire, undoes creation's work, and wastes all years that were. Not renunciation, not abnegation, but attainment is the lofty end whereunto soul advent was. Though seemingly resultless, effort is not incompatible with the highest conceivable attainment. Not even Prometheus' fate — a sentient form carved on the seaward front of Caucasus, fanged by each fury form of day, and shown to night's unpitying eyes by a vengeful Jove's assailing fires — shall stay the reach of my audacious hand, though gods may seemingly oppose.

Let only weaklings mourn their lack of joy, I envy not the gods their fabled bliss. If taken unawares, my mad foray should briefly place within my reach their store of good, all else disdained, their power to know and to achieve, alone were seized away. Humanity receives what it achieves, and nothing more. Through man's right arm and thoughts which rise within the soul, the gods aid men. He mocks the gods who leaves their gifts unused; he errs whose way to bliss leads from the field of nobler strife.

Then wait not for results — but crown him now who nobly strives, and dares. And who shall say whose is the greater gain — who wins, or who courageously endures? If individuality were the limit of actuality, a different question might be permitted, but such is not the fact. In utter undismay let man put forth his power, nor let the seeming vanity of life's affairs abate his zeal; for know that an eye of longer range sees through our own. The fact bears repetition. Another's glance extends our puny aim; and stronger hands unloose the string which speeds our arrows to a farther goal. And I am of that other's self. Hedged with wilderness, and paved with difficulty, extends the path from every bondage house to promised land. Forward, march! points to true Nirvana. With properly selected desire untouched save by the hand of regulation for the guide and leader, that path shall be traversed; and if the destroying hand, fretted with inaction, grow envious, regrets for the past may well be left unfostered there as subjects for its wrath. Instead of desire, Buddha might well have entombed regret for what we could not prevent. The eye of desire looks to the future; that of regret looks to the past. Let Buddha have the past.

Of all folly, intense regret for what we could not prevent stands foremost.— All that was, was nature's program. Let Buddha's grave for desires receive them, and so with regrets for our own follies when replaced by proper resolves for the future. God cares not for what you were but only for what you are.— Neither should you; so should you. If the vacancy occasioned by its absence is properly filled, remorse has no place.

And why shall that which was, but now no longer is, continue to disturb? Each successive moment is "in the beginning." Every soul is a creator, and each here and now is where the work begins. The power we use is not exclusively our own. Deific might is also there. Wherever soul is, He also is. Let the darksome past be in thought where it is in fact. Every prolonged regret is a lethal thrust at the life of endeavor. Let the face of endeavor front the future — and with no harking backward to the depressing past. Here and now is the creative moment. Let selected thought, and not that which obtrudes, be the material for the workman's hand.

Each successive moment is in the beginning. Take that beginning as we find it. If it find us faced the wrong way, right about face is the sole remedy. That is the only salvation from the situation in which the past may have placed us. That remedy is within your hands. But they say you have sinned. And so you have, but the remedy is still none the less in your hands. Whatever dereliction may have been, soul having obeyed the command to right about face, and conscious of absolute rectitude, may stand as a peer, erect, and unawed in any presence.

Capacity may be less, but the extent to which capacity is exercised, and not capacity's extent, is the measure of soul merit. The widow who contributed her mite did what she could. God's own self could not have done more. That widow stood on a full level with God. The wrongdoer whose inmost soul has obeyed the command to right about face has no need for further shriving; not God's own self can withhold full absolution. Under such con-

ditions the integeric structure assures absolution.

And now let no officious intermediary whose only credential is his own assertion, or the assertion of others like him, dare to approach, though he come on unsandalled feet, for here is sanctuary. God and the repentant one are all that the situation demands. True, in such a case deific influence is essential, but wherever soul hears and obeys that command, God is there and soul is shrived. And now, once sinning soul, go now thy way, and sin no more.

The exploits of the trained acrobat excite our wonder. They show that what seemed impossible can be accomplished. And so with Buddha's extermination of the natural desire, which seems so essential a feature of soul structure. Let his disfavoring zeal, which attained a result so surprising, be directed to a regret which views the past rather than to a desire which looks to the future. Let psychic endeavor pattern after the zeal which brings the trained acrobat a physical result. Let selected mental states become permanent features of soul structure. This can be done. The Buddha effort, otherwise directed, can give a more desirable result. States of awareness, selected as desirable, may be retained by will until they stay of their own accord, and he that controlleth his own thought is greater than he that taketh a city.

With the vast, wide range of room for soul, which far extends above our heads, which to our vision stays unfilled, it would be strange indeed if our low stature touch the highest bound of the hierarchy of soul. Each higher altitude of soul assures increasing presence of the love of each for all which, though

largely dormant for the most part, is never wholly wanting here. Uprise of spirit means increase of all that is of spirit; and he were bold indeed who dares deny that in ways we may not sense, there comes from loftier heights to aid, encourage, and console earth's striving, sorrowing, and enduring souls. Far be it from me to deny what others well may know. Earnest good will there, may well originate, like characterized act here. But importunity is not the price of nearness. With the right thought atmosphere, not even omnipotence can hold these, or gods, or God, away. And it may well be that the firm belief that this is so may be that atmosphere's essential ingredient.

The good in which unorganized faith believes is not an abstraction. Fractional reality implies not the absence of the good, but rather the presence of the good in a lower degree. Only the nonfractional, only the integer fact, is good absolute. If the personal deity of your faith is coextensive and identical with the all, then that of whom, or of which goodness is asserted by both organized and unorganized faith, is one and the same.

If the personal deity of your faith is not coextensive and identical with the all, then the object of your adoration is an integerized abstraction made up of certain aspects, features, and elements of the integer fact which have no correspondence with the actual fact; and the form of your faith minimizes rather than augments the dignity of the fact.

The world of today believes in all the good that the loftiest name implies; but the twentieth century distrusts, and it refuses to accept as authoritative,

the statements and conclusions of the men of the first and second centuries, which the intuitions of today declare to be absurd, or abhorrent, or both. Here is irrepressible conflict. Here is an unbridgable gulf toward which the eye of compromise may never be turned, for the voice of today's intuition is for today, the voice of God. Whether it speak by book, church, tradition, gods, or a seeming God, the voice that speaks from without comes as an advisory voice only. And here is the precise issue between organized and unorganized faith. The unholy alliance of faith and fear is now, and here, all solemnly impeached. As has been said of liberty, "O Faith, what crimes have been committed in thy names!"

Saul of Tarsus was the pillar and the champion of the organized faith of his day. Then, as since, organized faith looks with disfavor upon those who give ear and heed to the voice within rather than to the voice without. And Saul was a good man. But good men are not infallible. And now in sorrow, not in censure, and with charity for Saul, and Paul alike, dissent here nails this, its apology, on the door of organized faith. Soul's immortality, a jewelled flame finer than Promethean fire, downreached from loftier heights than Jove's, was placed in your keeping.

That Israel's border might enlarge, you bowed to fear. That jewel priced your shame. The price was given, not received. There was no return for you. Your fear affects conduct, not character, but the eye of faith's effort looks only to character. Unto this end only came faith into the world. It

makes church members, not saints, and as a consequence the church needs reforming. For two thousand years your index finger has pointed earth's suffering sons; earth's sorrowing souls to fear more than to hope, to a fear without basis rather than to the hope which has the structure of the universe for its firm support.

And this you have done to influence belief, to compel beliefs which have not the slightest connection with character, or with conduct, that may benefit aught that has feeling. The object of your mistaken zeal, and misdirected holy wrath, may have delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; he may have been eyes to the blind, and feet for the lame, and he may have caused the widow's heart to leap for joy. And yet, unless supplemented by an intellectual belief, that Satan might share, and still be Satan, the blessing of him that was ready to perish that well might shield all unhallowed approach, stays not the forward thrust of this, your sacrilegious terror's wrath. You teach that God's wrath may be for one who for such as these was the only evidence that there is any God love. And all this you do in the name, and under the assumed authority of Him who is the special guardian of such as these. You could not get the such-as-these recipients of His benefactions to so believe.— You do not so believe.

Being thereunto duly, though not specially, commissioned by the cosmic authority which lies back of every truth utterance, and all right action, I also now appear as your advocate to defend you against yourselves. Your head may, but your heart does

not, believe the doctrine you teach. And hearts are wiser than heads. Eternal damnation for righteous doubt, God sanctioned though it be, is most execrable and all honest doubt is righteous. Like Saul, as Paul declares, you no doubt thought you ought to teach these things, but the time has now come when the truth should be known. Today, as never before, seemingly the world is famishing for truth, and today before the bar of the world you are called upon to give an account of your stewardship. Not with a view to censure, or punishment, but that the world may know the truth. You are now asked to show by what warrant your acts accuse where you might well adore.

What evidence have you to show that the men upon whose testimony you rely, whether they speak by book, church, or tradition, were not the Israel whose zeal, according to Israel's own prophet, was "not according to knowledge." And the intuition of today's world approves that prophet's utterance. The world today distrusts their judgment, and the world today distrusts your judgment, though it questions not your sincerity. Graven images, the workmanship of man's hands, traditions and myths, the devices of man's brain, are fruitage of the same stem.—Those you have discarded; these you still retain at the front. These might well now gesture exultantly to those, their kindred strain, across the centuries that intervene. And today's world would know why these, and those of kindred strain, should longer stay apart. You stand as the champion for these traditions, and these myths, these suns that briefly pause, these souls that writhe eternally.—

With its one supporting column visibly displayed, the other veiled, the world views the arch which upholds the edifice of organized faith. And the world declares the keystone of that arch to consist largely of the statements of men who lived two thousand, or four thousand, years ago — who say God told them thus, and so. And the world declares that of the features of the faith so based, some are horrible, and others most grotesque.

Without soul's highest intuitions for allies, how can the organized faith of today hope to make head against the rising tide of materialism now everywhere manifest? And if not this emprise, unto what end was that faith's advent in this world? But that tide's advance shall be encountered, shall be withstood. The cosmic energy which vigorously survives such a handicap reveals the presence there of the intuition which is of the essence of all soul. Soul instincts, and the world's leading thought, will increasingly declare, and faith itself shall yet know, that the features of that faith disfavored by intuition most assuredly were nonessential. When the son of man cometh, he will most assuredly find faith in the world. With soul's immortality released from its present vassalage to fear, and atmosphered with hope, not fear, for its inspiration, the true faith duly organized shall yet enter the field. Then, but not until then, the world shall witness a renaissance of spirituality which will extend where thinkers are, and where the leaders of world thought are, upon whose horizon this phantom apparition, fear, has never yet towered terrifying. To such as these must faith approach with other word of conjury.

I believe in the truth! Above all things I desire the truth. You say that you present it. What assurance can you give? You refer me to your array of martyrs. Martyrdom attests the sincerity of the martyr, merely that and nothing more. Faiths the most contradictory have had their martyrs. You claim your message has divine sanction. How do you know it has divine sanction? You refer to the wisdom of the past ages. This age will soon be one of the past ages.—Does this age concur? Why shall the verdict of one past age outweigh that of another? You offer miracles. Miracles show a power greater than my own. But a power greater than my own has often erred grievously. Show me no miracles.—Show me your message, that shall be your credential. You refer me to the world's greatest and best. You say the world's greatest and best have investigated, and have pronounced the message divine. But the world's greatest and best have often sanctioned absurdity. Intellects inferior to none have burnt witches in this world; and some have even believed that a merciful and loving Father will eternally do likewise with his own children in the next world, who eat meat on Friday, or who have doubts about the paternity of a child born two thousand years ago. Aquinas, who probably was second in intellect to none who ever lived, St. Thomas Aquinas, who in all seriousness was a good and holy man, believed that he himself, and other saints, would view such a horror with delight. And it is upon the judgment of such as these that you would have me believe that “thus saith the Lord.” Shall even St. Thomas, who in matters nonspiritual was

the peer of Aristotle, shall even he determine for me that a voice which once spoke was the voice of God?

Unless who enters there shall read above the entrance to the vast realms of the monarch who dwells enthroned in the brain of man — reads there and heeds — “Cease thought all ye who enter here,” many of the supposedly essential features of to-day’s faith will never be the faith of the world.

XX

FEAR AS A MOTIVE

Infinitely varied are the forms of energy exhibited by the integer fact. With absolute certainty each of these, by successive transmutations, may appear in any of the other forms. What may be the immediate antecedent of the supposedly nonpsychic energy is a matter of conjecture; otherwise, as to the energies of psychic origin.

Of all influences which determine human conduct, a regard for what others may say, or think, though not the highest, is the one most potent. Regard for public opinion closely analyzed would be found to be desire for cosmic approval. We prefer to be liked. Though not good, we wish to be thought so. Those whose special province is, or might well be, to induce a conduct conformable to the highest standard, have heretofore largely invoked the lowest motive as a means for the attainment of that end.

Fear as an incentive to right action is a motive of low grade. True, those susceptible to no other motive should be subjected to this with vigor and dispatch. But it is not the fear of the law's penalty that most prevents larceny. Given character, and conduct will not have to be looked after. A man may be scared into acting good, but he cannot be scared into being good. By this it is not intended

to suggest that orthodoxy claims that forbearance to steal, or to murder through fear of the halter here, or of hell hereafter, constitute virtue. To prefer the right, because it is right, and without thought of, or a care for, consequences, is virtue's sole basis. From out the mystery a voice speaks whose regal tone all ears at once detect. And this is its utterance: "Or it bring gain, or seeming loss, commands of righteousness must be obeyed." That it be without visible sanction matters not. Though seemingly He slayeth, still will I trust, must be, yea, most assuredly yet shall be, the faith of the world. The instinct which declares the superiority of virtue, the instinct which declares the superiority of that which is superior, can by no possibility err. That our conceptions of virtue may be the outgrowth of experience, cannot affect the regal character, either of the fact, or of the instinct which adds its sanction. That experience, all experience, comes ushered by intuition, and goes attended by intuition, and can only go when so sanctioned at every step.

The fear of a hell hereafter is of little practical value. It can only influence those who believe in it, and it most lamentably fails to control the conduct of those who do. Leave not your purse within the snatch of those with whom the fear of hell is the only deterrent. The next world is too often the sole beneficiary of the belated repentance which this fear facilitates. The scaffold's repentance for crime does not restore the crime's victim. How immeasurably love, conscience, and other like instincts, rise above the hope of profit, or the fear of the reverse. These are of the essence of the man himself, and hurt

in some form, surefooted as death follows the disregard of their imperative. As well expect to find two hills without a depression between, as expect to enjoy the fruits of wrongdoing, and escape the consequent injury.

The sins of the father may prove the sorrow of the son, but never his fault. And one soul's sorrow can never absolve another soul's guilt. The slightest stainful thought leaves a blur which all earth's seas, though filled with consecrated blood, cannot erase. Wrongdoing and expiation therefor must be the only events within the same horizon. There must be no intrusion from without.

Belief in hell is largely obsolete. The individual rejects in silence what the organization openly avows. And why does it still avow? Because it is feared that with a breach here confessed, the whole superstructure of organized faith would tumble in ruin. O ye of little faith! He trusts not Him who trusts not truth. Here is weakness, not strength. The Ark of the Covenant is not to be propped up with a lie, and hell is a monstrous lie.

That hell is a lie, and hell must go, will go, but faith will still abide. When it has gone along with other obsolete worm-eaten adjuncts, barnacles, lean-tos, and fantastic excrescences which now disfigure but do not support, the temple of faith will stand there still, not fixed and motionless, as if hewn out of dead rock, but living, and expanding with the process of the suns, and growing wider, and higher, and more glorious, and more beautiful. Hell, eternal hell for any single soul — that pebble in the shoe of the orthodox belief, must go. *That* hell will go,

but faith shall endure. The Ark may seem to totter, but it will not fall. When for the first time man rose erect, and faced the sky's wide, spacious depths, when soul stood face to front with infinity, and conscious of the fact, then faith was born. Here was the rock, and not upon this fear, or upon any fear, faith's edifice shall stand. Bend to the earth again man's hinged form, change hands to feet, and instead of yon high wide star-gemmed dome, give for his widest, farthest view the narrow patch of dirt whose longest diameter is measured by the distance from his down-pointed nose to the ground; and when you have done this, then you will have obliterated faith from the world, but not until then.

The individually sensed cosmic stress and vision, is the true and only motive for rightdoing. All other motives are based upon policy, not principle. To escape penitentiary here, or to keep out of hell, or to get into heaven there, are considerations which look to policy rather than to principle. Influenced by such motives, Satan, if truly wise, might act righteously, and be Satan still. Only character is salvation. Character is hell's only antidote; and principle, not policy, determines character.

The suffering which society inflicts upon the wrongdoer furnishes no analogy for the after-death punishment of the orthodox theology. Society must control conduct, and conduct depends upon motive. A penalty attached to misbehavior becomes a motive for good behavior. Society cannot influence past conduct. The eye of rational punishment looks solely to the future. Prevention of what might otherwise be in the future, and not reparation, or

punishment for the unalterable past is the sole purpose of, and justification for, the punishment which society inflicts.

Though a penalty can only be attached to past offense, punishment can look only to the future for its justifying cause, and purpose. After-death punishment stands on a different footing. Man's law stays inoperative until the offense has been actually committed; but to the eye of after-death punishment, the actual fact sinner, and the one who would have been so under the same conditions, stand upon precisely the same footing. That he is that kind of a character determines his flame-surrounded presence there. Again, the eye of after-death punishment looks not at all to the future. Neither society, nor the offender, can by any possibility be bettered by the wholesale, eternal, and awful suffering incident to the orthodox scheme of salvation. But whatever may be the proper policy for society, that soul shall ascend higher is the only expiation which the gods demand for acts incident to a lower elevation.

There is here a wealth of experience with a dearth of profit.—And where is there any good in that which nowhere brings benefit? No, no, man would not, and God will not, inflict an eternal suffering which looks solely to what is irrevocably past. How do I know? Because to do so would be irrational. My theory honors, or at least it does not dishonor, God. And how do you know He would, or that He does do so? Although the secular authority must of necessity proceed upon a different theory, the actual fact wrongdoer, and the one who would have been under like circumstances, do stand

upon the same footing. Wrongdoing is a surface symptom only. That he is that kind of a person is his most grievous misfortune, and his amply sufficient punishment. Wrongdoing involves, and implies, wrongbeing, and what punishment could be greater? Aside from the penalties of the secular law, vice is its own punishment, and virtue its only, and amply sufficient, reward. Each successive day is *Dies Irae*. And there will be no opening of books, or reference to past record. God knows without looking to memoranda. And for a reason stronger still, what you are, not what you were, or did, concerns. Each successive moment is your day of doom. But do you ask what of the doom that stays unsensed? Why this: sore is his fate, who, born for higher things, stays lower; but sorer still his fate, who, born for higher things, stays lower, and also stays all unaware.

True, eminent and highly respectable authority declares that after-death punishment does bring benefit. Samuel Hopkins, an eminent New England divine whom the *Britannica* pronounces "hardly inferior to Jonathan Edwards in vigor of intellect, and strength of moral tone," advises us:

"The smoke of their torment shall ascend up in the sight of the blessed forever and ever, and serve as a most clear glass always before their eyes to give them a bright, and most effective view. This display of the divine character will be most entertaining to all who loved God — will give them the highest and most ineffable pleasure. Should the fire of this eternal punishment cease, it would in a great measure obscure the light of heaven, and put an end to a great part of the happiness and glory of the blessed."

And Tertullian, "the creator of ecclesiastical Latinity," and easily the foremost among the early Christian fathers, uses this language:

"At that greatest of all spectacles: the last and Eternal Judgment, how shall I admire, how laugh; how rejoice; how exult when I behold so many proud monarchs groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates liquifying in fiercer fire than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in red hot fires with their deluded pupils; so many tragedians more tuneful in expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers tripping more nimbly from anguish than ever before from pleasure."

And shall Tertullian determine for me that it is God who authors such a policy?

And greater than either of these — Aquinas, Thomas Aquinas, Saint Thomas Aquinas, easily the peer of Aristotle himself, uses this language:

"That the saints may enjoy their beatitudes and the grace of God more richly, a perfect sight of the punishment of the damned is granted to them."

And these were men of the loftiest intellect, and of the highest character. They were of incalculable benefit to humanity. And all this is said in all seriousness. But as all the holiest have been, they were but mortal. They were of the earth's best, but they belie humanity, and they dishonor God in these declarations. And they belie themselves. The sight of such suffering would change their heaven to hell. They would even ask to change places with those they loved. In fact, the distinction between those who could find bliss in heaven because of, and those

who could do so in spite of, such conditions, would seem to be somewhat slight. These men were mortal. Good and intelligent people are liable to err. There are people, good and intelligent, who today believe in vicarious atonement, and suffering. It will be a sad day for humanity if acceptance of the eleventh commandment should be thought to be inseparable from the Joshua, sun, and Jonah fish stories, and the fall of man, and the vicarious atonement theories, and sadder still, if to these the vicarious guilt, and the vicarious atonement, theories should be added.

In pleasing contrast with Aquinas, and others above mentioned who were less extreme, we find Dives, who though down below and all uncanonized, had not so far deteriorated as to be indifferent to the welfare of those elsewhere. He had brothers, more than five, and his good will was without doubt not less far-reaching than that of Christ himself. It included all humanity. Brotherly love, though barred above, with hate instilled instead, need not despair. Room was for, and brother love was elsewhere.

What a spectacle have we here! Sinners damned, and in hell, yet anxious to prevent sufferings which saints, canonized and in heaven, view with an ecstasy of delight! And now let hell also have credit while credit is due.

But apology is due for treating such notions with even apparent seriousness. That without utter wreck it can withstand the strain of extraneous beliefs like those imposed from without by orthodox theology, attests the strength of mind structure.

It has been said that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. It shall now be said that for

him who fears aught, above, or here, or down there below, wisdom has not yet begun. In this wide universe fear has no place that she can rightly call her own. That it has permeated soul atmosphere with this after-death terror is the master count in the indictment against current theology. In the presence of nature's supreme, if not sublime mystery, by what warrant shall unhallowed fear dare to displace hope? Let theology answer.

But you tell me that here was quixotic assault on windmills. You tell me that the old-fashioned belief that death is the door through which immortal souls enter eternal perdition no longer prevails except among the ignorant — well — well — but have you never heard ——? Are all these ignorant? The fact is that that belief, or distrust, which for all practical purposes is its full equivalent, is quite general. At best, today's theology substitutes silence now where it once taught. It nowhere unteaches. If there be no such hell, why did you not tell us before? Why did you leave it to Ingersoll to do so? Honest, now, did you know it yourself until he told you?

And yet, from the standpoint of today's theology, Aquinas was right. If displeasing to God, hell's torment would not be. To say that omnipotence can be displeased with what it permits, would be like saying that adjacent hills can be without depression between. Even the statement, that with God all things are possible, has its limitations. And when Aquinas sees God viewing with pleasure, shall he criticise by not being pleased also? His mental structure was of logical cast, no less so than that of

Aristotle himself. Momentarily closing the eye of a logic which forbids the belief of a fact without evidence, he accepted orthodox faith as his major premise, and, having done so, the unbandaged eye of his logic saw, and his tongue declared the inevitable conclusion. Here premise and conclusion are inseparable. Only lack of close thinking conceals from you the fact that your dissent from Aquinas' sentiments of delight carries with it the foundations of your faith's superstructure.

Friday, I believe it was, who asked Crusoe, "Why don't God kill the devil?" To one of Crusoe's faith his query admits of neither parry, or evasion. If in response to Crusoe's teaching, that on the planet Mars triangles sometimes have only two angles, Friday had asked, "How can that be?" to have been told that "here is mystery" would have been a most inadmissible answer. And so here. There is mystery, but the interrogation point that terminates those queries is not the point of its location. The clamor of the dilemma which here confronts theology, and Crusoe, is silenced by the absence of fact, not by the presence of mystery. The queries assume a situation which has no existence. The attempted transposition of the verbiage, and the thought forms, of the province of the fraction into the universe of the integer explains all.

And yet faith shall endure.

XXI

HOPE FOR REWARD AS A MOTIVE

The hope for reward has no different footing. A conspicuous feature of the writer's recollection of an early day revival were the words of its most favored song:

“ Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you won't go to heaven when you die.”

And the preacher, as have preachers of more eminence since, emphasized the implied threat that lurks conditionally between those lines. A motive for the highest action was certainly here placed on the lowest ground. Secular power might, spiritual never should, offer a suggestion like that. The utility argument is here overworked. Is love a purchasable commodity? “ Love me or see there what you'll get ”; is that the basis of my demand?

Though they follow as an incidental and inevitable result of all purposed action, righteousness looks not to considerations of personal benefit, or detriment, as its inspiring motive, or moving cause. Such motives are individual, but righteousness has a cosmic basis. Righteousness must be the rule of action without thought of consequence to self — nay, though detriment, and not benefit, be seemingly the assured reward. Do the right because it is the right, and leave results to God. And the supreme word is not here used in its religionist sense.

The individual is the universe in miniature. The universe and the individual are for what, from individual standpoint, would be called a purpose. There is a somewhat, or somehow, for which we are, or are to become. The power that makes for righteousness is not merely of ourselves, it *is* ourselves, though not so exclusively. The universe is my unconscious self, and this it is that makes for righteousness. "For it is God which worketh in you to will, and to do of his good pleasure." The individual stress idealward is the integer fact's mode of being.

Our highest ideals are the signals which indicate the direction for individual effort. Though individual effort fail, as oft if not for the most part it will, the universe will surely win. And when its victories are gained, we then shall find that we ourselves were the universe but briefly guised as individuals. Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him, for if slain, I shall be of that which slew. For death itself, either the first, or yet some later, death is but the hand which moves the mask which veils us from ourselves. The bubble goes to sea, not void, and it becomes aware of the fact. And now, "O Death, where is thy sting; and where thy victory, O Death?"

For assuredly nature's most certain, and most universal, fact knows what it is about. Nature is on our side. Then trust the signals given; obey faithfully; act instantly; and trust implicitly. Let fate have the past. The future is freedom's own.

XXII

REVELATION

But we are told that revelation authoritatively answers our caption query in the affirmative. And revealing has been, is, and yet shall be. Infinitely varied are the aspects, features, and presentations of the one unit in the exercise of whose functions it becomes necessary to take cognizance of that fact. Each individual man is a specialized sense organ of man.—A conscious fingertip, as it were, to receive and report to mankind. The same vision fronts all eyes but the visual capacity varies.

An Edison is sensitive to certain features, and Elijah to another. Edison has never read (or has forgotten) Moses, but he hears the divine voice that speaks today and bids, "Subdue the earth!" He hears, and hearing, heeds. In all ages there have been, and in all ages there will be, individuals with sense organs responsive to the spiritual aspects of the integer fact.—Moses and others whom we are accustomed to call prophets, the Nazarene, and unnumbered others since, were of this class. Wherever soul is, there is a seer. Differences are in degree, not in kind. There are no differences in kind.

But in later days there has been a dearth of vision. And why? For two thousand years, the world's God-made prophets have been man forbidden to view

the God-made fact. Instead, they have been required to keep the eye steadily fixed upon what fallible men declare that God said was fact. Visual capacity has been, but it has stayed unused. The wish to fly, and the attempt, gave wings to the lone lord of the loftiest heights. Spoiled of gift-bringing flight, the eagle's wings are lost at last, and eyes which once quailed not before the sun's grow dim, and close. Unwinged and blind, he lords no more the upper air. And so with souls born to mount up as on the wings of the eagle, and dowered with commensurate visual capacity. God and one soul, these two and no third; these are the conditions required for the highest spiritual vision; but for twenty centuries a third, either as book, church, or tradition, has been authoritatively present. And there has been a dearth of vision. Whatever vision may result, only one soul and God must be within the horizon of soul's God-sensing activity.

Vision, as here used, means the result of intuitional activities which are of the essence of all soul. What soul structure sees, that is soul vision. Soul's visual capacity has all but perished by disuse.

But, you ask, "What of revealing that comes as His word from without?" Though heaven-born or begotten he be, world savior no person has been, or shall be! Truth is the world savior; no other has been, or shall be. He largely was truth who stood before Pilate, but he was not all truth. And here let truth speak, though the heavens should fall. If truth be not spoken, it surely will fall. Today the times are out of joint, and world awry, because somewhere truth has not been spoken. Be chary of dis-

favor when candor would speak. Forbid not when candor would speak, lest haply you fight against God: for her speech may be truth, and truth and God are one.

And view not with a tremor, though candor may threaten, though candor approach, with a step which seems all unhallowed — approach what you deem the most holy of all. Error enshrined is error still, and error is oft enshrined. View not with tremor. There is a divinity which doth hedge all that should stay enshrined.

And now what of the revelation that speaks from without? If such was, it was because the revealer wished people to know. But why, for we are still on ground where the answer to no query will be accorded sanctuary privileges. If as a person He be viewed, then as a person shall even He be judged. Why should it be wished that some should know, and others not? Was there indifference as to those who were before revelation was? And if so, may there not still be more or less indifference? But when the fullness of time did come when the world should know, why was not the world informed? Why should there again be any distinction? Since revealing first was, still there has been no revealing to all. The supposed revelation has not yet reached the most of those who have lived since first revelation was. Revelation has not been to the vast majority now living in such a way as to justify a reasonable belief that what you consider revelation is such in fact. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. By the spirit test, if not by the test of the letter, as yet there has

been no revealing from without. Most have not yet heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

If there has been revelation, it was because the revealer wished the people to know. With the resources at his command when the fullness of time came, if the revealer wished the people to know, revealing would have been in such a way that the fact would be known. And these are not the words of a dreamer. True, aura of eternal verities whereof other ancient writings give no hint illumine almost every page of the old prophets, and the starward aspirations of the soul of man register their highest in that which came later. And in his "search the Scriptures" injunction, the fervency of St. John's appreciation hardly rose to the full level of fact. But here the weakest link measures the strength of the chain. These writings throughout are permeated with matter which today's intuition and intellect can never ascribe to deity. And why shall hypocritical silence longer make obeisance to fancies like these? For God is truth, and truth is God. And shall we not trust Him! The author of Job, and of first Genesis, not less than Milton, would have wondered to hear that the verbiage their wand of poesy conjured from the lips of Satan would one day be accepted as the sober statement of historic fact.

Though these Scriptures, old and new, are permeated with what today's thought deems error, they speak the loftiest truth, as well. The outward vision shows one hemisphere of fact. It sees only the silver shield, but the golden shield is there. These writings, error permeated though they be, uphold the

other hemisphere to view. That was matter; this is spirit. That was evanescent; this is eternal. They declare the eternal fact, and soul's relation thereto. For a recognition of that which these show forth, the world's need stands clamorous today. They have been, and still largely are, civilization's bulwark against barbarism, and spirituality's main support. Though also seen elsewhere, star fire is here. Whether they be Mormon, Mohammedan, Christian, or Hindu, there is a reality in the religion which these people with whom we disagree profess.

The thirst for eternal life is of the essence of all soul. Search the Scriptures, for despite the errors there, these show the way to where that thirst may find allay. Only the eternal can satisfy soul thirst, and these writings recognize the fact, and so declare. Only the eternal can satisfy soul thirst, and when analyzed, all thirst will be found to be the thirst therefor.

Today's philosophy tells us that war is necessary, and desirable. But these still older writings accentuate, and advance, ideas of transcendent moment, and of a far different character from those which Hegel and Bernhardt bring. They teach that war should, and shall, cease. As between the prophet and the philosopher give me the prophet, and though the two be inseparable, as between intuition and intellect give me intuition. Also give me Moses before Homer, and Isaiah rather than Hegel. Not physical brute strength, but psychic stress that vivifies, and constitutes the right, has held, and shall hold, the regal place. These old writings note sharply the distinction between righteousness and its opposite. There

is no room for compromise. The conflict between is irrepressible. That they exalt and deify — this they condemn. The antagonism had been noted before. Soul structure senses the fact, but these old writings find cosmic sanction and basis therefor. Though the fact for a while may stay veiled, the wrongdoer stands in their path, and fronts the oncoming stars. Sooner or later his face shall feel the wrathful stroke. Always, and everywhere, wrongdoing means soul hurt, and though joined with whatever gain, soul hurt comes at a cost too dear. Every page of these old writings engenders, and makes conspicuous, these ideas, and others like them which are not less vital. The Book has permeated, and still permeates, soul structure with teachings of like character. The Book accentuates the fact that the spiritual things are the true. Though oft they err, these old writers high uphold along the firmament of soul eternal verities which, though veiled to grosser sense, are of vital concern.

And this may be said for organized faith: though it augments, elaborates, and multiplies their error, it recognizes their fact. That those who repudiate the error should otherwise follow example is the crying need of the day. Virtue does indeed have cosmic basis and sanction, and the voice of Cosmos is the voice of God and the Book emphasises the fact. An awareness of the fact should be a salient feature of soul structure. The world needs the Book. We who deny, not less than those who affirm, its special inspiration, have been, and are, its beneficiaries.

Belief in a revelation from without may be explained. Though the seer outranks the seen, the

relation between the two is that of identity. The two constitute one and the same fact. The presence of either is the condition upon which the fact of the other depends. The outward vision is the condition upon which the inward awareness depends. The without shows fact with outlines clearly defined. It presents itself as thing. Thing fronts the infant's first opened eye. His world, and its furniture, consist of things. His thought extends in thing-made grooves. His thought forms are thing-fashioned. His language outgrows from things, and his every spoken word betrays its lineage.

Reality in two forms are the conditions of all experience: the without, and the within. The without seems to be the initiator. From the earliest to the latest breath, through avenues of fleshly sense, the without obtrudes its presence upon the attention of the within.

Though so far as absolute knowledge is concerned, the within is itself the sole reality, the reality which has the experience habitually ignores itself, and accepts the apparent intruder from without, whose existence there is an unverifiable inference, as the true and sole reality. We wholly ignore the psychic fact which we sense within, and of which we are absolutely certain, and look solely to what speaks to the fleshly sense from without for what constitutes reality.—Audible, or visible, to fleshly sense, or naught, becomes the basis of our faith and of our philosophy. And this is materialism.

By reason of this personal equation incident to the limitation which is of individuality's essence, only that which does, or might, affect the outer sense seems

to be real. Only the touchable is thought to be true. Wherefore the Israelites of old demanded a visible God. They wished to underprop psychic fact with material form. They insisted upon finding elsewhere conditions observable only in the material realm. They sensed intuitional activities which are of the essence of all soul, but they wished therefor a basis of fact visible to the eye of the fleshly sense. They demanded a visible God, and a calf was given. Aaron knew better, but he yielded to their demand, as has many an Aaron since, for Aarons there still are. Wherever the lips of a priest intone a creed, the priest's head rejects, or would reject if thought were there, there Aaron is. The demand was for what the eye of the flesh could see. The calf came. The demand was for what the ear of the flesh could hear. The Book came — word filled.

God-worded revelation is a golden calf in different form. The two have common origin. And so with personized Deity. And so with deified man. And so with deified corporation, and corporation's deified papal head. All such notions are grievous error. All these are due to the personal equation incident to the limitation which is of individuality's essence. Faith's basis is intuitional, and not institutional. It does not depend upon a revelation from without. Revelation from without is a baseless theory by which to explain a fact which is its own explanation. His voice speaks not in words. Intuitional activities themselves are facts. Intuitions are cosmic activities, not individual.

The integer fact is a psychic fact. All supposedly nonpsychic fact is a conclusion from a major premise

which is exclusively psychic. To be at all, this psychic fact must be in some way. The individual, and these seemingly individual intuitions, are its mode of being. Intuitions are cosmic activities individually sensed. Through intuition the cosmos speaks, and the voice of the cosmos is the voice of God. It comes not within the province of intuition to tell who was who's father, or to make known other historic fact. Its utterances cannot be formulated in words. So used, words are only symbols, crude and ineffectual.

Looking out of the window, I see and say, "A robin sits on yonder limb." The fact, the perception of the fact, and the statement of the fact, from the individual standpoint, are wholly separate. Pope says that hope springs eternal; here the fact, and the perception of the fact, are not separate. The perception of the fact constitutes the fact. The sensing of the starward stress within the realm of soul is that stress — and so with love. The feeling constitutes the fact. When we see innocence, suffering and helpless, we say that we have a feeling of compassion. And that when we witness oppression and injustice, we have feelings of condemnation and indignation. Error lurks in these forms of expression. That "have" is a word indicative of a relationship found only in the fractional individual, and in the material world. It implies a separation between possessor and possessed. The expression is correct only when applied to a relationship found in the material realm. But not so here. Not so as to feeling. The integer fact is a psychic fact. Feeling is of the psychic fact's mode of being. We do

not have that hope, that compassion, and that indignation. That starward stress is not a wind whose urge comes against us from without. We *are* that hope and this condemnation. We *are* these feelings. Their cognition is a form of self awareness. Awareness of the fact constitutes the fact. Awareness of the fact is of the essence of all fact. Individual awareness is not commensurate with all fact, but there is a cosmic awareness, and the universe in its entirety is a state of cosmic awareness.

Individual intuitions are cosmic activities, individually sensed, which cannot be expressed in words borrowed from the material realm though deity itself should so attempt. The language of the material realm is thing-made. Intuition is God's own voice. No other revelation is conceivable, or possible.

Though more finely sensed, the seer for me must be like visioned as myself. The difference is in degree only, not kind. He can only impart what was already there within, in dormant form. That recognition shall attend awaking must be his credential. Soul structure vision within must see and recognize the truth of every message that comes from without. This is the only revelation. All tenets else, based on the material fact without, must be established by evidence addressed to the fleshly sense, or necessary inference therefrom.

Aside from verifiable facts which speak from without, whatever message comes must waken recognition herewithin. What you impart, I may have never heard, or thought before, but when told, I must know your message to be true, independent of your telling.

My credence must have other basis than my faith in you, or in any prophet of the Lord, or in any god, or in a God speaking from without. And there can be no other revelation from without.

What seemingly comes from without must be potentially present within. That his utterance shall wake an assenting echo back from the heart of the hearer must be the prophet's credential. To point where we might have looked is his function. He can only tell us what we already know, though had not yet thought of. Absence of our thought it was that left a place for his vision.

The prophet thrusts nearer the word we already knew, which, though at our tongue's end, was just out of its reach.

XXIII

EXTERNAL AUTHORITY

How the determination as to the presence of the quality called good may be made, may be further considered. Intuition is the initial, and reason the final, factor. When intuition moves, and reason seconds, the incident is closed, and the determination made. But you ask what, or whose, intuition. Nature is cunning. Where nature wants perception she places vision. The determination is to be made by the intuition before which the fact is presented. True, I know that other visual capacity far exceeds my own, and a knowledge of this fact may well determine what the result of my intuitional activity shall be. The nature of a vision shown to other eyes may be part of the data whose wizard power shall call up from the vast depths within me that feeling that shall be vision for me, but no vision for others shall be vision for me. If miracle must be faith's basis each age must have its own. Authority from without may control my act, but that is the utmost limit. Corporate determination may control bodily action, but not soul attitude. The without, with the assent of my own soul structure, shall determine what shall be my thought. Gods may speak from without, or from within, but when gods speak from without, whether through book, church, prophet, or

tradition of the elders, nay, when God himself speaks from without, and though as his credential, at his thaumaturgist beck and call flaming suns start forth from void, and thence return, yet shall I stand. The voice shall come as advisory only. Nature's statute against frauds bars deific utterance from without. The without can control, or destroy, my body, but naught that approaches from without shall control *me*. Right well I know that God himself hath so decreed. And now let him who would deny show his credentials. To be created, and with my feet placed on higher ground, would be the acme of my desire; but let whom it may concern know that the correcting hand must be applied within, for the God element is there also, is me.

But when He speaks unmistakably within, then there shall be instant recognition and instant obedience, though perdition itself be that obedience's reward. Have you occult power? If you wish me to know, do not tell me, but show me. Have you been favored with vision? Tell me, and I will hear you eagerly; but when my time comes to have vision, you will please retire. Even Sir Oliver Lodge must give me his facts, and leave me to form what shall be my conclusions.

Because a past age burnt its witches in this world, and its sinners in the next, must we make like disposition of ours? Because past ages said it was the Lord who spake thus, and so, must we take their word for it? — Now, must we? But you ask,

“Is there nothing settled once for all? Must we go about feeling that the very earth we tread is not to be relied on?”

Let not your heart be troubled. If earth ought not to stay settled, let us not try to make it stay settled; and if it ought to stay settled, we needn't worry. "The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns." Are the people of today more likely to unsettle what should stay settled than were the people of two thousand, or four thousand, years ago to settle what ought not to stay settled? No person should arrive at the age of maturity with his opinions on any subject already prepared, and pigeon-holed, ready to be handed down in response to what comes in answer to "What number, please?" The past comes to us labeled "*prima facie*, but not conclusively correct."—That is the maximum.

When soul suffers that whose functions it is to evoke vision to usurp the place of vision, then soul abdicates her rightful sovereignty, and every abdication of soul sovereignty is soul suicide. And soul suicide is the world's malady today. And the suicide of nations now visible is that malady's surface symptom. But suppose gods, or their prophets, should declare that to be good which our intuition tells us is not good? — What then? Then we know that they were false prophets, and were not gods. But suppose they present credentials sufficient to establish the fact that they are gods? Then so much the worse for the gods. Promethean defiance then shall be for gods, though anguish chained, and hostile furies there shall be consequence, for right is God. Intuition is regal. What it declares good, that is good. There can be no higher authority.

But, horror-stricken, you ask,

"Do I purpose to set up my intuition against

Him, His holy prophets, and His holy church, and not stopping there, but against God Himself?" And, you ask, "What will the world be coming to if my teaching be generally disseminated? To which I reply, "What has the world come to with your teaching generally disseminated?" Is it not barely possible that such progress as the world has made has been made largely in spite of, rather than because of, your teaching?

The trouble is this: the intuition spoken of as my intuition belongs to, and is of, my conscious self, but the proprietorship, so far as that term applies, extends farther. I am the proprietor but my proprietorship is not exclusive. I am but a fraction, but the proprietorship in question is coextensive with the universe itself. The shore does not, as the boat would claim, leave the boat, but the drifting boat leaves the shore. It is not my intuition. I am its. The bird which, though never having seen, or heard, of egg, softly lines the nest, does not have the intuition; the intuition has the bird.

This is the fact: within, and of me, of you, and of every soul that breathes, is the center of the universe. The deific element, though fractionally present, is there enthroned. Sacrilege, do you say? Nay, I come with no unsettling hand. I am not one who denies, but the reverse, rather. My bugle never calls retreat, nor ever sounds one faltering note.

You it is, not I, who dares approach with sacrilegious tread, and questioning. Analyze and probe the first man you meet until you find, as you will find, his highest self, which is his true self. Then stand with unsandaled feet, and uncovered head, for you stand

where you might worship without idolatry. Though not always heeded, He speaks there, speaks now. He speaks from different levels. That He speaks now, renders the fact that at sundry times, and in diverse manners, in times past He spoke by his prophets of minor consequence. Let convocated scribes no longer waste the weary hours in quibbling over the doubtful meaning of some ancient word of barbarous sound to every living ear. He wars on faith who finds Him not in every soul. He slays the Christ anew who finds his son in Galilee alone. Seek him not there alone. The truth may come from any Nazareth. The Patmos seer sensed verity. His eye beheld the fact, but not the form. What matters it what portion of extension's vast may show the advent of the savior son? O weary earth! O longing soul! No more attend the brazen sky. Within the hearts and souls of men, behold He comes; within the hearts and souls of men He was, and is, and ever comes. He comes today. Today He speaks, and in no alien tongue. The sun speaks all languages, and a sun of yet profounder ray needs no interpreter, needs no translation. Deity, with a message undelivered, is not reduced to such extremity. Each shall hear, each must hear, in his own tongue wherein he was born the message which shall save the world. Yon sun above, night's myriad host of kindred fires shall wane, they one by one shall flicker, and expire. The sun which feeds all suns with fire, shall never wane. Before each eye of soul that sun rays forth a meridian flame. Let none dare stand between.

The revelation that does not get itself known to be a revelation by earnest souls athirst to know the

fact, if the fact it be, is not a revelation. Every revelation must come bearing intuition's approval stamp rather than that of any outside authority. Truth here presents this crucial test; who dares not follow where truth leads, whatever idol be dethroned, distrusts Him. He speaks today.— Then hear, but hear within. Follow no prophet. Hear when Patmos speaks, but hear yet more where Patmos hears. We have had enough of this — “ You can't hear God, I can, and I will tell you.” Tell if you must what He hath said, but urge yet more to hearken where He speaks. We want more original knowledge, and less hearsay. The witness is present in the court room.

The vision shown to other eyes is not the vision for me. When His voice speaks it can be recognized. It will speak, nay, it must speak, in the present tense. Must speak where I can hear, so I can hear, so I can know. And do you call this treason, rebellion on the part of the mere creature? Then so be it, for I also *am*. But who told you I was a mere creature? By what warrant do you apply such an epithet to me? Issue may not have been taken before, it shall be now. I challenge your statement as to my origin. “ Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ” that you should thus presume to assign my place in the order of the facts which make up this universe? Show me the credentials of your authority. *He is*; I also *am*, and in my own right. I too have rights, and I now so declare with Whitmanic emphasis. Nor do I rob Him in so doing. May we not revere Him, yet stand erect? Must grovelling be evermore the attitude of prayer? Are obsequious flattery and oriental salaam the keys which open the

door to His favor? He must so speak that I shall hear, that I shall know, and He does so speak. Let the prophets stand from between.

But suppose you *were* present when the earth's foundations were laid, and vouch for the Biblical account of my origin, what then? Suppose on the day following, the Creator commanded Adam to do this, or that, what was his duty? Instant obedience, to be sure, you answer. But are you sure? I say no. The mere fact that God commands does not create man's duty. The fact that man does exist, regardless of how his existence came to be, gives him rights which are his very own, even as against his creator. The creator may rightly uncreate, but so long as the creature is permitted to exist, it has rights. Within limits the worm may hold parley with God. And it is Adam's right now to *know* if it be God who commands. The command must be accompanied by credentials.

The commanding Creator though he be, He must appear on even footing with the humblest suitor, and expose Himself to the law's delay, and to the errors of court. Adam is entitled to *know*, and until he does know, the duty of obedience does not exist. And how is the question to be determined, and by whom? The determination must be made within. It cannot be thrust from without. But suppose the credentials do assure that Adam is a creature, and that it is his Creator who commands, what then is Adam's duty? You say, "Why instant obedience." But again, are you sure? Again I say no. Suppose the intuition with which the Creator has vested Adam, and which Adam did not fabricate, or select for him-

self, is of such a character that Adam has the feeling which prompts the words,

“Well, suppose you did create me. I didn’t ask you to do so; now that I am here, I am here, and so long as I am permitted to remain I am on an even footing with you. Now you do something for me.”

“O!” you say, “that would be outrageous; he has no right to feel that way.”

But your proposition is not in the game. Suppose that he has been created in such a way that honestly, and in good conscience, he does feel just that way, is it then his duty to obey? And is it his duty to obey until his intuition, taking it as it came to him, puts into his heart the feeling indicated by that word *ought*. Now is it? Shall not this *ought* feeling, which the creating hand has made of his essence, be respected? And where else are we to look for a determination of what he shall do? Of course, when Adam becomes a member of a society composed of other Adams, his actions may be controlled from without, but he will still be at liberty to feel and believe that Society is in error.

But this is not all. Suppose Adam is convinced, and thoroughly satisfied, he proceeds to obey. Tomorrow the work is not completed — over night he has been thinking. He has talked the matter over with other Adams who have been created, or who have come into existence elsewhere, and hearing of new events in that quarter, have called round. He is the same Adam, but he knows more. The same intuition which yesterday said *ought*, today says *ought not*. What is his duty now? Must he stick to the job? It is the same intuition that his Creator gave

him, mind you. Is it his duty to stick to the job? Now is it? Society is that Adam. Today is tomorrow. Again and again speaking through His prophets, He may have given command. Other Adams determined long since that it was His voice. They went on doing, and believing, as commanded, but were their determinations binding, and conclusive, on all future Adams? Must today's Adams stick to the job upon which any yesterdays may have started? Again, I ask, Suppose a past age burnt its witches, and its heretics, in this world, and disposed of its witches, its sinners, and its heretics in the next in the same way, must we keep on doing so? True, the secular arm may have been the external authority that did the earthly burning, but today's infallible church stood by without objecting, and it still approves the eternal flames elsewhere. Suppose that what science once told about the ultimate atom had come to us as authoritative, and final? But what then shall be said of the declaration of theology, that two thousand years, or more, ago it was God who said thus, and so? That the years that have since intervened have concurred adds no weight to what was first said. Such approval was perfunctory, and a matter of form. They approved not because they so thought, but because they were bid to accept without thinking at all, and they so did. The verdict of a past century, or of twenty past centuries, coerced by threat, comes to me with no weight.

If faith cannot be made to abide without the stopping of ears and the closing of eyes; without staying the mind's tendency to inquire where the nature of mind prompts inquiry, and investigation; without

force from without; without the gibbet and the stake, it cannot be made to abide by such policy, and with such aids, and appliances. Is faith a fearsome thing that reason must be tethered from its reach? Every persecution for opinion's sake is the persecutor's confession of a mistrust that the victim was right. The true faith should welcome rather than discourage the attack of respectful and sincere assailants. When the iconoclast approaches, let tin, stone, and wooden gods seek cover; but whoso has in keeping the true holy of holies, let him throw wide open the doors.

The world has had dispensations, new and old. By its fruits you may know the tree, and would you know the fruit? Would you know the tree? Then look about you, see the heading of that column there in the morning paper. If what you see does not show that present dispensations are weighed in the balance and found wanting, what would? What are the signs by which we might know if such a condition should exist? With God face to face with His world for at least two thousand years, that conditions should be as they are shows that something is wrong somewhere. His eye whose vision, all undimmed, scans the wall which high upholds Saint Peter's dome, sees a mystic hand write *Tekel* there, and today the Vatican and her allied unfriendly aids, from Austria's plains and from the farther north, may hear war's thunder gun's hoarse voice, unceasingly repeat the prophet word. Present dispensations may say that the world would not hear; but will present dispensations tell why the world will not hear? It is

the business of dispensations to get themselves heard.

And there is intuition. Let no prophet stand between. But what, or who, is intuition? No answer could be too daring for the fact. But, you say, "Surely you would not have intuition uncontrolled by judgment rule the world." No, reason and intuition are inseparable. The relation between is that of identity. Where either is, the other is also. Let both be heard.

And suppose that the rejection of external authority should imperil faith's ancient forms? Why should those forms stay unchangeably fixed in a universe where all else is change? Nonchange means death. Change is life, and life is growth. Intuitional activity gave faith being. The steady upward growing pedestal of centuries gives an ever widening horizon to intuition's eye, and a wider horizon means a wiser view. If less vision gave faith's earlier form, may not more vision give faith forms more true? The faith which finds full expression in a dead language is itself dead. Crystalline forms are dead forms. It is not the twining wreath, though fair, nor carvings there grotesque, that give the massive column strength. The fact that it is, and not the form, is what tells. Though form may change, fact shall endure.

The good ship True Faith, which today sails the perilous sea with breakers ahead, goes barnacled to the limit. Faith's every detail which is not sanctioned by the intellect and intuition of today is a barnacle.—Not a miracle, but that she still abides

despite the zeal of her ill-visioned friends, is the credential of her divinity today. Not a miracle, but in spite of an alleged miracle, faith still abides. Today vastly more people believe the miracle because of the Book than believe the Book because of the miracle. And with the universe itself before our eyes, what occasion is there for other miracle? What greater wonder could there be? May it not be that the foe's assaults you deprecate mean life, not death, and that the seeming foes are instead the truest friends? The magnitude, character, and sincerity of dissent are among the world's most conspicuous facts today.

What is the present dispensation going to do about it? And what is today's dissent going to do about it?

Not nay, but yea, yea, yea, forever yea the universe at every point eternally doth utter forth. And with the universe an eternal affirmation, shall the world be content with denial only?

Shall we dethrone error-marred truth, and en throne negation instead, and place the scepter in its hands? Because our puny hands cannot grasp the eternal, shall we close our eyes to the fact which most conspicuously confronts, and clasp our arms about the evanescent? If we do, our folly would excel theirs.

And this we largely do. For the most, today finds itself snared in a vicious round of mad endeavor for corn to feed hogs, to get money, to buy more land, to raise more corn, to feed more hogs, until death terminates the senseless farce. True these are needful — are necessary. The folly of the ascetic who would shut his eyes to the fact is not less. All these

have value but they find value outside of themselves. All these are for soul, and save as they serve soul, they are without value.

But, you tell me that truth stays concealed — that we know as little as Galileo cared about these things. You put Pilate's query, and you ask, "Where shall truth be found?" I answer, "I do not know, but I can point the way." From out the seeming void, high in the sky that fronts the eye of soul, a mystic hand has there placed the signal of a fluttering star flame to beckon your attention. The ideal is there. It may not be the goal, but it is the hereward show, and thither is the way.

It may recede. That you may never attain matters not. Forbear not to strive for what you know you never can reach. All goes that you get: you can only grasp the evanescent — what you become stays eternal there. At every point throughout her wide domain, the universe is one ceaseless becoming. Become, become, is the command she unceasingly shouts in your ear. She everywhere sets the example of obedience to her own command, and bids you imitate. Let her example be followed. Let her commands be obeyed. Look not without, but within rather, for the fruits of your effort. Obey the cosmic imperative within, and trust the voice of the cosmos, which bids you hope, and bids you trust, for the voice of the cosmos is the voice of God.

XXIV

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

You ask pointedly, "What think ye of Christ?" For one, if not two generations, the story of his life was a matter of oral tradition only.—Only a miracle could have preserved the written record from legend, the innocent variation, from actual fact and partizan interpolation. There were several records. Only collusion, or a miracle, could account for exact harmony had such been among the several writers in matters of detail. Miracle there was none, but considering the age, miracle there would have been had no miracle been ascribed. He was of, and His life was among, the common people, and the common people of that age, and the common people of all ages, are ready to ascribe miracles.

The narratives abound in inaccuracies, but that such narratives were written about that time by several writers acting independently, is itself a well credentialed fact whose light, backward thrown, shows the presence there of a most remarkable personage whose general character and teaching were as shown by these records.

The hand, all but motionless before, was then suddenly moved far forward on the dial plate of the cosmic timepiece which registers the measure of spiritual impulse. That he was born out of wedlock was no

discredit to him. But let there be no hysteria because of any implied reflection elsewhere. There have been mothers whose only demerit was that they became such without marriage. Mother of Jesus, and all like mothers elsewhere, neither do I condemn thee! And there have been mothers whose only merit was that they did not.

But, you ask, "What think you of Christ?"—Humanity has ideals. Humanity senses the fact that soul has an altitude still unattained. Here is something real, a part of soul's very self. External reality which never does show reality's inmost features presents no analogy for the peculiar relationship here found between different parts of the same fact. The known, and the unknown, constitute the fact, and yet we know that there is an unknown. Nevertheless these its unrealized ideals, these unattained altitudes, are of the very essence of all soul. Soul's highest ideal is soul's true altitude. As my true self I claim my highest self. I am the wing that upward strives, and not the clay that stays its soaring flight.

Soul thirsts for absolute perfection.—Absolute perfection is soul's highest ideal — only the one integer fact is absolute perfection. Though as yet unconscious of soul's full stature, that is the zenith point of soul aspiration, and that point measures the full altitude of soul. Humanity has ideals, and it thirsts for their realization, and wherever one appears whose character and behavior emphasizes these ideals the eye of humanity turns, turns, yearningly, and stays riveted there.

And where such an one appears, humanity always

generously assumes that the merit which carried so far, carried farther than was known. World heroizes its heroes, and deification is heroizing raised to a higher degree. Whether or not the Nazarene was the beneficiary of such generosity, one thing is certain: world never gives more, save to him who has much. The Nazarene was that kind of a character to a high degree. But all this is immaterial. We look to humanity which accords rather than to the man who may, or who may not, have merited, for the profound significance of the fact. The full altitude of humanity's ideal is here revealed.—Divine he may have been.—Divine humanity certainly was, and is. Who does, and not who merely might reveal, is the prophet. Capacity to recognize when uttered, and power to utter, both are requisite.—Both are seer vision, the same in kind, though varying in degree. The conscious seer declares, the unconscious seers recognize. When the prophet bids me love, like echo gives yes as the answer back. Not so if he tells me that his ancestry was in part divine. And humanity recognized, and increasingly recognized, shall yet recognize the truths the Nazarene uttered.

But never yet came forth utterance with new virtue gained from the lips which gave utterance. Truth is not because it found utterance. Our sense of right and wrong did not come from the ten commandments. That a depression must be between two adjacent hills is not because of any god's decree. Truth was, and clamorous for utterance, before lips were. Truth's thirst for utterance it was that made lips. Before Nazareth was, the eleventh commandment was there, indelibly engraved on the basal

structure of the universe, and with every letter of its wording unceasingly retraced by each every-direction-changing fiber of its warp and woof. The voice of the prophet speaking from without can only tell what was already vaguely within. A thirst to know, a capacity for a particular knowing, and an environment of conditions that shall bring knowledge, all these were there, all these are here. The voice may awake to a consciousness of the fact, but only that which is dormant there can be roused from dormancy. When you present for my consideration teachings of the Nazarene which should, and which yet assuredly shall, become the world's rule of action, and ask, "What think ye of Christ?" shall I make answer, "I can't say now, I must wait until I fully determine that question about his paternity, and besides, I want to be more certain in my mind whether the decomposition of Lazarus had actually begun."

No, no, a thousand times, no. Intuition is the true prophet, and today's intuition must be today's prophet. The approval of today's intuition, and not the miracles of two, or four thousand, years ago must determine the world's faith, and be the inspiration of the world's action today. Whatever may have been the conditions two, or four thousand, years ago, when you tell me that it is wrong to steal, or that sugar tastes differently from lemons, you will add nothing to the convincing effect of your assertions by supplementing your statement with a "thus saith the Lord," or by performing a miracle in my presence.

The Nazarene took into his heart, or is credited with so doing, not merely his own immediate family,

or his own country, nor yet the world of his own time, but the world of all centuries that are to come. And whether wisely, or unwisely, it matters not; he sacrificed himself in their behalf. And humanity for all time will take this man unto its heart; and this it will do with more fervency than were he God. These gods who never sinned, these lofty souls whose inward vision backward turned can see no folly there, they seem so far away, so far away.

Let it be conceded that save and except this willingness, and this sacrifice, all else be fable, and that he was merely our fellow townsman, the son of the carpenter, and a commonplace man; still he is entitled to stay forever enshrined in the heart of humanity, with his image forever pedestalled before its eye, for here fact was commensurate with humanity's ideal. And here is the real Christ — not the Nazarene, high statured though he was, but the Nazarene yet higher still upraised, and upheld, full level with humanity's highest ideal by soul activity in its highest manifestation — by an energy whose motor force is God, for stress idealward, and God, are one.

And why should we persistently look without, to this evanescent earth, and to you high cycling suns for exemplifications, and symbols, of that which is real? We infer and ascribe, without only what we know we sensed within; then why look without for reality?

Reality flashes niggardly, and evanescent, to outer eye, but vision here within, eternal now, shall yet be nowhere dimensioned less. The ideal is the real in the involuted bud, and every high ideal is a vision of a glory which the future must surely, shall unfold,

And here is the real Christ. Humanity ascribed without, the deity it found within. The soul thirst, and the soul impulses and instincts which are of the essence of all soul, are creative energies, and we here have their product. They demand a God like that. And this ideal shall yet be realized — nay, is now realized, though limitation be as yet all unaware. Full awareness, and that only, is soul's need. The universe in its entirety is that realization, and nature is good.

Because it believed him to be divine, humanity ascribed to him divine qualities. To know what these were, it looked not to a lexicon without, but to soul's own self within. The eye of intuition, and not that of intellect, was the sense organ of vision. That organ is soul structural in character. What it says, that is.— Its visions are verity.

Only divinity can know divinity. The character accredited to him, whether there ascribed, or there found, attests humanity as divine. The dissent whose devastations you lament, while it would raise all mortals to the sky, it would drag no divinity down.

The breath which to your sorrowing eye extinguishes the flame that aureoles a savior's head, but merges to the wider, and far loftier, flame which aureoles humanity. Not the Nazarene, but here is the Christ whom you worship. Not humanity but humanity's ideal — not humanity's ideal, but the unspeakably greater beyond whereof humanity's ideal is the hereward show.

“ Painters have painted their swarming groups and the
Central figure of all,

From the head of the central figure a nimbus of
Gold colored light,
But I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head
without
It's nimbus of gold colored light,
From the hand, from the brain of every man and
woman
It streams, effulgently flowing forever."

WHITMAN.

One age idealizes where another deifies, and where it deifies, it only bestows what it found within, and all it gave it still retains. And more. The heart of humanity is divinity's throne. He there appears the earth born Savior son, and there alone. He there increasingly appears. Not through the sky's disfigured face, wait not his advent there, but here within, within the hearts and souls of men he was, and is, and ever comes. Whatever source elsewhere, through other channel never yet came the thought to lessen woe. No hand save man's was ever raised to ease the earth's pain. Whatever deity may be beyond, His face we only there behold. And thither now let the earth's sad eyes be turned. As never yet before, woe holds high carnival today, and presage is of yet more starless sky. War's gleaming torch rays darkness now along the path of coming time, and the far glow of each day's sun shades with a deeper gloom the graves of those long hence unborn.

Not fertile fields left desert bare, not sacred temples fair once raised by art, now ruin wrecked by war's dread thunderbolts more terrible than the sky's, not these are the earth's sorest plaint. Not these, for flowers again may shortly bloom in the

field where carnage tilled, and where any devout soul adores is a sacred shrine. Not wounds whose plaint at once stays silent neath the sod, not buried wounds, but wounds that live; not body wounds, but wounds of soul; these are the earth's woe today. Yet wider far than the field of strife the meteors of war now hurl their wrath, and every voice of all the earth's seas, in funeral tones now call the Lusitania's name, and the specter casts a shadow that darkens every sea's far shore.

The whole wide world is Rama now where Rachael weeps for children born of soul pain, as well, and nurtured at her breast, which were but yesterday in manhood's prime, but now are not. And many a widowed Rachael by war's rude hand made shelterless, by war's rude touch bereft, weeps lonely now. And there too, little ones, a myriad host, reach forth imploring hands toward where the un pitying war made vacancy, and eager list to somewhere hear a kindly voice that says, "Come unto me," but list in vain.

The pathos of their feeble plaint leaves the fiends of hell, and where gods dwell, alone unmoved. And where God dwells for aught that shows. The world long has watched the door closed sky to view the advent of the Savior son. The sky opens wide her door today, and advent is there, but not that of the Prince of Peace, the Savior son. Grim Moloch there appears. His hand profuse, and as baleful as profuse, hurls wide and far the missiles of his murderous wrath on all that soul holds dear below.

No hand save man's was ever raised to ease the earth's pain. Whatever source elsewhere through other channel never yet came the thought to lessen

woe. Then with these eyes of the flesh no more attend yon brazen sky, but with soul's eye attend the firmament within. He there within shall surely come, shall surely come.

Whatever deity may be beyond, His face we only there behold, and thither now let the eyes of the earth be turned. Thou Son of God within the hearts and souls of men, and greater God elsewhere, an anguished world now earnestly calls, now anxiously waits. The single cry that once uprose from Calvary hill now universal swells. Throughout the vast, wide circuit of the sun an innocence not less, not less impaled, today augments, throughout an anguished world that cry now swells "*Eloi! Eloi! Lama Sabacthani!*" An anguished world now earnestly calls, now anxiously waits. Appear! Thou son of God appear! appear! Within the hearts and souls of men, increasingly appear!

The intrinsic character of Christ's teaching, and the widespread and far-reaching effects of its dissemination, attest the fact that then, as never before, the eternal verities were sensed. Here is a fact which a troubled world cannot afford to ignore. The world's malady, due to constitutional limitation and defect, is organic in character. The remedy, palliative here, and possibly restorative hereafter, is largely found in the specially directioned impulse which he originated.

That impulse has since become overburdened, and largely neutralized, by a mass of impedimenta repugnant to the intellectual convictions, and highest intuitions of our age which question the fact either of life's miraculous origin, or restoration, and utterly

deny the justice of a fanciful, cumbersome scheme by which the offender is permitted to expiate his guilt by substituting the sufferings of an innocent proxy.

To disengage impulse, cosmic and beneficent, from an impediment most obnoxious and individual, to discard fable and retain faith, is the problem which confronts today's intelligent dissent.

More than any other man Jesus gave volume and impetus to the idealward stress for which the world's needs stand clamorous today. But today the highest Godward stress the world has known, a living stress, goes overweighted, and smothered, with man's devices and appliances to give it a stronger urge. Because an organized faith claims vastly too much, the world coldly views, or turns its back on all. But though skepticism should sweep away the whole fabric of ecclesiastical dogma — the fall of man, the divine ancestry, the resurrection, the vicarious atonement, and all, and twin-brothered theology, with all its exact science detail, root and branch, along with astrology — on to the topmost attic shelf next to the eaves, there to remain undisturbed save by antiquarian hand, still all would be left. The voice within would still be heard. Even the ear of skepticism would hear a voice, though it came from fiction formed lips, saying, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you," and, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

Though all else be relegated to the realm of myths and fable, then was an *event*. A momentous fact was obtruded into the current of the world's history which has been the conspicuous feature of its all

farther flow. Somewhere about the time of the Nazarene there was heard a note unheard before by the ear of the earth. From loftier realms, a new tremor was loosed upon the ether air, and the like textured souls of men — souls which are of the ether mass. Unfamiliar as it is with the then so radically different thought trend and structure, an age so permeated as is ours now with a knowledge, at least, of his teaching, can by no possibility comprehend how startling was the innovation of its first announcement. Though then first heard, the stress of that behest was there before, within the hearts and souls of men, was dormant there; and wakened then, it never shall know wane. The rising tide of altruistic zeal which never ebb shall know, attests its presence still. Even though it first found advent through fiction formed lips, the stress of that behest, through all the years that are to be, increasingly shall mould character, and determine conduct. Though the vision was error blurred, then, as never before, was sensed the eternal background whereof individuality's world, and its affairs, are but the evanescent surface show.

Though of like passions and paternity as ourselves, and differing only in degree from other spiritual teachers, he sensed some features of the integer fact more clearly than any other of whom history records. The world has long wrestled with the problem of moral evil. His six words, "They know not what they do," leaves nothing to be said. Something lacking explains all we know as ill. As with his new commandment, which included Sinai's ten, so here: though all ignorance is not guilt, the guilt of ig-

norance includes all sin.—In his “Father, forgive them,” charity and sublimity join hands. The utterance of the old prophets came credentialed with a tremor of sublimity, but here sublimity goes without a tremor. And consider his “Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.” He then sensed the fact oft sensed but feebly since, that institutions, constitutions, and laws are for humanity, and not humanity for all these.

The structure of the universe assures the fulfillment of the audacious promise which follows his all inclusive hither call and beckon to the earth’s heavy burdened souls. He may have erred as to the precise form, but he saw the fact. That promise has cosmic sanction, and every cosmic sanction shall surely be fulfilled. Though it may pause, irresponsive to the invitation of the spokesman, let today’s faith unreservedly, and without stint, approvingly recognize the features of the fact which the spokesman correctly declares. The fact is, and also the man who so invites, and so promises.

It was not his hand that formulated the charter, enumerating the powers and purposes of the corporation which ever since assumes to dictate what, and how, a man must think. He was an awakener of impulse, not an organizer of faith. That which God made individual let not man make corporate. Then was religion’s golden age for children, at least. The “of such” little children of that day were not called from play, and compelled to memorize the incomprehensible catechism which they were to understand, or misunderstand, when they became older. Religion was not then an exact science, with the rudiments to

be inculcated by the drill sergeant of the primary school, and the higher branches reserved for the curriculum of the theological seminary. His religion in his day was very different from what it became later. Then, briefly, was religion's lucid interval. It was not then largely a matter of routine, ritual, red tape, and elaborate ceremony.

He was not a high churchman. He instituted one sacrament only, and on that occasion he presumably officiated in his everyday garb, and he probably never appeared in a dress suit, though no criticism is here implied of those who do otherwise. That he should differ from them, and they from him, is proper. That each should be the facsimile of the one best would be a calamity excelled only by having each the exact duplicate of the very worst. Worship was not then, that is with him, it was not a corporate function. Corporations are without soul. Individuals are souls. Religion is an individual affair, not corporate. With him, neither Jerusalem, nor Rome, is exclusively, or preferably, the site of the holy temple; but all elsewhere, as well, and where'er soul is, there is, or may be, sanctuary. Infirmary, not strength, thirsts for sacerdotalism, and the infirmity that craves sacerdotalism will yet find Rome.

His religion appealed to the heart, not to the head, and hearts are wiser than heads. If the intellect conflicts with the intuition of all centuries that were, the intuition must prevail. The intellect is of the individual, and the individual is limited, wherefore the intellect's major premise must of necessity always omit some fact.—That of the heart never does. The good, the true, and the beautiful, are cosmic features,

and the sensing of these qualities is a cosmic function. We know more, vastly more than the intellect can tell. It was not the intellect that told us the difference between bitter and sweet, or that love is preferable to hate, or the ideal to that which is not. A like, though finer sense, apprehends the data upon which religion is based. The difference is only in degree. There are no differences in kind. Sensitiveness to cosmic influence varies in degree. Though it may near, it never reaches the zero point. We believe soul to be immortal. Intuition told those who in turn informed us.

For him, religion looked for its basis to the spontaneous cosmic affirmations which are of the essence of soul structure rather than to the varying conceits of philosophy, or inferences. Soul structure shows every tenet of the true faith. When no longer a child, he went about "my father's business," in a far different way than in the out-of-character, and palpably myth earmarked, incident where he questioned the doctors in the temple. Such fiction always obtrudes in the childhood history of those who later became famous. Washington is another instance. Here fiction attests a fact, though in the temple incident, the action ascribed to the child was not in accord with the character of the man. The child might have been a Doctor of Divinity, but not the man.—The man was not a theologian. Though childhood may have sought to base religion upon the intellect, maturity was wiser. The stress which determines character and conduct here, and which inspires confidence in what may come hereafter, has other source.

As the barnacles upon a ship's keel, myths intrude

within the history of every distinguished character. And here let a fact be recorded: Abraham Lincoln never tricked a jury into a verdict for his client by exhibiting a spurious almanac which falsified the phase of the moon on a particular date, current myth to the contrary notwithstanding. The writer was reared in an atmosphere whereof a personal knowledge of the character of Abraham Lincoln was a conspicuous ingredient. He was not that kind of a man. The character of the man would outweigh a house full of eye and ear witnesses testifying to the contrary. He did use a true almanac to correct the error of a witness.

Jesus was an evangelist who went about doing, as well as preaching, good. In striking contrast with some of his successors of more recent date, hell was not the accented feature of his teaching. In fact, whether he believed in an after-death hell, as a place of punishment, is as questionable as it is inconsequential.

The world stands a debtor to the Holy Land today. As Sinai above the Mount that Cheops built, so Jehovah above the Nile's creeping, slimy gods, and so above Sinai uprose the exceedingly high mount whereon the Nazarene bade Satan go.

And what shall be said of his errors? The occasion calls for no ungracious quest for these. This feature may well be approached in no unsympathetic mood. If not as to the form of the fact rather than to the fact itself, such error as appears may well be due to the narrator, or interpolator. He found the world in need. He sympathized, and sought to relieve. The world still needs, still sorely needs. Let

his figure be forever pedestalled, and his memory stay enshrined.

At his hand, as never before, or since, the ethical and impulse gained new vigor. We who deny, not less than those who affirm, his special divinity have been its beneficiaries. And probably as never before, nor since, he recognized the cosmic basis therefor, and his identity therewith. And yet he was mortal, and therefore limitation was his also. Each of the ideal's presentations demand recognition, and though oft but dimly sensed, the thither urge is of the essence of all soul.

But he largely, if not wholly, ignored the esthetic impulse, and the esthetic impulse is of an equal rank. He was but mortal, and therefore limited. Before Pilate he said, "I am the truth," and so he was, but he was not the whole truth. Truth and God are synonymous expressions. The thirst to know the fact is one form of Godward thirst. Curiosity is cosmic in character, and divine in origin. The Darwin who seeks truth not to please God there, or to win wealth or fame here, or to gain heaven, or to escape hell hereafter, but for truth's own sake, is wiser than he knows himself. He was a specialist, and the world needs specialists, but let the world not overlook the fact that he was a specialist. The world needs, but it should never become a specialist. The urge which impels Darwin and Edison has cosmic source and sanction. Whom they may have worshipped unconsciously, I now declare. They far outrank the seeming saint who from such motives only lives an otherwise saintly life. So far as any record shows, he would have seen nothing in Darwin to be admired.

And this is not criticism. It is not to my discredit that I am not a musician. I have known saints who cared little for truth save in special lines, and less for beauty, or the demands of good taste, whose crown of bliss was well assured, yet with whom, if there as here, and all as they, heaven would be a place most drear. He was mortal, and that fact assures limitation. The integer fact is, on its own account. It is not dependent upon anything without. The integer fact is absolute, and unconditioned. If you may deny that which those words represent to one reality, you may do so as to each in succession, and to all, and to the integer fact in its entirety. For the fractional and individual, each seemingly separate thing is dependent. I need, and must have, that which is not myself. That which is not myself needs, and must have, me. Dependence is mutual, and reciprocal. But the individual is not exclusively individual. It is also of the universal. The absolute, and unconditioned, are words which apply to the individual also. The self, and the not self are the integer fact which is absolute and unconditioned. Every each is in its own right, and on its own account. The same is true of successive intervals of time.

For the individual, and from the individual standpoint, the movement may be in a straight line. Evolution may mean an increase of elevation for the fraction, but for the integer the movement must be circular, and without a variance of level. There has been ample time to reach any goal a straight line may have in view. The universe is at its zenith now. This instant is the *supreme moment* for the

universal. Though we are individual, we are universal also.

Today is for the future, but not exclusively so. That tomorrow shall be, is incidental to today's fact, but today is not merely in order that tomorrow may be. Otherwise, each day would be only that the next might be, and purpose would be a pursuer who never overtakes, and the words, absolute and unconditioned, would be without meaning. The Epicureans were right, though they gave a wrong reason. On all proper occasions eat, drink, and be merry, for the morrow on which death comes shall never come at all.

This present world, evil though it seems, is on its own account, and yet the eye of the Nazarene's teaching and philosophy was fixed chiefly, if not solely, on the world of the future. He taught, or at least he permitted his followers to believe, that the eyes of those whose ears heard his words would witness the end of all we now still continue to see, and hear. And they did so believe. And from orthodox pulpits thousands of intelligent souls are being made miserable today by assurances that the world's present disaster is but the fulfilment of a prophecy which presages yet greater disaster near at hand. His disciples were in error then — His disciples are in error now. He was a specialist. But though the world needed Palestine, it needed India, as well. It needed Greece, and Cæsar's realm, and the realms which Cæsar never knew, and the realms which as yet were not when Cæsar fell.

He was but mortal. Religion necessarily is, and must be, universal, and not local, in its scope, char-

acter, and application. Not any particular people, not all people, but all that has feeling, must be the recipient of its benefactions. And yet he expressly restricted the zeal of his apostles and disciples to those of an extremely limited class.—Only the supernatural could show warrant for a policy like that.

He gave an impulse that moved the world at quickened pace along its destined way, but the impulse he gave was not exclusively his own. Though seemingly individual, it was cosmic as well. That same impulse is of my essence, and of yours also, and of the essence of all that is. Differences are in degree only. Though for the purposes of everyday life differences are seemingly in kind, there are no differences in kind. Where difference is marked, we are accustomed to ascribe difference in kind. Here is a grievous error, and with a disastrous consequence. Because God spoke to, and through, those of high degree, we ignore and deny the fact that he speaks to, and through, those of low degree, as well. Such nonrecognition, or denial, is an extinguisher unloosed upon the air which feeds the subtle sacred flame within each humblest heart, whose light illumines, or should illumine, soul's darksome way.

And precisely here may be found the source of today's world malady. The today attends either the clink of coin, or a voice which supposedly spake to the dead and buried ears of ages past more than to the voice which speaks to the ear of the living soul. God spake then, he speaks now. Today also has ears, and unlike those of yesterday, the ears of today have eyes. Books may record what he spake

then, but better that books stay sealed than that the opening of a book should close these ears of soul. And let not the zealots of the antiquarian faith point to the hitherto scanty fruitage of the policy now urged. Had there been more listening, there also would have been more hearing.

The claim that he performed miracles, or, at least, such as are attributed to him, or that his paternity was exceptional, is not to be seriously considered; besides, if true, the fact, so far as concerns miracles, is wholly inconsequential. But these fables mask a fact which is of the utmost consequence. The pretender to the throne bears, and brings, a greater miracle than he claims. Here is a historic fact.—*Those who knew him personally believed him to be divine.* If he did work miracles such as are ascribed, we can well understand why they so believed. If he did not, how are we to explain the fact? What must have been the personality of one not a wonder-worker who could inspire such a belief? If he did perform such miracles, here was a most remarkable character.—If he did not, then here was one scarcely less so.

Belief in his divinity was not based upon the fact of the miracles. The miracles are myth and legend, not fact. The age ascribed the miracles to him, because it believed in his divinity. The popular belief is not merely that divinity can perform miracles, but that it will evidence that fact by performance. Hence those legends. As for the gospel narrative, though not so occurring, the fact was recorded “that it might be fulfilled.” The chroniclers had a theory to sustain — the Messiah theory. The his-

torian is the counsel for the plaintiff. Here also was philosophy, as well as history; but instead of philosophy explaining fact, fact is adjusted to fit philosophy — Logos philosophy. And yet fact is here presented — fact colossal in magnitude, momentous in character, and with commensurate consequence.

The nonreligionist whose God is truth may turn from his microscope, and view the fact here also. Truth stood before Pilate, and truth stands here, as well. . . . And the religionist may turn from his creed, his dogma, his traditions and his catechisms, his forms and ceremonies, and from his glass encyclic, and here view the fact. Go not unto Jerusalem, nor unto Rome. As the ten old commandments for the one new, so now religion may be exchanged bodily for what may be found here. Truth stood before Pilate, and truth stands here.

Here undoubtedly was a great historic character. He was on our side. He took a deep interest in all that concerns humanity. He belongs to humanity. He should never be permitted to be exclusively appropriated, monopolized, or misconstrued by an incorporated fraction. He was of the people. He used the language of everyday life. He talked about love, and not about Logos. The common people heard him gladly then, and people, both common and uncommon, may now hear him with profit. He came in contact with individuals, as such, and not as members of the corporation of which they were members. This was a grave irregularity, and he paid the penalty, as others have since. His religion was cosmopolitan. Those most spiritually minded,

whether Mormon, Mohammedan, Hindoo, Pagan, or Christian, and all these may be spiritually minded, concur in his teaching. Whatever each of the world's great religions may find objectionable in the others neither of them find aught objectionable in Christianity, save what has been added since the crucifixion.

Of the faiths thus mentioned let one be taken as the type of all. Take the first named which arose within the memory of those now living under conditions not the most favorable for the advent of a new religion. It appeared in a territory already well occupied. History records nothing more heroic, or more pathetic, than the Mormon migration *en masse* across the all but trackless sandy plain into the wilderness so far away. Aged patriarchs, mother-led tottering little ones, and mothers soon to be — hand carts laden with their meager belongings, all these were there, day after day, week after week, and month after month. But on, and still on, they urge their weary, toilsome way. Literature's utmost effort, and the genius of art, have combined to keep the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock incident, inspired as it was by a like motive, before the eye of the world; but who shall say that these were not entitled to a like place if judged by the character of the act. These also dared the vast unknown.

See them there as they follow the path of the westward sun, day after day. These are no mammon worshipers. They go not lured by wealth of gold within the hills toward which they slowly move, as others have gone since. They sensed things spiritual. Deceived, or deceiver, their prophet may have

been, but divinity is theirs none the less. Their every uplifted, weary foot is a compass-needle which indicates the right hemisphere, though it points not to the polar star. From out the ranks of the commonplace common-people sublimity here stands forth. In error though they were, their hegira haloes humanity. Before a luster which well may pale their own, the very gods may not without discredit to themselves withhold obeisance here. But you say these, though sincere, were in grievous error. True, and let those among us who have not been in error withhold his sympathy, and tribute of respect, for these most earnest souls. Sore burdened, travel stained and starward yearning souls of whatsoever faith in error though you were, and are, I claim you all as brethren!

They are no less sincere than those of other faiths. They have their miracles attested by witnesses, one of whom lived but yesterday, whose testimony on any other matter would be taken without hesitation. They had their martyrs, too. Their Christ also was crucified. They are sincere. Within the personal knowledge of the writer, the descendants of those pioneers, visiting the locality of their departure a half century before, kneeling, pressed their lips to the tear moistened earth, which they bore away to be treasured as a priceless souvenir. And who is there who does not know that a Nero's persecution, as once before, would only have added fuel to further feed that faith's flame? They are not lacking in intelligence. Availing themselves of the Cecil Rhodes scheme, they attend Oxford University. They go as Mormons, and they return as Mormons.

By every test, whether intellectual, moral, or spiritual, they compare not altogether unfavorably with those of other faiths. Like those of other faiths, they err grievously, but like those of other faiths, they sense verity.

And their zeal is none the less. Their missionaries go by the thousand. They may be found throughout the globe. In proportion to their means, no other faith surpasses them. They go not like those of other faiths, backed, sent, and maintained by powerful missionary societies, with agencies yet more potent ready at beck and call to interpose war's sheltering Ægis, if needed. The apostles of this faith go everywhere throughout the world at their own expense. Their zeal and devotion to spiritual ends parallels that of the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century, and of that faith's apostles and founders still earlier. Like those they saw verity. Though, like those they erred as to the form; like those they rightly sensed the magnitude, the power, and the character of the fact.

In grievous error though they are, all forms of faith sense the verity. And this brings us to the very heart of the present discussion. Two modes of mental activity have knowledge for a result; namely, intuitional and intellectual. Though radically unlike, the two are inseparable. Where either is, both are, though in varying degree. Though each may near, neither ever reaches, the zero point. That involves inward vision — this outward — all but exclusively so. Though form and substance are inseparable, intuition takes cognizance and exclusively so, of the magnitude, power, and character of the

fact as distinguished from its form. While speaking generally, though perhaps not with strict accuracy, the intellect sees only the more or less clearly outlined form. For the intellect only that is fact which shows more fine to the fleshly sense, or so would show to the fleshly sense.

Though each has true vision, though fractional, intuition sees deeper facts. With an intuitional eye faith's every form views the profound fact. The intellect insists upon form-outline, and feature-detail. This is a grave error. Faith's votaries sympathized with this demand, and present both in abundance. And here, too, is error; and here, if not once before, between the two errors truth suffers eternal crucifixion. Every demand for definiteness, where the fact withholds definiteness, puts faith in peril.

By no possibility can this demand for form-outline and feature-detail be complied with. The verbiage that would most nearly comply would be the language of utter mysticism. Theology overlooks this fact. It attempts to satisfy this materialistic demand which the intellect, severed from intuition, makes, and it intrudes within the domain of history, of philosophy, and of science for its material.

Because of theology's strangling grasp, faith languishes today. And who today will dare to say that today's conscientious thought views not with eye askant today's faith? And who now believes that faith's present form will ever be more favored? Let faith's fact be left where the fact's self leaves it, and its magnitude, its character, and its power shall be more clearly sensed.

There is a distinction between Christianity as taught by its founder prior to the crucifixion and what some one has called the Churchianity of his followers. Though not always so of its practice, altruism is the strongly accented feature of its theory. Even the altruistic impulse may be overworked. I am not to be any worse off by reason of the fact that I am myself instead of the brother who is to be the recipient of my benefactions. Though not exclusively so, I am on my own account. I am not exclusively for a purpose without, deific though it be. The relation of identity which exists between my brother and myself requires that my own welfare be not wholly overlooked. Otherwise, the eye of altruistic effort would be exclusively directed to a single feature of the indivisible fact. This would be an error, and an error always means a hurt. While my existence should be my brother's blessing, it should not be my bane.

Along certain lines he was the greatest teacher the world has known. His crowning merit is that he was not, and he did not do, as his followers claim. He formulated no creed. He worded no dogma. The greatest infidelity possible for a disciple is to attach consequence to the precise words of a spiritual teacher. Words are but symbols only. When told that in my father's house are many mansions, shall I enter upon speculations as to the precise location and relative sizes of the kitchens and pantries therein? The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. The truth he taught was not expressible in exact words. He saw the light, and pointed. He sensed the goal and its direction, and gave impulse. And

here let the fact be noted: to point the goal, and to thither urge, but not to map the way, is the prophet's function. He was mortal; it was not his mission to exercise all functions. He was not an organizer. The idea of establishing a church never entered his mind. The "thou art Peter" expression attributed to him is a partizan interpolation, nonethical and most palpable. If mortal, that he did so much, and so well, excites our wonder, and wins our love. If more than mortal, that he did so little demands censure. If more than mortal, why did he leave war-breeding, fagot-piling, and brand-applying uncertainty of expression, and silence? To ascribe divinity is to accuse; to deny is to glorify. Had the rolled away stone left a voice still unentombed, all succeeding ages might well hear his later supplicating cry: "Save me! save me! not from my crucifiers, but from my friends." For these also have been his crucifiers, and are today.

He hearkened to the voice that speaks within. Today organized faith bids the world list without. It seems the irony of fate that one who was the very personification of a disregard for external authority in spiritual matters should now be its highest embodiment. He hesitated not to "transgress the traditions of the elders." And why should we? What ecclesiastical authority of the second century hath joined together, let not the intellect and the intuition of the twentieth hesitate to put asunder.

To point the light, give thither urge, and then stand from between, is the prophet's sole mission, and function. These he exercised, and performed; but for twenty centuries the conservators of the faith

then delivered have been directing the attention of the world to the prophet instead of to the light toward which he pointed. And this is the world's ailment today.

Attend the speech but not the speaker; look to the deed and not to the doer. Look not to the prophet, but look where the prophet saw. That his message shall direct vision is the prophet's sole function. That his name may be unknown before, or since, or that he himself shall stay unfamed matters not in the least. Why should we care who first declared soul to be eternal? — Or who first made wheels? And these were alike events of the gravest consequence. Evolution came on wheels, first on the earth, then on the sea, and now shall go on the winged wheel's swift stroke along the air. Man shall go to and fro on the earth, the air shall be his wide highway, and knowledge shall increase.

Not the Christ, but the spirit of his teaching, it was, that closed Rome's brutal gladiatorial shows, and shall yet bar the vaster woe which the earth now beholds — which the earth now endures, and lesser ills innumerable — and this it shall do despite the egregious errors, and the stupendous folly of those who assume to be the instrumentalities which exercise its functions, and direct its activities. The fleshly form was crucified, the spirit still survives — is here today. Not the circumstances of his nativity, nor the miracles he may, or may not, have performed, but his message, and that alone, shall be its own credential.

XXV

MOSES VERSUS HOMER

But why shall the world turn from the highest utterances of the spiritual truth because of the errors of its official conservators? Suppose that the first chapter of Genesis is an old Hebrew poem of no little merit, which the compiler of the book put forward as a sober historical fact; suppose the first and last parts of Isaiah were by different writers, and the Book of Daniel a myth prefaced history mirrored on futurity's canvas; suppose Christ was not God; suppose he erred grievously as to some matters; and suppose the record of his doings, and sayings, do, or may, abound in partizan interpolations — what of it? Are we to wait until the gods do send prophets inspired to speak with no possibility of error? Are we to wait for that which we feel absolutely certain never did, and never will, occur? Shall I reject because I find statements of the loftiest truth supplemented with a “thus saith the Lord”? Nay, nay, every utterance of truth is entitled to just that supplement. That he thus spake is of the very essence of every fact. The fact's utterance constitutes the fact. Take Moses, who perhaps more than any abounds in that which dissent rejects. Compare Moses with Homer, with all his genius Homer never once, nor did any of his characters,

sense the stress, cosmic in character, which is the life and soul of the word *ought*. War — war, high upheld before the eyes of all succeeding generations; war made glorious by the touch of genius; war unhallowed by righteousness of cause — for this the world stands debtor to Homer.

Truth here needs no credential. And truth declares that through all subsequent years the power of imagination, the wit of man, and the genius of art, have here joined utmost effort in keeping before successive generations of humanity at its most impressionable age this demon of gloom and disaster disguised as an angel of light.

Alexander, with sword in hand and Homer in thought, devastated the world by day, and speaking literally, slept with his sword and Homer under his pillow by night. Napoleon's brother, Joseph, tells us that Homer was Napoleon's favorite author, Ossian not excepted. And, though the writer has been unable to verify the statement, a speaker of national reputation says that when a youth at the military school Napoleon wrote to his mother that one day, with his Homer in his pocket, and his sword by his side, he would conquer the world. Who can tell the woes wrought by these two men, or who can tell the greater woe since wrought, or now being wrought, by their emulators and would-be imitators?

Speaking of Nietzsche, who more than any other was the embodiment, and wide disseminator, of the ideas whose fruitage now is the very acme of world disaster, his biographer tells us that while still at school "Greek became his favorite language, and with his playmates he fought the Homeric battles

over again, picturesquely draped in an old Hussar's mantle of his father's." But for his defective hearing he himself would have been a soldier.

How much better for the world would it have been if most of the time spent in our schools and colleges in learning Greek, and in reading Homer, had been devoted to natural science instead. Through all the centuries since Homer's day, the world has knelt before a shrine supposedly the bard's, but who rightly reads, reads Moloch there instead. And so today's world feels the world's continents tremble beneath the tread of contending armies. See them advancing there all silently to their work of carnage, with their steady left — right — left — right marching step keeping time to the Iliad's rhythmic strain. Homer's pearls of poesy were dragon's teeth, widecast on the fertile soil of all the past centuries. For who dares say that here was not an influence most potent, with its index finger pointing to what the world sees today? Who dares say that but for that this would not be?

But hearken now to a strain far different from Homer's, which well might be from a universe where Homer's strains were never heard, list to Isaiah's: "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" His bugle note, challenging attention, breaks on the startled ear of all the centuries to come, credentialed with a tremor of sublimity. The responsive thrill it awakes, attests alike the instant recognition of the regal character of that which caused, and that which sensed that thrill, and of the kinship tie between. And elsewhere also that stream extends without decline of the surface level, and masked within the stately

verbiage which there makes visible parade are energies yet subtler still, which make for all that gives elevation to soul, or value to life. These were but the surface activity of the underlying, eternal integer, and all psychic fact whereof we also are. The eyes of those whose lips thus gave forth such lofty utterance may not have sensed, or may not have paused to note, that fact's precise form, but the fact was, and is eternally, there. Its character and power were felt, were keenly sensed, by these old prophets of the Lord.

And there also behold the vision by his hand high upheld before the eyes of the coming centuries. See factories there where the workmen are the nation's hands, not factories like Krupp's mammoth plants, with furnace gleam and clanging steel, and Moloch there alert, sinewy and strong, though guised as men, and men and yet more men, with sleeves up-rolled, and muscles strained, unceasing as the sun which pauses not for night — all busily intent — to wreath with a smile the face of fiends.— Not such the factory which his vision shows, but factories instead, where swords are changed to ploughshares, and spears to pruning hooks. And there see every hamlet hill jeweled with a schoolhouse where nations sit to learn, but not to learn the arts of war. And also there the imagery that these imply, the joyful scenes these scenes assure.

Reality has dimension which Homer never suspected. Soul has thirst Homer never sensed. Soul has altitudes Homer never attained. The world might better spare her Homers than spare her Moses, and her Isaiahs. Despite the myths that

permeate the writings ascribed to them, for which they may, or may not, be responsible, and their manifold errors, and despite the overclaims in their behalf by those whose function it is to conserve the world's faith, and to administer its spiritual functions; these, their lofty utterances, which come as they do, breaking the silence of long buried centuries, may be attended with profit by the world of today. For when the prophet speaks, his utterance is cosmic in character. Neither time's advance, nor the growth of the world, shall make it obsolete. Though the form may change, the facts shall endure.

But not as authoritative should these old utterances be accepted. Better that every book be burned, and every tradition plucked out by the roots, and forgotten, than that they, or aught that speaks from without, should come with a controlling authority between each individual soul and the living voice which speaks within the soul of today. Better that the book should be burned than that the old-fashioned belief in its literal inspiration from cover to cover should be the hard and fast tenet of organized faith, for that would be faith's knell, indeed. Today's soul has ear. As God's sun shines, so God's voice speaks, speaks in the present tense, speaks now.

Homer sings of the Trojan horse, and Moses tells of Noah's flood. There was no siege of Troy, and for generations the flood has been a jest. For form's sake only, even the pulpit forbears to so treat it. And yet both may have been. Anything may have been at that early day; but whether true, or untrue, the flood legend demands more serious consideration. There is more here than at first ap-

pears. The fact narrated, if true, was the most stupendous event in the history of the physical globe. But regardless of its verity, the existence of the legend itself conclusively attests a prior event which dwarfs into insignificance the fact which the legend narrates, and far outmeasures the far greater event believed to have transpired two thousand years later in Judea.

Worlds are for soul. Save as they may serve soul, neither worlds, nor aught that may occur therein, is of any consequence. Worlds are for soul, and soul is for ideas. The flood legend attests the then presence of an idea whose prior advent, though all unobserved, was more noteworthy than any other that ever has been, or that yet shall be, though the apocalyptic vision should become a verity.

A power unseen, and omnipotent, disfavors, and the stars in their courses oppose, unrighteousness, and disaster sure-footed as death shall follow in its wake. That idea was there. Every page that Moses wrote, and no page that Homer wrote, attests the fact. That was an event. Then was the advent of the God-Savior-Son. Somewhere, ere Moses was, ere Noah's day, the rock was struck from whence living waters are still flowing. Unrighteousness eternally has a cosmic foe. It by no means follows that Homer should have been banished, though he might well have been less prominent. The world has not less need for Greece than for Palestine, and not less need for Edison than for Elijah.

XXVI

RELIGION

Before proceeding under this heading, a brief reference to the relation between ethics and religion may be proper.

Although the eye of its imperative looks chiefly to the behavior of the individual as a member of society, ethics finds its sanction in the relation which exists between the individual and the cosmos. Without cosmic sanction, virtue has no footing. Analyze your *ought*, and you will find God. A feeble recognition, or denial, of this fact emasculates virtue, and assures a baneful result throughout the entire social fabric.

Worlds are for soul, and soul is for awareness of fact. Although that soul is eternal is a fact of like class, the first recognition of the fact that that which is universal and eternal condemns wrongdoing, was the most momentous event the world has yet known, or shall yet know. The apocalyptic vision was then a verity. Then was the true coming of the God-Savior-Son. Ideas are reality, and here is reality. And here ethics has its data, and morality finds sanction. A writer may be permitted to define his own terms. We are centers of awareness within an immeasurably vast universe of reality. We vaguely sense the vast without, its character and power, which otherwise stays all unknown. Our beliefs

about, and our attitude toward, this vast unknown are of the essence of ourselves, and these beliefs, and this attitude, constitute what is here called religion.

Individuality goes environed about with an atmosphere of reality, psychic in structure, universal and eternal in measure, and beneficent in character. A realization of this fact is soul's most urgent need. The stress idealward indicates the way to its attainment. And the stress idealward is the stress Godward.

An ever sensed belief in the beneficence of the integer fact, and our identity therewith, and an active sympathy and cooperation with the three directioned, idealward cosmic urge — these are the salient features of religion, as here defined, and this is the faith that shall save the world. Faith in, and an awareness of, identity with Him whom we call God, and know no more — this is the essence of religion, as here defined.

For all time the world has had, and the world will continue to have, its religions. Soul structure so demands: soul structure so assures. Individual soul is fractional. The fractional supplement is not wholly known, nor wholly knowable. Neither is it wholly unknown, or wholly unknowable. Its influence is sensed vaguely, though surely, and where influence is sensed, there knowledge is. The character of the supplement, and the nature of the relation between it and the individual fraction are of the utmost conceivable moment. The attitude of the individual soul toward, and his beliefs concerning, the unseen reality; this constitutes religion. As thus defined, religion is here to stay.

Faith and hope are the psychic activities which give such knowledge as we have of the integer's supplemental segment. Hope springs eternal in the souls we are. Faith abides eternal in the souls we are. Hope apprehends the presence, and character, of the most momentous fact whose form stays all unsensed, as yet. Soul is a sense organ of awareness; faith and hope are modes of its activity. The relation between ourselves and the movement of our hands and limbs but faintly analogizes that between soul and these activities. They are of soul's essence; soul is not merely that which might, or could, do thus and so. Action is of soul's essence. These definitely constituted activities are of the essence of soul structure, and this is why religion belongs, why religion will endure. I hear you say, "Then you believe only in natural religion?" No, no, a thousand times, no; that is, not as you mean by natural. By nature, you mean nature as it appears to the eye of limitation, for the truer vision, what you call the supernatural, is nature to the core. Nature herself can, and most assuredly does, provide every influence that nature feels. What you call nature is a superficial view of the integer fact — of God. Instead of changing her direction let vision extend her every horizon, again and again, and yet again. Let the word *supernatural*, whether found in thought, or elsewhere, be displaced, and *natural* placed there instead.

XXVII

FAITH NEEDED

Faith in the vast unseen is religion's basis. The world needs faith; the individual soul needs faith; soul structure demands faith; soul structure is faith. The individual soul assures unrest. Limitation thirsts for nonlimitation. Soul thirst is of the essence of the individual soul. It has been said religion is only for the sick, the afflicted, the down trodden, and the unsuccessful — but who is exempt from the probability of being so listed? At what turn in the road are we not liable to find ourselves confronted with the undesirable in its most appalling form? But take those seemingly most favored: with infallible certainty the time is near when, as if roused from a dream, they shall find that all that was most prized was not real.

But here let no spectral gloom start forth. All that, belonged; all that, was there to be striven for, to be welcomed, and enjoyed; all that was true, but it was not the whole truth. Beware of the partial fact premise. We are complex; all that pertained to the nonspiritual, or the less spiritual, to the evanescent, but the real truth, and the highest self, and its affairs, are spiritual — are eternal. For the spiritual and eternal, the nonspiritual, and evanescent, must be unsatisfactory. And we are spirit.

And soul's unrest, due to this cause, is the assurance of soul's immortality. All soul is eternal.

Yes, the individual soul needs faith. We have only to look about us, and the fact is glaringly apparent. The zenith sun of a cloudless sky is not more so. Read the headlines of the morning paper; hear the cry of the newsboy on the street. Unless there is more and better than we know, the world is a fact most deplorable. Unless the seen is supplemented by an unseen of fairer hue, we are of all imaginable entities the most miserable.

As we contemplate what now aggressively confronts, we know the world needs faith in the unseen. And where is faith? What is the matter with this never wholly exterminable faith which is of the essence of soul structure? As never before, the ear of the world hears humanity's clamorous cry for faith. But response comes not — and why does not faith respond? Because her conservators, and special guardians, have joined inseparably to, and entwined about, her a mass of extraneous matter. She stands attempting to move with limbs entangled, with heart-throb feebled, and trachea strangled in Laocoon coils, whose tight embrace retards progress, and threatens death.

Throughout the land faith's voice is heard: it comes no clarion call; it feebly comes, is faintly heard. And thus it comes: "Save me! Save me from my friends!" Today faith languishes of wounds received in the house of her friends. Her worst foes are her special guardians. The world needs faith, and the world has faith, but now as

never before faith languishes, and why? We shall see.

Soul structural impulses are the voice of the integer fact, and the voice of the integer fact is the voice of God. And here is basis for the faith the world now needs, and by no possibility can it have other basis. If basis elsewhere there be, that elsewhere basis must itself have basis, and the vision of soul structure must say if that basis be as it claims. The stream cannot rise higher than its source.—Soul structure vision must be the basis for the faith the world now needs. And that vision, and the voice, and the urge within, are one, the same, and inseparable. The assertion of soul structure that this, or that, is right and proper, or is highest and best, is that voice. Wherever these are, cosmic stress is there also, and cosmic urge is the voice of God. The ear of soul, and that alone, may hear that voice. It only speaks within, and there, and there alone, is basis for the faith that shall save. Though the fear within be fractional only, or dulled by disuse, the voice there heard is the voice of God. What that voice declares to be right and proper, or highest and best, is so in the nature of things; is so because such is the structure of the integer fact, and the fact is so declared within the ear of each individual soul.

But a voice claiming to be of higher rank speaks from without also, speaks by book, by tradition of the elders, and by corporate tongue. And to this utterance from without the self-appointed conservators of the world's faith point as the basis for that faith.

For twenty centuries the ear of flesh has been the ear of faith. You must believe the voice which speaks within the ear of the flesh to be of higher rank than the voice which speaks within the ear of soul, because it so itself declares. The voice without must be obeyed because it is divine, and it must be believed to be divine because it so asserts. The fact upon which the duty to make the concession depends must be conceded.

The voice without assumes regal authority. The assent that would cast a hesitating glance of inquiry where evidence might be found is damned already. Instant assent withheld is a heinous sin. That the voice has the sanction it assumes was determined by others like myself, whose names I know not, who were centuries before I was. I must adopt their conclusions without knowing the facts which were its basis. I know that those of that day erred grievously as to matters of far less consequence. I have no assurance that they did not err as to this also. The intellect of today strongly disinclines to accept assertions other than those of soul structure itself without some evidence of the fact asserted other than the mere fact of its assertion. And other evidence of the divinity of the voice that speaks from without is not forthcoming.

And this is why faith languishes today. And other reasons are yet graver.

The utterances of the two voices are of a radically different character. The voice within forbids only that which soul structure itself declares to be objectionable, and it permits, or commands, all that soul structure does not forbid. But the authority

without, without other authority than that it so does, imperatively commands beliefs, and requires action, which in no way affect character, or work visible benefit to aught that feeling has, under the sorest penalty for disobedience. Disobedience of commands with which Satan might comply without a change of character assures eternal damnation.

But soul structure strongly disinclines to believe without the clearest evidence that God would place that which to all appearances is innocent, or even commendable, upon the same footing as the most heinous crimes. And this is why faith languishes today. But other reasons are yet graver.

Without other evidence than that it so asserts, the voice without asserts historic facts which but for such assertion today's judgment would unhesitatingly declare to be most absurd, and contrary to indubitable evidence; and the voice without commands beliefs which today's intellect, and intuition, pronounces grotesque, and most execrable. Because she goes about saying that man has once fallen — faith herself goes everywhere falling today.

Belief in the fall of man is the keystone in the arch which upholds the edifice of today's organized faith; but who is there who now believes in the fall of man? And this is why faith languishes. And yet the world needs faith. But you say millions so believe: Nay, nay, beliefs inherited, beliefs imposed from without under threat of eternal damnation, are such in form only. Inherited dogma does not constitute belief. The rack, the gibbet, and the stake, enforced on our ancestors the beliefs which we are asked to retain now. Only a like influence

could be their safeguard now. The mental state which results from the obtrusion of orthodoxy in place of thought is not belief. Acquiescence in conventionality does not constitute belief.

Again I ask, who is there now who believes in the fall of man? And this is why faith languishes today. And yet, the world needs faith.

Conservators of the world's faith — can you not see that the spirit of him you deified goes groaning today under the burden your act imposed to a sorely threatened fresh crucifixion? And are you sure that that which the world now sees lies not at your door?

And for reasons more fundamental faith languishes. At central points within the ensphering mystery, soul slowly wakes. At every point, and on all sides, that mystery's touch evokes what-, how-, why-, whence-, and whither- queries there within. That mystery so functioning is soul's awakening factor. To stand alert and try to solve the mystery that so presents, is why soul is. The impulse to do so is of the essence of soul structure. That impulse is normal, and every normal impulse is the voice of God. Action is life; inaction is death. Nature insists upon action. God commands soul activity, and these queries so evoked by mystery's touch are His index fingers, directing what, and where, soul activity shall be. And soul stands alert, and eager to obey that voice of His command.

Not even the threat of eternal torment can wholly stay the soul activity that nature commands. But the voice without countermands the voice that bids us to attempt to answer these queries. One entire hemisphere of soul's surrounding mystery becomes re-

served territory toward which the eye of these queries must never be turned. Instead of results such as would follow the attempts to answer, soul must stay passive, and endure results, or accept answers of a wholly different character than would follow such attempts.

Each successive age senses the regal imperative which inspires and prompts the effort to grapple with, and to solve, the great problems of human destiny. The people of an age-long past, who believed, hoped, feared, mistrusted, or suspected that God would eternally damn one single soul because of an omission to believe as they themselves believed, and other like fooleries, shall not be permitted to solve that problem for me — even though all ages since may have concurred in such a view.

Soul inactivity means soul death. The hand that would stay all soul activity would be for soul the hand of death. The hand that would stay the effort to answer the queries thus evoked from one hemisphere of soul's surrounding mystery is none the less the hand of death for soul. For twenty centuries the hand of organized faith has been that staying hand — has been that hand of death for soul. For twenty centuries the saving of soul has been the ostensible, and everywhere loudly vaunted, purpose of organized faith. For twenty centuries the destruction of soul has been the conspicuous feature of its practice. In one vast field, where God bids soul activity, organized faith commands soul dormancy instead, and by flame applied here, and threatened hereafter, she has largely enforced that command. And soul dormancy is soul death. And this has

been done to make place, and to gain entry for beliefs which but for flame-threatened coercion humanity would never have tolerated for one moment.

Today's faith was largely obtruded by force from without. The measure of such an alien presence is the exact measure of soul havoc wrought by this unhallowed force from without. Not soul activity, but absence of God-commanded soul activity, accounts for its presence there within. The absence of thought left a void, and gave entrance for today's faith, and the absence of thought is its sole tenure of title to yet further stay.

Who now can look fact in the face, then think, and still believe in man's fall? And with that gone, what goes with the features of faith that are based on such a supposed mishap? To be in limited form is to be down. Nature made man limited, and that accounts for the position in which he now finds himself. Today's faith makes all, both now and hereafter, depend on a resort to an unjust device for relief from the consequences of a mishap which never occurred.

But what matters it whether man ever did fall? That he is now down is all that concerns. Today's intellect and intuition refuses to take such notions seriously, and this is why faith languishes.

It is said that unity in matters of faith is desirable, and that this can be secured in no other way than by a voice from without. But unity may be had at too dear a price. Life itself may be retained at too dear a cost.

Each individual must be supposed to wish for the most accurate knowledge of fact. Only vision commensurate with fact can see fact as it is — only

vision identical with fact can be commensurate with fact. All individual vision is fractional, limited, and imperfect. All individual vision is from a special standpoint. The multiplication of individuals is nature's mode of being. The multiplication of individual means a diversified vision of fact. Each individual standpoint has the advantage of a view with which no other can share.

To have the truest knowledge, the vision of each must combine that of all. After full conference, the composite of all will be the vision of each. And this group vision will be at once the vision of each, and the closest approximate to the actual fact as it is.

And this is nature's method for securing unity.—Not soul inactivity at any point, or in any direction, but soul activity utterly unrestrained, and in all directions, and to soul's utmost capacity; this is at once the basis for, and assurance of, the only unity which nature contemplates! The unity which results from the repression of thought by the hand of authority means calamity, and everywhere today is felt the blight of that hand's touch.

Each individual has an advantage which is peculiar to himself, which he only can use. He has a monopoly which, though it may stay forever unused, is indelibly labeled "not transferable." Its nonuse by him means loss to himself, and loss to the group.—It would be impossible to overestimate the vast extent to which the normal soul impulse has been thwarted, and the God-commanded soul activity kept dormant, as the price of such a unity of faith as the world now sees.

And soul dormancy assuredly does mean soul death.

It would be likewise impossible to trace the manifold ways in which this wholesale soul slaughter has had most pernicious effect.—A God-thwarted purpose has always a pernicious effect. The certainty that individual soul activity, uncontrolled by authority from without, would not give the unity of faith which to faith's conservators seems most desirable, is the openly avowed justification for the resort to this force from without. Unless individuals abstain from thinking from choice, or because of coercion from without, the multiplication of individuals assures a variety of beliefs. The creation of the individual is the price of unity. If God had wished the unity of belief, all men would have been exact duplicates. Here soul inactivity on a most vast scale is compelled by the hand, and in the interest of organized faith; and whatever the purpose may be, soul inactivity means soul death.

Verily, here is soul death, but the faith that shall save, shall never be based upon man's death, or on the death of man's soul, partial or complete, or upon the death of any god — or of God. The structure of the universe, and not the death of God, seeming or actual, must be the basis of the future's faith.

And what shall be said of the beliefs so imposed — of the beliefs thus thrust in at such a price? The voice of God, heard within, comes not in words, but as an influence, as an influence which determines character and directs conduct. The utterance from without comes with wealth of verbiage, comes formulated in worded creed and dogma. It requires observances, and orders or forbids conduct which cannot in the slightest way work benefit, or prevent injury, at least

to souls this side of purgatory. And nothing it commands in the slightest way adds to the effect of the influence within so far as concerns character.

Are those who say, "A pox o' all your creeds and dogmas based on the authority which speaks from without," are they less honored, respected, and loved in the communities in which they reside? Are they less to be trusted in all the varied interchanges incident to social life, or life's business affairs?

And what are these requirements of the authority from without? Consider those exclusively from that source. Belief that God was, was there before there was belief that God spake from without. Belief in soul's immortality did not come as a revelation from without. The authority without bewilders, and overburdens with regard to essentials to eternal salvation hereafter which have not the slightest relation to either character, altruistic sentiment, or effort. Without a change of character Satan might observe all sacraments, attend mass, abstain from meats on forbidden days, and be baptized in due form. He might believe in the fall of Adam. He might believe in the divine paternity of Jesus, and that there was no other name under, or by, which Adam's progeny could by any possibility be saved from eternal torment as the just and merited punishment for the dereliction of some remote ancestor. He might believe in Christianity as a supernatural redemption, in Christ as a divine savior, as the sole ark of salvation. All this he might do, and all this he might believe without any transformation either in the realms exclusively his own, or in this world, so sorely afflicted by his presence.

But suppose both Satan and ourselves should both hear, and heed, the message spoken within; then would there not be transformation, both there, and here?

Then do these beliefs, and these requirements, thus forced within upon us, have anything to do with character? And such is the price received for this soul slaughter that makes room for this intrusion from without. True, the authority without seconds the declarations of the voice within, but it does so because they have been revealed, and not because of the fact that they affect character, or conduct. It makes no distinction whatever between the requirements which do, and those which do not, affect character. They would be endorsed precisely the same if they had no such effect. To the eye of the authority from without, to rob a bank, to eat meat on a forbidden day, or to deny the divine paternity, are upon precisely the same footing. Organized faith, looking to the authority without, declares that which is forbidden to be wrong, and it so declares chiefly, if not solely, because it has been forbidden.

But this is not all. Today is a graduate of the high school. Today has been reading those who have read Darwin. Today does not believe in the six days' creation. Today has been thinking. Today does not believe in a perfect Adam, or in Adam at all. Today does not believe in eternal damnation for ancestral sin, or for sin more recent. Today does not believe the supernatural interposition of innocent suffering to be necessary to relieve one person from the consequences either of his own, or of another person's, guilt. It does not believe that the revelation

which tells of Joshua's sun, or Jonah's fish came from God. It does not believe that there ever was a divinely begotten son, or a crucified God. All this may have been, but today does not believe it ever was. And today increasingly believes that the exact science of theology belongs on the topmost attic shelf next to the eaves, along with astrology, there to stay undisturbed save by antiquarian hand.

Save for those whose beliefs come by inheritance, such notions have no place in the list of things to be seriously considered. Are we to be told that a person all-wise and all-powerful, and beneficent as well, carefully matured a scheme which involved his own crucifixion, and an eternal torment, as well, for innumerable hosts of sentient souls which he was about to conjure forth from the until then unsuffering and sinless void, wherein, as yet, such a tragedy was all unknown? Because with God all things are possible, are we to believe that there may somewhere be a two-angled triangle? Is there no limit to the capacity of the human intellect for a belief in unbelievable things?

And today's dissent comes neither in spirit of ridicule nor equipped with weapon of sarcasm. It comes in sympathetic mood rather. For we too know the unutterable woe of this world-wide war. We too have paused and yet again shall pause a tearful interval before these gaping earth chasms whose seeming shallow depths go farther down than Altair's heights above are far away. Our ears too have heard the falling clods which sound the knell of our departed hope. And though we may not agree as to these intellectual beliefs, we are brethren still. Let differences between us be without feeling. Differ-

ences between us are as to faith's form and not as to faith's fact. And now answer me yes or no, ye conservators and guardians incorporate of today's would be world faith; do you believe these cardinal tenets of your faith will ever be increasingly believed, or ever again be humanity's general belief?

Verily the inertia of error rather than the approval of the intuition and intellect of today explains today's retention of these outworn creeds. As well expect the farm-yard chanticleer's loud, far sent, and widely scattered clarion cry, together with the voicer of that cry, to be gathered back to the hushed silence of its once enclosing shell as to think to see faith's fair form reclad in discarded rags like these. The world has known woe, but that the preservation of these obsolete beliefs should be the conditions upon which the continuance of faith and virtue must depend would be indeed world's saddest woe.

The retention of these old beliefs assures that faith has reached a stage of arrested development. Eternally abiding fact, with ever changing form, is nature's rule throughout. The change of form is the life of soul, and yet its would-be guardians would preserve the fact by taking its life. With form transfixed and motionless, they would preserve fact. Faith must not antagonize the intellect and the highest intuition of the world it would save. A zeal like that would be a stranger to knowledge. Crystallized forms are lifeless. Dogma and creed are faith's crystallized forms. As a basis for organization for those of like mind, they may be proper; but as a deific utterance they become obsolescence in crystallized form. Today's antiquarian faith obtrudes crystallized obsoles-

cense upon the sorely afflicted soul of humanity. The patient is sick — well nigh unto death. The situation strongly suggests a resort to physicians who are not of the old school. If faith would hold faith's regal place, it must take its stand on a higher ground.

The world needs faith. The world needs faith in the integer fact. And where is there basis for that faith? The instincts, impulses, and aspirations which are of the essence of soul structure are that faith's basis. And today's intellect does not antagonize that basis as it most assuredly does antagonize the basis which is presented from without. That which lacks nothing is perfect. The integer lacks nothing. We know that we are of the integer, and the analogies of science assure that the integer is eternal. We are a form of energy. Energy's forms may change, but energy's every fact endures.

Why shall I be disquieted because Satan goes to and fro, and pauses in my front with threatening brow? I know there is a limit to his power. Why shall I pale at death's approach, or why with horror turn from aught that dreadful glares beyond the tomb? I am of that which all eternal is, and share the power that gives whatever strength all these may boast.

An awareness of the character of the integer fact which results from the fact that the integer fact lacks nothing, together with the habitual consciousness of our identity therewith, supplemented with the intuitional hope, instincts, and aspirations, which are of the essence of soul structure, constitute the basis for the faith that the world needs.

It is urged that because the data furnished by the

voice within is scanty and insufficient, it must be supplemented by the voice from without. But if so, why? If so, it is because attention has been systematically directed elsewhere. The ear of soul has been dulled by centuries of disuse. For two thousand years, to focus attention upon the authority without has been the accented feature of organized faith's endeavor. The authority within deals with the individual direct. The authority within is the individual. No intermediary is either necessary, or possible.

But there is room for an intermediary between the individual soul and any authority there may be that speaks from without. And here is the intermediary's opportunity, and this opportunity has been improved. The intermediary has appeared. He declares that authority has spoken, and does speak, from without through an intermediary, and that he himself is that intermediary, and that he hears, and is willing to tell, what God speaking from without says. Is it God, or is it these men who tell us that these men are his spokesmen? Save the word of the intermediary, there is no evidence of what God says from without, or that he there says at all. As for myself, God has never told me that He made you His spokesman, and much of what you say would not so indicate, but rather quite the reverse. But the world has taken the word of the intermediary as to both facts.

There is an authority without, but the individual must know nothing of its wishes save what the gobetween, or the Book which the gobetween says is His book, says. For two thousand years there has been a corporate intermediary. The office of the inter-

mediary is dependent upon what the intermediary says is an authority without, and the officeholder magnifies his office.

And this, in part at least, explains why the authority without speaks only through, or must be interpreted by, the corporate intermediary rather than that the authority within should speak direct within the ear of individual soul.

And this is how it comes that tenets which Satan might accept, and steadfastly believe, without a change of character have become the cardinal features of today's organized faith. And this is why beliefs which would otherwise seem abhorrent to every normally constituted mind are everywhere inculcated, and why actions and conduct otherwise innocent, or even commendable, are placed on the same footing as crimes most heinous, because forbidden, and solely because forbidden, by external authority.

And this is why the languishing of today's faith would be unto death but for the living voice of the authority within, which in no worded phrase, and through no intermediary, corporate or otherwise, speaks in the ear of each individual soul.

There is a natural antagonism between the without and the within basis for faith's superstructure. The authority without insists upon, and holds to be essential, much as to which the authority within is utterly indifferent. Individualism against institutionalism, that is the issue. Individualism forbids, and requires, because nature so is, because such is the structure of the integer fact.: Without aid from elsewhere, soul structure perceives the fact. Institutionalism so forbids, and requires, because a voice

from without, supposed to be authoritative, so declares. The contrast in the consequences directly traceable to the exercise of these two authorities, respectively, is not less marked.

The materialism now everywhere increasingly manifest is a most lamentable evil for which the great spiritual awakenings whereof history makes mention have been the appropriate, if not the exclusive, corrective. The authority within has in every instance been the inspiration, and motor force, of these spiritual activities. In every instance the absence of the corporate intermediary has been the characteristic feature of the condition which gave these movements origin. In every instance the incident, from earliest inception to the finish, has been individual, and not institutional. In every instance the attitude of faith's corporate representatives has been avowedly unfriendly, if not openly hostile. Witness Christianity in its earliest stages: the Reformation: the Pietist movement, originated by Jacob Spener in the seventeenth century, and that of the Wesleys a century later. And others might be named.—The misguided zeal of this demand for unity in matters of faith would force all to walk a flame-walled path. The world saviors have always been found elsewhere.

Time honored usages, and beliefs, should not be lightly varied, but they should never be adhered to solely because they are time-honored. And it is for each successive age to determine for itself whether such be their sole sanction. Intellectual and institutional activity shall save the world.

Originality, and independence of thought, should be encouraged. All great thought movements have

been due to those outside of the beaten paths. Transmission of variation is progression's method, but with all kept within the beaten path, what would there be to transmit? Whenever uniformity apparitions behind her, evolution senses the fact and stops, transfixed and motionless throughout.

These movements such as above noted, were at once for spirituality and against both materialism and the constituted authorities of organized faith. In no instance were they traceable to its official representatives. They were in the nature of revolt, rather. And well might this be so; for if such things can be, what occasion is there for intermediaries; what advantage has he who does, over him who does not observe the tradition of the elders; or for that matter, what profit is there in the voice from without?

Handicapped as these individual efforts have been, they have changed the course of the world's history. What then might have been if organized faith had made the authority that speaks within its accented feature? What might we see if organized faith for twenty centuries had been making the voice that speaks within its sole basis? Verily, the voice within shall be the faith that shall save the world.

These soul structure assertions which constitute faith's true basis were wiser than the first asserters knew. It is impossible to see how God can be good if death ends all. And yet, belief in the goodness of God was here, and firm-footed, for generations before life's continuance was seriously considered. Today's thought sees, and knows, that naught that is perishes, and the belief that goodness is, and that God is good, has its basis in today's knowledge of actual fact.

Then faith trusted God, though he seemed to slay, but today knows that the slayer and the seemingly slain are one. By its then most sensitive representative, humanity sensed love's urge of each for all. Today knows that each is all, and that even the enemy whom we are commanded to love, by reason of the solidarity of world affairs, is ourself disguised.

The psychic character of the integer fact so assures. The integer fact is not all individualized. "In whom we live, move and have our being, and of which we are," accurately expresses the fact as it is. The individual soul dwells in, and breathes, and is of, a cosmic soul atmosphere whose influence may be energized and made effectual to an unlimited extent by a sympathetic awareness of the fact.

Wherever the bouyancy of hope, or the idealward stress in any form, are sensed, the Divine Presence is not far away. And such influence is not restricted to any special soul interest. Darwin and Edison may be, and so also the genius of art is, its beneficiaries and every sphere of proper effort is its province. Though he may not have been the all truth, through Darwin's pen God's own finger-touch shattered the keystone of the arch which supports theology's entire superstructure. But theology is not religion, neither is it always religious.

Here voices speak, though not in words. To influence from this source, individually sensed, and not to book, or other voice from without, must the world look for the spirituality for which the world's need clamorously waits today. The integer lacks nothing. The integer is absolute perfection. Immediate contact with the individual soul is the condi-

tion upon which the exercise of that influence depends. The officious and century long interpositions of an intermediary who not only bars the voice that speaks within, but directs the ear elsewhere, explains the dearth of result which accounts for the world's present woe.

But you say that while it exalts faith, my philosophy sweeps away faith's sole basis: not so. The Israelites did not believe in God because of their having the golden calf. Before this came that was, and it still remained after this went.

The calf came because the limited mental development finds it difficult to conceive fact unless it be clothed in a visible form. And so also with the written revelation, and the personal God. So far as it does so believe today, it believes in miracles because it believes in the Book; and it believes the Book because it wants a visible basis for its belief in the awesome mystery we name God. No, a miracle cannot be the basis of my faith. And yet I believe. And whose faith has the firmer basis? Soul structure is the basis of my belief. To be at all, I must be in some way, and the presence of this faith is of my mode of being. And of yours also, though you may be unconscious of the fact. Verily, faith shall endure.

But the belief in that mystery does not depend upon a belief in the Book. If the Book were its chief basis, faith would never have been. Soul structure is faith's basis. That faith should confess its need for other basis is a confession of faith's fatal infirmity. Because faith is face to face with an apprehended fact, the soul asserts, and this is faith.

Being as it is, a soul structure affirmation, faith needs no other basis. Only let the ear of soul be attended, and there faith will be sensed.

Today's thought makes brief disposition of the claim which miracle makes, that it is the basis for today's faith. Here, not as in other reasoning, degrees of probability are not to be considered. A recent writer, discussing the supposed virgin birth, used the expression, "stupendous miracle." The word *stupendous* has no place in such a connection. From our standpoint, all miracles are stupendous. From God's standpoint, none are. One miracle is not more credible than another. One exemplifies all. Take that of Lazarus: Assuming decomposition to have progressed to the stage suggested in the narrative, is the narrative true? Another question answers this: which is most probable — that the narrative is true, or that weak, erring beings, such as we know ourselves to be, were misinformed, or mistaken, or both? But this may be said for miracle. Miracle is strictly impartial. Like martyrdom, miracle certifies for faith's every form.

The integer fact constitutes the universe, and it has no without. Reality constitutes the integer fact. Soul is reality. Soul is a sense organ.— An activity inseparable from awareness is of the essence of all soul. Awareness does not give knowledge; awareness *is* knowledge — is knowledge absolute, not relative. Faith and hope are modes of soul activity, forms of awareness. As a deific flame, they eternally bloom forth from the altars of absolute fact to light and cheer the way for centuries of oncoming soul.

My faith has basis. The integer fact lacks noth-

ing. The integer lacks nothing. The integer is absolute perfection. The integer has no without. The integer is psychic; the integer is soul — I also am soul. No claim is too audacious where soul is concerned. I know faintly, and shall yet know clearly, and fully, that I already am all I desire to have, or be, and I desire only what I should desire. And now let the adversary approach in whatever form he sees fit. I stand at bay.

“The menace of the years finds, and shall find, me
unafraid,”

for

“Ein feste burg ist unser Gott.”

This then is the conclusion of the whole matter. Turn where we may, we front mystery, insoluble and close at hand. The fact we face to be at all must be in some way. This is for us the only explanation, and this is no explanation. On close analysis, our every why will be found to be a how. With any other meaning, every why will be found utterly unanswerable. But though unexplainable, in all its sublime, or appalling vastness, the fact is there all the same. And as soul stands so bewildered there, soul needs what Buddha lacked, soul needs faith in that vast unknown. And where is there basis for that faith? And in that query error lies. The demand for such a basis is the voice of infirmity. The faith that has to be underpropped with support visible to the eye of the flesh, or reason's vision, is not faith.

Faith is faith's only, and all sufficient, basis. Soul

structure affirmations, these are faith's basis. In spite of evidence to the contrary, which intellect would declare to be conclusive, soul structure declares that existence is desirable, and that somehow all is well. Every clinging to life is a cosmic assertion of the fact. We little imagine the verity, virtue, character, and profound significance of these voices that speak within. On a fatal hour the ear of soul was turned elsewhere. First came the golden calf, then the Book. And other voices also spoke without. And then also came theology, with its personal God, with His catalogued attributes and His clumsy, cumbersome scheme, with its multiplicity of exact detail, and its assumption of historic fact. Revelation other than the voice which speaks within, became the slender reed whereon faith has leaned, to her sore grief.

Instead of support, that staff now gives wound. The intuition and intellect of today reject its claim. Its support having failed, faith now falls, never to rise unless it finds other support. And it does, and will, find other support, and sanction. The cosmic energy within, which is of the essence of all soul, has voice and tongue, and there, and there alone, is faith's basis, and support.

The fact is veiled: we sense its magnitude, its character, and its power. The form concealed, the presence of the fact is felt, is surely known. Every attempt to find a basis for soul's instinctive faith, which shall be visible to reason's eye, is fatal. Every attempt to satisfy limitation's demand for definiteness is fatal. Such a demand is the cry of infirmity. Let that which the unspeakable fact leaves unspoken,

stay unspoken. Our highest ideal, with its cosmic thither urge, must be our aim. God will attend to the outcome of our effort. In that which what we name Him symbolizes we well may trust.

Face to face with an awesome mystery which uncompromisingly stays uncomprehended, and incomprehensible, what are we to do? Those on the general committee may say, "Then what's the use?" and turn aside to dollar chasing, or avail themselves of utilitarian policy's other forms. Not so, however, with those on the special committee who sense the imperative, regal in character, which insists upon a due consideration, and a full report. The mystery confronts: that imperative is upon and about; retreat is impossible. Whither shall we turn? We call science to our aid, but science deals only with the surface features of the fact — features which show only to the outward vision. But other features are here involved. We invoke philosophy. For centuries philosophy has wrestled with the problem we now assay. For lengthened centuries philosophy has been talking about facts, but there are no facts; facts are but one. Fact is: fractions of fact are. The touch that places the *S* that changes unity to plurality transfers the viewer, and his verity, to the world of the fraction. Reality's seemingly separate facts shade off, one into another, by imperceptible degrees, like the seemingly separate parts of one and the same feeling. Philosophy's facts are separate, with an absolute gap between, like the different quantities with which the mathematician deals. Philosophy's facts are such in thought only. Philosophy deals with fractions the varying measure of whose numer-

ator and the lines between, philosophy is powerless to locate, or to know.

In ponderous tomed columns histories of philosophy are but Titan effort, with a pigmy showing of result. And still a mystery awesome, uncomprehended, and incomprehensible, confronts, and a regal imperative bars retreat.

The fact which confronts is incomprehensible. All fact is incomprehensible. Every explanation of fact but shows the fact's antecedent form. The fact is incomprehensible, but stern fact is there. All fact is of equal ranks. In the dilemma in which it now finds itself soul needs faith in the incomprehensible fact. An ever present awareness of identity with the universal, eternal, and beneficent integer fact may, and should become the salient feature of soul structure. Soul need is a fact on an equal footing with any that shows to the science eye. Soul's need for faith in the unseen and unknown, fact is a fact sensed with absolute certainty. The universe is an unexplainable fact: soul, and soul needs which are of that fact, are unexplainable.

Though dormant oft, or oft but dimly sensed, and in spite of all appearance to the contrary, soul is itself an organized belief in the beneficence of the vast unknown. Soul structure so affirms. All shun non-existence. The fact may be inexplicable — may be opposed to reason. The universe is an inexplicable fact. All fact is inexplicable, but that such is the belief is a fact on an equal footing with any fact that science knows. That belief so is, raises the presumption that the fact so is, if indeed it does not constitute the fact. The fact is complex. All fact is complex.

It involves, and implies, capacity for belief — the exercise of that capacity, and the result of such exercise. This then is the conclusion — an exercise of the capacity for a belief in the beneficence of the vast unknown, and not what science, or philosophy, or reason, may offer is what the dilemma in which soul here finds itself demands.

Faith in nature — faith in God — this is nature's highest form of energy, and this is what the situation demands. So confronted with insoluble mystery, the situation demands a voluntary exercise of soul's capacity for belief. As observation, if not experience, shows, this capacity is without limit. Let such capacity be exercised to the utmost. And what shall soul believe? Let the form stay veiled, and believe the fact. Believe what highest faith, and hope, assert. And this is what the situation in which soul finds itself demands. The belief so demanded is intuitional. It does not depend upon evidence. It does not depend upon, nor does it involve any fact which was, or which could have been, presented to the fleshly sense.

Nothing that has value ever came without effort. To enter the Kingdom of Heaven requires effort. The kingdom yieldeth only to violence. The situation demands the voluntary exercise of soul's capacity for belief, as distinguished from positive knowledge based on tangible evidence. And what could be more deplorable than to be unable to believe with confidence much that cannot be known with absolute certainty?

Soul structure affirmations are the basis for the faith which the situation demands. Intuitional ac-

tivities are that faith's basis. These activities establish the fact that I myself am reality and that, as such, I am identified with the universal reality which is psychic in quality, beneficent in character, and whose amplitude leaves no place either for void, or *plus ultra*. And whatever of calamity may approach, or threaten, must adjust itself to this unyielding and impregnable fact.

Intuition senses the presence, magnitude, power, and character of the fact. It takes no cognizance of the form. Wherever it assumes to do so, it encroaches elsewhere. It seconds few, if any, of theology's affirmations. It never defines.

Every demand for definiteness is a lethal weapon blow at the life of faith. Faith languishes today of wounds of that source. Let whoso would supplement intuition's verdict with precise form outlines, as well, present his evidence in the forum. Let the eye of this highest form of nature's energy be withdrawn from form, and held fixed upon the magnitude, power, and beneficent character of the fact.

They err who think that belief in a personal deity is essential to faith's continuance. Because our puny selves may be unable to conceive psychic reality, other than personal, it does not follow that such cannot be. The fact is psychic throughout. Our ability to outline in thought fact as it is, would of itself assure a fact no higher than ourselves.

The language that would most nearly describe the fact as it is would be the language of mysticism. The personality theory places the deific element too far away. Closer than the shadow which clings to

substance under the midday's cloudless sky, and more inseparable, abides the fact.

They err not less who say that faith's continuance is dependent upon the voice without. The same infirmity that bids faith look to science, or philosophy, or reason, for its basis, bids faith turn its ear to the voice without.

Yes, the world needs faith.— The individual needs faith. And what is this faith? Though there is a distinction between intuitional, and intellectual, activity, the two are inseparable. Wherever either is, both are, though in varying degree. Faith is the exercise of an energy which involves both, together with the result of such exercise. Though individual in character, such energy is not exclusively so. Deific virtue is there also, and the eye of that energy looks to the cosmic result as well. Wherever aspiration is, deific energy, though individually and fractionally sensed, is there asserting itself. The identity of the individual each with the universal all, which is the accented feature of this entire discussion, so assures.

And now let the humblest upward striving soul — let the weakest rightward striving soul take courage, beleagured though he be by hostile front without, and harassed within by doubts and fears, and deeply conscious of the insufficiency of the puny seeming self — let him take courage. Though a puny self, it seems, it is not so exclusively. God's own right arm is there and not inactive, and an awareness of the fact is that aspiration's most potent auxiliary. The result shall surely somewhere be — nay, some-

where is — if not without, then there within — if not within, then elsewhere where He wills. And though all seems lost, I myself shall be of that which wins, and all is well. And this is faith!

And here we have the energy, of greater potency though in a subtler form, which unmask reality's eternal fact, now thinly veiled by this its evanescent vesture of decay.

XXVIII

UNIFICATION

In the supposedly nonpsychic world we see the unifying tendency which we call gravitation. This presupposes a reverse tendency. Integerizing, and disintegerizing, each implies the other, otherwise nature's energies would eventually come to a standstill, and today *is* eventually. There already has been time for all to happen that ever will. Wrested from its long secure hiding place, scientific research now upholds to view the supposedly ultimate atom's antecedent. Still further backward quest would reveal an evaporation from the integer unit's vast sea — a disintegerizing activity no doubt psychic in character. Ultimate atoms of the sentient variety, no doubt, once embodied the unifying tendency which is so conspicuous a feature of nature's supposedly nonpsychic activity. Individual units which are the simplest in form join to constitute a unit of higher grade, where division of labor results are exhibited; and capacities, infinitesimally present in each of the component simplest units, appear vastly magnified in the higher unit, and with a commensurate, beneficial or more efficient result, as the consequence of their exercise. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's brain were, and are, in each of these individual cells.

Backward, or forward quest finds that the highest level of every stream is higher still than Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's brain.

Unification and gravitation are one, and the same, the only difference being the subject matter which exhibits the tendency. The unit which results from joinder by unification is invariably of a higher grade than were either of its constituent units. This is because the presence of additional factors permits that division of labor which is attended with results so surprisingly beneficial in the field of inquiry occupied by the political economist. Every unification involves an increase in complexity, and an elevation in grade, each increase being directly proportioned to the other. The physical man exemplifies unification of a high grade. How this unification came about, whether or not, by the operation of gravitation upon some special form of subject matter, does not concern this discussion; but looking at the fact as presented, we find a unit of a high grade, made up of myriads of units of a very much lower grade, each of which exercises functions peculiar to itself. Were but one man in existence, the law would remain inoperative for want of subject matter upon which to operate. But given one additional man, and the law asserts itself. The two come together in a union more or less complete. The greater the number of new units, the great the complexity, and the higher the grade of the new unit. Reason sanctions, and nature demands, this union. It has highly beneficial results. Suppose an island in midocean with a population of one thousand, which is all the island can sustain. Suppose that by the drainage of a morass,

the island can sustain an additional thousand. But suppose that when the additional thousand come into existence they hold themselves entirely aloof, is the island any better off? Has there been any improvement in quality? Are any of the inhabitants any better off? Has there been any starward rise for any soul? Is the universe any better off? On the other hand, if the law operates, and the new unit is formed, than by reason of the increased division of labor, the condition of each, and all, will be greatly improved. But an increase in quantity which does not involve, and carry with it, an increase in quality, is of no benefit whatever.

Quality, not quantity, is the test of value. The law of unification has eyes. There is a purpose back of it. It has a purpose, and that purpose is benefit. Increase in population in the case supposed means increased complexity in the social organism, and increased complexity means a unit of higher grade whereof each individual is, or may be, the beneficiary.

As the result of the stress of unification, we have individuals united to form families. Still the law is unsatisfied. Then we have classes, or tribes; then states, or nations. Each is a new unit which is more complex, and which is, or may become, of a higher grade. In the field of vision before us now, the process stops. But the reason for the rule does not cease, and the operation of the law should not cease.

The immediate habitat of the individual cannot supply his necessities. The geography of the world is the geography of his wants. The water that quenched my thirst a moment ago was rained on the earth a thousand miles away. One part of the world

provides the lead for this pencil with which I write, another the wood. Another was the place of its manufacture; another was where the necessary machinery was manufactured; another furnished the inventor of that machinery; and so back of each uplifted hand in the first procuring of the raw material was an ever widening distribution of the sources of influence whereof the presence of this pencil at this particular point is the focus. And so with these psychic antecedents of the energy which determine the thought it shall express.

All separations and distances are illusions. To eyes which rightly see myriads are here, and now, present as my aids, and servitors. Every movement of this pencil is cosmic in character. The universe itself placed the dot over the "i" which goes into the spelling of its name. And so every fact diverges backward and forward with increasing complexity at each farther remove. But the fact stays one and the same. And the facts are but one.

The adjustment of the earth to its orbit with a varied climate for the result, together with the uneven distribution of nature's resources which man's necessities require, were at once prophecies of the complete unification the world shall yet know, and an imperative command for its fulfillment. The tendency which resulted in the solidification we call the earth still operates. That adjustment of orbit, and that distribution of capabilities, was the law of unification inwrought in the structure of the universe. Legislatures do not make law. Statutes are clumsy, approximating results of efforts to discern and apply the higher laws of nature's making. Higher than

our constitution is the Interstate Commerce law of the psychic constitution of the globe itself, that the special product of each locality shall go into the hands of the final recipient on the farther side of the world unburdened with a tariff, and unvexed by a customhouse.

As between two localities, each can render a service for the other better than it can do for itself. To get the service without utilizing this advantage would be a needless waste of energy. The presence of the new industries that would follow the inauguration of such a mistaken policy would be a surface appearance of prosperity which would have no basis in fact. The diversion of a part of the sum total of home energies into less remunerative channels would be the price paid for the change, and the social unit would be the loser, viewing the situation from the financial standpoint. The possibility of future war would be the only logical basis for such a procedure. The loss which such a policy would assure is upon precisely the same footing as that occasioned by expenditures for preparedness in other ways.

Nor does protection obviate competition with foreign labor. It merely changes the foreign into a domestic competitor. Protection makes wages less there, and as a consequence the laborer comes here. Left to natural law, assimilation keeps pace with emigration. Artificial interference puts emigration far ahead. The writer has not verified this by reference to statistics, but statistics will show. The unification of the world's social fabric, which surely shall be, will eliminate war and remedy all this.

Inexorable as the law of gravitation, is the law which demands the unification of the world's social fabric. The globe's earliest formation, and the presence there of poesy, genius, and every highest psychic activity in a latent form, were concurrent facts. They were not then as we now observe; but the conditions whereof they are the inevitable result were there. This was their full equivalent, which was themselves in variant form. And so also with the complete unification of the world's social, political, and economic fabric. The elimination of time, and space, resulting from modern improvements, and discoveries, are steps in that direction. Wheels found, wheels steam revolved, and lightning turned on land and sea, have shortened the land and narrowed the seas, and largely unified the world, but the most daring imagination may not foresee the yet farther elimination of time and space that will assuredly result from the use of those instrumentalities and agencies upon the free, wide highway of the air. World affairs will be unified.

Nature's diversified climes and capacities will exemplify to the utmost benefits like those resulting from the division of labor. The apple unstemmed from the tree, and midway falling, will reach the ground with not less certainty. Unity is the goal toward which the social fabric gravitates steadily, and irresistibly. When unification began eons since, the major premise was there from which this conclusion irresistibly follows. That day the world shall see. It is our business to hasten its coming.

To the superficial view, this special topic, unification, has no place under the initial query which heads

our entire discussion, but the connection is close, and most vital. Whether he be superman, mediocre, or far below, the character of the group, and his identity therewith, are all that gives value to the individual life that now is. As directly antipodal to Nietzsche it shall now be said that the talent of the superman is affected with a public interest. For what would his superiority avail him but for the presence of the group? The right of the group to be the beneficiary of the superman's talent, and the altruistic impulse, look to a common end. Superman though he be, he is for the group. Not in his capacity as individual, but as a component of the group, must he become the beneficiary of his own superiority.

His superiority goes to swell, as it were, a common fund wherein its every member is an equal sharer. That he is superior is the only and all sufficient advantage his superiority should give. The evolution of the social fabric is as yet in its primitive stage. The unification which yet shall be involves the conditions here indicated. And as here, so elsewhere. The character of the integer fact, and the fact of individual identity therewith, determine the answer to our initial query.

And yet utter unification means virtual extinction. As with the eternal going, and yet eternal staying, of the integer fact, there must be variety, as well as unity. Men are wiser than any man. With every man the exact duplicate of the wisest and best, the world would be a dreary affair. Individual and race intuition and instinct must stay forever enshrined, and shielded, from the profaning touch of the unit

hand. Without is material, within is spirit. The without belongs to the church, and to the state, the within to the individual. Within limits the group may properly control individual conduct, but individual opinion determines group action, and the determining factor in the formation of individual opinion must be found within. Humanity's connection with the integer fact — with God — is humanity's most vital concern. The intuitional self presents the junction surface, is in fact, the junction member. For all practical purposes the extent of the awareness of the fact of identity with the integer fact is the exact measure of the fact. Such awareness involves the highest conceivable form of soul activity.

Next, though scarcely lower, is the activity which has for a result the generation of ideas. The intuitional element functions here largely, if not exclusively, as factor. The division of labor principle applies to every field of effort, spiritual as well as temporal. The increased diversification of the intuitional capacity, and the susceptibility incident to individual and race multiplication, means augmentation of group potency. Nature's tendency to differentiate, as well as individual effort to exercise intuitional capacity, should be jealously shielded against obstruction, or control from without, whether by ecclesiastical, or secular authority.

Deracination is undesirable. Each individual views, and deals, with the integer unit from a different standpoint. Each more clearly than any other knows some feature, and the group becomes the beneficiary of that which results from multiplication. Nature knew what she was about when she made

different climes, and different races. The same stroke made both. In every department of psychic activity, intuitional as well as intellectual, the invisible power demands a democracy of ideas whose membership shall be the emergent from a contest arena whose sole rule shall be the survival of the fittest, and into which the untrammelled exercise of the individual and separate race idea generating faculty alone can give entrance. Such is the command of the invisible power. To subjugate, and to compel a people to change its tongue is a crime against nature. To thrust machine made ideas, or beliefs from without, upon an individual, or a race, is a sin against the Holy Ghost. Let no secular eye or any corporate eye assuming to be nonsecular, ever be turned that way.

XXIX

WAR

Being closely connected with unification, war may be considered. The individual has become civilized, but not so the larger unit. Nations are without sentiment. Selfish interest rather than ethical principle determines national policy. When such interest real, or supposed, so demands, nations find cause for war.

The "turn the other cheek" rule does not apply among barbarians. All nations, and some people, are still uncivilized. Whoever smites one cheek is uncivilized. Where any are uncivilized, others must be prepared to resist barbarism. Police departments are still necessary, and when law breakers, and peace disturbers, are liable to come arrayed in shining armor and panoplied with dreadnaughts, the police department must go likewise equipped. The protest of a nation unprepared would be as ineffectual as a toothless growl. A man may pay too dear a price for his life, or a nation for its peace.

Mailed fist, and dreadnaught equipment, are but the bud of the barbaric stem which sooner or later shall show its crimson bloom. And yet, though war be the fruitage of the standing army plant, whenever a people anywhere, however puny, adhere to such a policy, other people elsewhere must hold themselves

in readiness either to answer a fool according to his folly, or else to pave its pathway with their own. Though war is idiotic, yet when anywhere within the wide circuit of the sun barbarism turns a lustful eye my way, Lord, teach my hands to fight.

Life may be retained at too dear a price, and he is not to be envied whose life has given no opportunity to show his recognition of the fact. Any one may, and most do, die in the ordinary, commonplace way. It is not everybody who is favored with an opportunity to die for a righteous cause, or to show his willingness to do so. The death of the body may well price the life of the soul. And so with a people, and its peace. A warfare seemingly eternal may well be the price of the peace which passeth all understanding.

Mahomet says, "Under the shadow of swords, there Paradise is found." Then the seer of Araby stood on Patmos Isle. He saw the fact, but not the form. The sword must be that of Edison, and not that of the Kaiser, or of the Czar. If not Paradise, the thither road lies under the shadow of Edison's sword. With war's vast energies turned that way, with the earth subdued, the thither way would be cleared, at least, and others might awake the thither urge which is of the essence of all individual soul. Instead, man's utmost energy, ingenuity, and capacity have hitherto been devoted to the extermination of his brother man, or in preparing so to do, or in defraying the expenses of having done so. And to-day war stalks about the earth, a colossus of baleful aspect and proportions vast, with his shadow darkening the whole wide world. His every ponderous

footfall, descending now on this nation, now on that, gives a tremor felt throughout the globe. This is not good. War is not good. How shall we prevent war; for if prevented, we must do it. That is the question to be dealt with by man, by the exercise of capacities, and powers, which seem to be, which are, his very own. There will be no visible intervention from without. Through man's right arm, and through man's will, it must be; the gods aid man in no other way. In this emprise, as in all else man undertakes, intuition is the regal factor, the deity within which inspires, directs, controls. It dual functions hath. It serves as a torch upheld to light the way, and thither urge. This intuition, this will, this strong right arm, are our own, our very own. But though this is the truth, it is not whole truth. Proprietorship, purpose, and control, yet more extensive and more regal, still are there.

To prevent war, war's cause must be known. To-day's war is a conflict of ideas. The earth's nations are divided into two groups, one of which holds, as taught by Hegel, that even with a cause for war as yet nonexistent, war is indispensable, and therefore desirable. What the world now suffers is the natural fruitage of such teaching. The other group holds directly the reverse. National policies which are the outgrowth of these irreconcilable ideas are the immediate cause of the war that now is. Soul outranks all. Better that Europe should become Sahara than that might should be the test of right, rather than right the test of might. To transfer the scepter from the hand of might into the hand of

right is the especial province, and function, of civilization.

Hegel and his disciples, Nietzsche and Bernhardt, as some have well said, are intellectual barbarians. Any peace that Bernhardt's policy would make between nations would be a misnomer for truce. Until exorcised of such obsession, any people should be kept isolated at whatever cost. If need be, I will crawl on hands and knees to where the superman may show me his superiority that I may adopt, and follow: but my adoption shall not be under the crack of his whip.

The superman who invokes brute force to further his faith can be no superman for me. His might may become my right, but not during my lifetime.

But though such a conflict of ideas accounts for the present conflict, war's cause, speaking generally, is of a more fundamental character.

The infringement, and the hurt, however widely separated, are the two hemispheres of one and the same fact. That wrong done means hurt received, is fate's decree — is fate's decree, irrevocable.

War is the inevitable consequence of a disregard of nature's law of unification inwrought within the structure, and the adjustment, of the globe. And where the unification which nature demands does not occur, what follows? Each separate state, or nation, moves and functions in an orbit of its own, without regard to the orbit of others. As a result collisions occur, and collisions mean war, and are war. The individual man has been more wise than communities. All individual men are component

parts of some higher unit, and individual warfare is the rare exception. The duel is off color. True, there are localities claiming to be civilized where faces marred by scars received in private war make ostentatious parade, soliciting notice.

Of all deplorable plights, to be in shame, and yet to be unaware, is the acme. And why all this eternal glorification of physical courage — a virtue whose absence is so exceptional, and whose presence only leaves men level with the brute?

That a virtue should so vaunt its presence all but betrays a secret misgiving of absence. Let humanity look up, not down, to realm spiritual, not material, for its ideals of heroism. But nations still remain on the lower plane; war between nations is the rule, with rarely an exception. A state of warfare is their normal condition. Every citizen is a soldier first, then a citizen. In times of truce, misnomered as peace, soldiers are allowed a leave of absence more or less prolonged to enable them to beget, and raise children, and provide other munitions of war, but their guns, and soldier's uniforms, are in the closet there, and they hold themselves in readiness to take place in the ranks at the tap of the drum. Do you call this civilization? The individualism of man, unrestrained by a unit of higher rank than one man, *was* barbarism. The individualism of nations, unrestrained by a unit of higher degree than one nation which does not include all, *is* barbarism. Whoever stands near enough to hurt, stands near enough to help; and wherever that degree of proximity is found, there the law of unification is also, insisting upon the recognition to which

it is entitled, and which sooner or later it surely shall receive.

The reason for the law did not cease when individuals became joined to form a still higher unit. On the contrary, the situation imperatively demands that it cease not. War's thunder gun's hoarse voice is today the earth's clamorous call heard round the world for an extension to nations of the operation of the law which assures peace among individuals. The partial waking of this dormant law leaves the Kansas and Missouri border line unhedged with standing armies. Its full awake would leave France and Germany likewise imparadised as compared with the present conditions. And is not the fact most significant, that such an incompatibility should be between a law so inexorable and a fact so execrable? Both cannot be, we cannot repeal nature's law; we can prevent man's war. Is this the only instance? May it not be that nature's other laws, no less inexorable, will in time dispose of other ills, of all other ills?

The prospective unification of the world's social fabric renders proper some reference to localities like that at Panama. See that map there. Even though she may not abuse her power, what right has England to hold the Mediterranean clutched by the throat? Such situations are affected with a general public interest and are not the subjects of national ownership, and control.

When the earth acquired, or had thrust upon it, its present configuration, the world as now seen, or its future population, was not present to conscious vision such as ours, but the full equivalent of all that

is, or yet shall be, was there. The fountain is never lower than the stream.

My present vision, surveying the situation as then presented, sees rock, sea, land, and storm, and nothing more. My deeper vision, and more true, sees potency, and promise sure of all that is, or yet shall be. My truer eye beholds the fact, but not the form. But an eye yet truer still, whose swift, far glance outgoes from far below the lowest deep of individual consciousness, but still my very own, sees there the fact, all steadily beholds the fact, beholds the form; beholds all fact, beholds all form.

The title to localities like Panama, Suez, Gibraltar, and the Dardanelles will then be vested in the general world public. The title, in legal parlance, remains as yet *in nubibus*, or in abeyance, awaiting assertion by the rightful owner. The present ownership and control are temporary and provisional only, and are merely incidental to the present and incomplete state of progress of the unification of the world's social fabric. The title of the present occupants will not bear scrutiny, and the assertion of such a title may well be expected to cause future war.

When for the first time in savage wilds, predatory animals, or the savage man, acted in unison to achieve a common aim, the unification asserted itself. And unification has eyes, not of the conscious individual, but other eyes were there. Those eyes beheld this horrid war. Then the will was there that the time should come when wars should be no more. The law of unification was there, saw, and wished to prevent.

All nature's laws have eyes, wish, and will. Nay, nature's laws *are* eyes, wish, and will. And nature is good. But unification has other name also — cooperation. Like war, competition is a provisional and primitive stage in the evolving process. To eyes which rightly see, competition and war are one and the same — a variant form, but a fact the same, or, at least, it is the more than halfway house. The same remedy would cure both ills. Men act in unison to procure a better result for each than could be secured by each acting separately. Wherever better results for each can be secured by cooperation, there the law of unification, as universal as gravitation, is insisting upon recognition. And as civilization advances into the savage wilds which still confront it, her watchword, and the inscription upon her banners, shall be *cooperation*; and high bannered there, and flaming forth, but from no earthly fire, that flame shall be its guiding star. And war shall cease. Because war is idiotic, right well I know that war shall cease. Private warfare once was necessary, and inevitable. And so with war between nations. In the evolution of the social fabric that has become extinct, and this shall, Hegel to the contrary notwithstanding.

XXX

RÉSUMÉ

Behold man's heritage, air, earth and sea, and nature's mightier enginery which lies more near, and deeper hid. Behold man's self, athirst to know, and potent to discern, with unlimited time at his command, for though men die, humanity endures. Verily, each high hope that stirs in any breast shall sometime find its verity.

The western sun far hurls his gleaming fire across the wide intervening earth, and wakes a responsive glory in the eastern sky. Behold it there, hope's gorgeous bow! To us half shown, it seems an arc. To eyes upborne by soaring wings, the glory circle fully appears. Only the eagle's eye beholds the rainbow uneclipsed, and I will trust the seer who from the lone eagle's heights beholds futurity's illuminated hills, and tells of day's approach to fainting souls that dwell in darkened vales below. The ills we mourn shall one by one succumb before the stress of slowly evolving soul. Herself a nature growth, shall science come to supervise the natural, wild growth of usages and laws whereon the weal of man depends, and thought enthroned as law, a king invisible, shall reign supreme. And pestilence, subdued by human skill, no more shall strike unseen, or strike at all. And war, so frequently the clumsy cure for

doubtful wrongs, which oft more evil brings than it removes, whose sorest wounds are felt by those all guiltless of war's guilty cause, war, too, shall cease.

Not such, I know, shall be the last result of time's long tragedy. The child will learn at last not to handle these fires of hell. Brief intervals of truce, misnomered now as peace, unweighted with preparedness for strife, or sequela of wars which were, shall blend, and rightly bear, that holier name of peace. By Moloch taught the power of many joined in harmony as one, man then shall dwell in peace with man, and only wage warfare against every form of ill to man, and all of war's mighty energies shall turn to help instead of to harm mankind. The law of the stronger beak and claw shall slowly change, and each day's sun which anywhere views wrong shall glance disquietude about the world, and time shall be when no man's weal shall mean a brother's woe. Then each shall know, and all shall feel, that a wrong to any harmeth all; and all shall know that every title has its flaw, while any soul in all the realm hath not its own, and only the sweet breath of flowers shall rise at last from hell's deep throat.

Unto the farthest east by slow degrees the farthest west extends, and one unvarying law pervades the whole. Whatever is elsewhere, we ourselves behold it in different form. Upon her boundless stage, where all may see, doth nature symbol forth life's deepest mysteries. She lavishly displays analogy on every hand; through metaphor she speaks. Her signs attend, for where there is true analogy there is more than mere analogy. Long eons past briefed in prenatal months, the mystery of dream, and

dreamless sleep, the science sphinx we name instinct — the single energy which manifests in interchanging form — the death of day which means its dawn elsewhere — the wingless sun which still forever soars — the rising tide of altruistic zeal which never ebb shall know — the seeming death which wakes, a creeping worm, then sleeps to wake, a winged splendor, are but the surface show of one still mightier, and eternal fact. Up toward the burning sun the earth's spacious sea breathes evermore, a score of Amazons combined. That breath diffused, a wave in different form, far inland wafts away unseen. Behold it there against the sky where the sea and the sun their glories blend in gorgeous pageantry! Adown Niagara's unfinished plunge, through brooks which broadening flow, and streams which shun the zenith sun's o'er-brimming fires, and glide concealed 'neath desert sands — it seeks again the distant sea, and sooner or later each single drop is found safe garnered there. So also, I, though in the wave, or lost in desert sands, I still am of the sea, and home again, and soon, I surely shall be.

Flames deadly foe, behold earth's sea, whose waves roll angrily beneath the stars, and strive with myriad stroke and gathering might to quell those distant fires. Though all earth's seas at once should rise on vaporous wing for nearer strife, wings cannot rise above the air they stroke. Though the gloom-walled earth would see neither sun, nor sky, yet then, as now, from the loftiest height, each eye of the night would still look down upon the earth's sea. Who sees the light wane, but sees a curtain close; and though each flower should fade, and all things

fair should perish from the earth, the fount whence flows all loveliness eternally abides.

Though curtains close, light still shall be for eyes, and eyes for light, and loveliness exists for soul. Not hers to queen o'er soulless realms, her wand imperious would beckon souls from the void to be her worshipers, and somewhere love shall never die. And now, and here, love never dies.

Grieve not all comfortless when cherished forms go vanishing from fondly clinging arms. Still far beyond the range of tear-dimmed eyes the universe extends, a sea whose waves roll outward evermore in fruitless search of the shore, while hereward waves of equal power roll ever near upon like futile quest, and disappear we know not where. Both microscope and telescope look toward infinity. And other depths are there whereof neither time, nor space, nor mortal thought takes cognizance; wherein are verities which lie too near for sight, too vague for words, and yet not wholly alien to ourselves, whose power at times we strangely feel.

Let the scientist and the psychic seer parade the fruits of their research. I, too, bring facts. Since first men were, men seemingly have gone to the void in order that a cherished cause might still endure; and still more wonderful, the universal world in soberness enshrines their names, and glorifies their deed. No crucible, nor consciousness, reveals the subtle bond, part of our very selves which unifies the varied forms of life, and justifies their seeming sacrifice. I trust the steady instincts of the soul which thus unconsciously attests the faith that soul's affairs are more kingly than death. Despite the

seeming folly of their act, I know they do not err, neither these high souls, nor this applauding world. No amplitude of tomb can fully hold their loftiness of soul who freely die to save a cherished cause. If wisdom is, the universe is wise, and wisdom is. I trust the universe, its wisdom, and its power.

Take from the wayside flower which shyly flaunts its tiny splendors to the day's wide eye the steady cosmic strain which animates, and stirs each inmost atom there, and where would be the splendors of the wayside flower? And are we ourselves more segregate from powers which of our essence are, though unsuspected? I may have always been, and even now may have no separate life. I will not fret futurity with idle questionings; but I believe that the breath which eons since waked latent fires, whereof I ever was, and am, to growing flame still feeds those fires, while eons more, in long extended line, await their turn to feed no waning flames.

Apparently complete within itself, each seemingly separate soul, at farther range more truly seen, but as a part appears within the wall of one fair edifice whose vastness swells extension's every bound, and whoso liveth not absorbed in self, shares the full life which permeates the whole, and wiser is than yet he knows.

The flame which feebly clings to the farthest verge of mortal ken, though gently farther urged, still finer glows elsewhere with a steadier flame. In ways I may not know I shall exist. I trust what shall be, not what I desire, and if the form accord not with my hope, I know there surely is some better way. Who knows he is, may know he shall endure. Death

lords o'er form alone. Not even He can utterly destroy the universe whereof I am, or give to nothingness its smallest part. I share reality, and naught is real which savors not of soul. Not fleeting form, but that which stays I am. Though in the wave, I still am of the sea, and as in every wave, the selfsame sea still swells and falls, so also I may rise and fall; and if Lethean gulfs should intervene, why mourn the width of gulf that lies between?

Though child be father to the man, how small the freightage memory bears from earliest youth to later years. We lose identity as we forget, and if it be that death, not passing years, imposes a like barrier between the now and some yet fairer shore, why dread death more than long extended years? And why shall those who build eternally, less warily place each successive round, because a rising mist obscures below? But what if death, instead of mist, should prove a breath which drives all mists away, and shows whose was the hand that placed each lower round, and authored all our woes?

Broad Amazons flow not from petty isles, and as through centuries Nile's pulsing flow proclaims where the polar snows crest unknown hills beneath equator suns, so also hope has somewhere its sure basis of commensurate fact. Hope is the echo light from glory's suns, as yet unseen, whose rays reflect from clouds which gloom our mortal sky. From stars unseen, more than from yonder fires whose light makes visible the vault of night, light hither streams; and so, from realms apart beyond the farthest reach of reason's lance, or plummet sound, or her far farthest glance, hope's cheering rays approach.

The spacious universe doth hemisphere alike within, alike without. We ourselves bewildered dwell in its far opposing poles, not all unconscious of the zone between. Within a universe made up of facts, not things, this smouldering star whereon we wondering stand, the farewell splendors of the closing day, the loathsomeness of vice, these souls of ours, and all of soul's affairs, alike are facts. Man's highest faith, and his audacious hope, the stern unparleying stress of duty's call, and love which holds man to an unloved life, are not less real, or more impalpable, than gravity's all-potent unknown cause.

I hold the occult tendency of men and things to be their most essential part, and all that modifies results is real, and of this wondrous universe a part. The fragment seen leaves man bereft of hope, and God a doubtful presence unrevered, but my frail tongue exalts the fact unseen, the power unknown. All power is unknown, and man's firm trust in that which lies hidden is as a viewless hand which hour by hour upholds man's swaying world from a ruinous fall. I glorify the power of the unseen fact which yet makes visible display. Behold the earth's wide, mountainous display each now the puny and dismantled wreck of that which once towered loftily above each condor's wing of most ambitious flight. Wide ranged about the sea-dominioned globe, scarred veterans now tell of elemental war with a unanimous voice; they each attest the power of the sea's denuding breath unseen — sea's potent breath as unceasing as unseen, which smooths each hill to a plain,

and makes of every plain a path, at last, where wild careering waves shall range unchecked.

Give to the heroes of the earth's righteous wars their fullest meed of praise; but higher still upon the dome which loftily concaves above a world made up of facts, not things, with fire of star inscribe, with gathered fire from Rigel's flame, emblazon forth the names of those, the earth born saviors of mankind, who from the voiceless past still utter forth inspiring thought, and wake the sentiments which loose the soul from the clay's entwining grasp.

With primal cause unknown, man's crucible will ne'er drive wonder from a world where all is one vast miracle, and faith and hope will never perish from the souls of men—they are as the wings of flame which light the way, and upward bear through the trackless gloom to the all-beholding heights where naught is seen in part eclipsed, and each prophetic arc appears as a complete orb. These soaring wings of soul will never perish from disuse. The diverse flutings, and the carven flowers of varying mould which bloom on marble stems, are not the upholding column's massive strength. So trust in the unknown, whatever form it may assume is the essential fact and firm support of every people's faith. A part of every fact lies hidden, and who shall say how much lies hidden where only part is known? With reverence let the earth be trod.—The very clods whereon we thoughtlessly tread are as yon clouds which veil celestial things, and who sees all therein, knows all that is.

I hunger am, and thirst, which, unassuaged, assure

eternal strife in His domain, for naught which limit has shall solace me. Unconsciously each conscious fragment grieves its lack of symmetry, and soul's desire, imperative to solve all mystery, is nature's plaint against the incomplete. There surely is more, and better, than we know. Soul's elemental, inborn discontent, and its vague longing for it knows not what, are prophecies not death itself shall thwart, or falsify. As yet, this consciousness of mine but floats on the surface of a sea it cannot sound, but in whose lowest depth I share. With larger growth, the very dreams of our unconscious past shall be recalled, shall be explained, and every prophecy of soul shall amply be fulfilled. With all its vaunted harmony, this universe were else a maimed and fragmentary thing, forever barred by a measureless, unsatisfied desire.

Touched by his rays at varying inclines each zone of the earth shows different forms of life to the revolving sun; and so each zone of thought to soul's ensphering mystery must answer with a different form of faith. Barbaric times revere man visaged gods, but now that man's highest thought increasingly forbears to fashion Him whom it were scarce reverent to even name, in man's own image, not my rash hand shall familiarly lead Him forth, disrobed of mystery, with all His attributes displayed in an alphabetic list; his plans, and schemes, and inmost thoughts, with fluent tongue aloud proclaimed. The shallow verbiage of man can measure not the infinite depths, or furnish phrase which fitly describes Him.

Faith truest is which most avoids detail. Veiled

by His vastness from my view, let me but feel His awful presence near and kind, with steady impulse toward the light which shows whereon to place my next descending step, and I shall be content. I do not ask particulars. If the gods withhold from me their plans, I still will trust the gods, and wait. Not mine the impious and vain assay to judge, or justify, God's way with man, nor mine the task to solve His mysteries. I cannot dream His wherefore for ourselves, or tell why one long note of woe should price the soul's deliverance from the womb of night. The tottering car which bears His steadfast ark asks not my staying hand.

We are complex, and made of elements which strangely war among themselves. So much as dwells in the inmost chambers of the soul already lives the life beyond the tomb. There He awaits, there wave and sea are one, and every seemingly separate soul safely holds the universe in its unconscious depths.

Truth is complex, ourselves but fragments are; and being such, we must have partial views. No single soul most clearly sees all truth, or every phase of any single fact. And where our vision dims we may not doubt that still fairer view extends for other souls. Let not, therefore, the doubts of a duller sense distrust, or vex, the humblest stricken soul which bends before the avalanche to feel the firm support of an eternal arm.

Let reason be enthroned, her lack of power the only limit to her sway, and yet, no plummet sounds beyond its length of line; and reason is a line only cast forth by finite hands. No finite shores can gauge the love within one human heart, or hold the

flood which slakes one soul's insatiate thirst. A tear is deeper than the sea, and hearts are more wide than worlds, and wiser far than sage. I trust not science less, and reverence the names of her high priests; but I revere still more the realms which, free and far, extend beyond their farthest ken. As shadow means far more than shade, so I believe that love and hope are prophecies of more than all, the little all which mortal thought enspheres. Who stands upon the high outlying crag which marks the bounds of this vast universe, and probes with piercing glance the void beyond, let him dispute the promises of hope to those who bend before woe's avalanche which comes when loved ones go; let him alone dispute.

And hear ye, sons of earth, the sibyl words that save the world. Dream not that the universe is set to issues of disastrous end, that unfaltering trust, the general trend of all, is for good, nor doubt that each in ways still unrevealed shall share its benefit; but know that he who turns a face against the trend, adjusts a sail that wafts a soul toward death. Confront unawed the fate that will may swerve. Revere no fate that will might awe. Hear time's supremest note — the still small voice within, which swells above the turmoil of worlds, whose verdicts fix the destiny of souls. No longer kneel at antiquated shrines, but deify the present hour. Instead of other worlds, give thought for other souls. Four senses are the fifth in varying forms, so love is the all of moral law.

Bestow the love thou wouldst receive. To live absorbed in self — this is the suicide of soul. Zeal moves on circling lines to bring life's sweetest joys.

Whoso helps others much, most helps himself. Who lives to bless himself alone, uplifts a suicidal hand. The world, the realm, or the state shall surely fall where each exclusively attends to his own affairs. Whoso would give less than receive, shall live a stranger from the paths of bliss, embeggared, and endwarfed. He brings no aid to world's uplift — to himself no lasting joy; he liveth not who loveth not his kind. He only lives who strongly wills, and loves, and strives. Who does not help to swell the rising tide of altruistic zeal, a tide which knows no ebb, nor yet shall rise above its source, shall die a debtor to his race. From him alone proceeds the pessimistic wail, and only he shall rail at God.

Let soul view calmly doom's approach. Though time fulfill her ancient threat to pave the world with wave, and level Shasta 'neath the sea, still rising soul keeps pace with the sinking world; and though converging snows from either pole wreak their coiled vengeance on the equator's fires, and twin fierce winters clasp a frozen world in their embrace, and though every sunbeam becomes sheathed in dark, while stars ray gloom instead of night, the day that wanes before the eye of sense shall yet more grandly swell in subtler realms, and the death of worlds shall be the life of soul. The world shall not go back, orphaned, to void a finer glory than before shall sleep, shall briefly sleep, within the swelling bud.

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